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VICTOR HUGO

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VICTOR HUGO.

Select Poems and Tragedies.

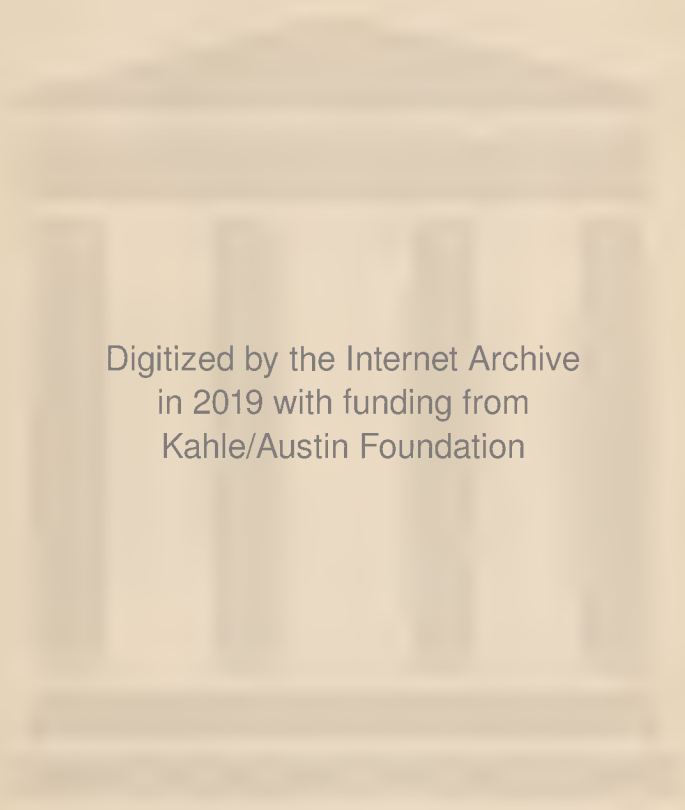
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VICTOR HUGO.

THE MINERVA LIBRARY OF FAMOUS BOOKS.

Edited by G. T. BETTANY, M.A., B.Sc.

SELECT POEMS

AND

TRAGEDIES

BY

VICTOR HUGO

TRANSLATED BY

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AND MANY OTHERS.

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INTRODUCTION.

A SELECTION from Victor Hugo's voluminous poetry claims a place of right in any library which essays to be representative of literature. A few of the main facts in his life may here be recounted, for the sake of those who have not read longer monographs like those of Mr. Marzials and Mr. Barnett Smith. He was born at Besançon in Eastern France on the 26th February, 1802, his father being a French officer who, later, became a general, his mother the daughter of a shipowner at Nantes. He was a puny infant, and while gaining strength was carried to Marseilles, Corsica, and Elba, as his father's stations were changed. In 1805-7, the child was in Paris; in 1807 he was taken to Avellino in southern Italy; in 1808 he returned to Paris, and his education began in a humble day school. In 1811, when the family went to Madrid, he was sent to a monkish school there. In 1812 there was again a return to Paris. In 1814 Victor and his brother Eugène were sent to a school kept by Deceotte and Cordier, an unfrocked priest and a great admirer of Rousseau, and here Victor became a leader of the boys. He wrote much verse of all kinds during these school days. In 1818 he went back to live with his mother, and in 1819 won two prizes for poetry at the "Floral Games" of Toulouse. In December of that year he started a paper, the "Conservateur Littéraire," with his eldest brother Abel; it lasted till March, 1821, and Victor wrote at least two-thirds of it, in all kinds of literary forms. In June, 1821, his mother died. In 1822 he published his first volume of Odes, mainly classical in tone and style. He had already fallen in love with Adèle Foucher, daughter of an old friend of his father. In September, 1822, Louis XVIII. gave the young poet, who had written some gushing Royalist odes, a pension of 1,000 francs, and on the 12th October, 1822, the young couple married, but their life was not happy all through. A certain Madame Drouet, an actress and a very beautiful woman, became, it is well known, the more intense helper of his genius, his Beatrice, the inspirer of much of his poetry, the daily companion of his later years.

It would be tedious to give here a list of Hugo's works. His fame rests most securely, perhaps, upon his great novels, "*Notre Dame de Paris*" (1831), and "*Les Misérables*" (1862). Of his numerous tragedies, we here present two of the most remarkable, "*Hernani*" (1830) and "*Le Roi s'Amuse*" (1832). "*Hernani*," first brought out on February 25th, 1830, with the famous Madlle. Mars as Donna Sol, was a great success, and the right to publish it was bought up by an eager publisher before the performance concluded. Yet it had much opposition to encounter; but its success was such as to lead to the composition of a number of others, among them "*Le Roi s'Amuse*," which being regarded as a reflection on Royalty, was suppressed after a single performance. It has often been performed since; but it is not on his tragedies that Hugo's fame is most enduringly built.

In 1841, he was elected to the French Academy, after three rejections. In 1845, he was made a peer of France by Louis Philippe. His politics before this time had changed from Conservative to Liberal, and he became more prominently Radical as he grew older. In 1848, he was elected to the Constituent Assembly as a Republican, but still a Conservative Republican. At first, he supported the candidature of Louis Napoleon for the Presidency, but when he saw that his policy tended to personal Despotism, he gradually became his violent opponent, speaking powerfully against him, and using extravagantly passionate language, which helped to make Napoleon's Coup d'Etat possible. When the 2nd of December, 1851, arrived, Hugo at first sought to rouse resistance, but soon perceiving its futility, and being in personal danger, he succeeded in escaping to Brussels in disguise. There he wrote the burning "*Histoire d'un Crime*," not published till 1877, which depicts in the most graphic style what he had seen and felt about the rise of the new Emperor; and also his "*Napoleon the Little*," published in 1852, which led to his being expelled from Belgium, whose ruler desired to keep on good terms with the French ruler. Hugo took refuge in Jersey, till in 1854-5, having written in a tone of asperity about Queen Victoria's alliance with Napoleon, he found it necessary to remove to Guernsey, where in Hauteville House the poet lived happily until his return to Paris in 1870, after Sedan. Here he stirred the people with his energetic words, and took his place as the honoured patriarch of his people. When he died in Paris, on May 22nd, 1885, all France mourned, and the civilised world sympathised. His last special expression of his views declared his desire to be carried to the grave in the hearse of the poor. He wrote:—"I refuse the prayers of all churches. I ask a prayer from every

human soul. I believe in God." He was buried in the Pantheon at Paris, on June 1st.

Although critics are continually asking, "Where are the Poets of the People?" and ascribing to the introduction of the French spirit into our modern poetry, the dilettantism which is so marked a characteristic of many English verse writers, it is to France, and not to the countries which gave birth to a Shakspeare or a Goethe, that we must look for the greatest patriot-poet and mouthpiece of the people of modern times. That this is, largely, the result of the struggles through which, during his generation, his country was passing, must be admitted. Hugo is, like all true poets, a full natural man, a lover of beauty in all her forms, but for all his realism he is essentially healthy and human on this side of his character. Moreover, he is, in the tendency of his teaching, markedly moral, and, although he maintained an attitude of stern criticism and even scepticism towards doctrinal theology, his was essentially a religious and reverent mind.

In his poetry, Hugo is at his best, although even there he is at times strangely unequal. His subjects, too, are occasionally trivial, and yet in the most mediocre of his poems, we see flashes of genius. He has the vision of the Seer, and when he strikes an inspired note we are conscious of a sense of vastness, and seem to be looking down on life and its commonplaces as from a height. But enthusiasm sometimes carries him on after inspiration has ceased, and its dying flashes are stimulated by exaggerations and superlatives. To him the very follies of lovers are sacred as sacraments, and in his sense of the sanctity of childhood he forgets that superlatives do not convince.

Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of his work is his universality of sympathy. There is no monotony of theme in Hugo, for he sweeps the whole range of human passion and feeling. His poems on any one subject—love, childhood, or patriotism—would alone suffice to immortalise his name. More intensely human love poems than his have never been written. He feels all our human needs, but he never loses sight, in the human, of the Divine. His ideal of love is as sane and healthy toned as that of any French poet. Some of his poems relating to childhood are unsurpassed, and all are marked by singular tenderness and depth of feeling; while his patriotic songs breathe a spirit of fierce hatred for all that is cowardly, tyrannical, or mean.

The Editor has to express his thanks to the living authors who have so courteously granted permission to reprint their translations. The translation of "*Hernani*" by Lord Francis Gower, afterwards first Earl of Ellesmere, has a special interest as having been acted on

the 22nd June, 1831, at Bridgewater House, before Queen Adelaide and the Royal Family, with the following cast : Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, the Translator ; Don Carlos, Mr. Shelley ; Hernani, Mr. Craven ; Don Ricardo, Mr. Mitford ; Duke of Gotha, Mr. Bailey ; Donna Sol, Miss Kemble ; Duenna, Mrs. Bradshawe ; Conspirators, Pages, etc., Messrs. Herbert, Fullarton, W. Cowper.

The Editor also desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Coulson Kernahan for valuable aid in the compilation of this volume.

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POEMS BY VICTOR HUGO.

PEGASUS.

I WAS holding him fast by the bridle,
In knots stood each muscle and vein,
My brow was all lined with my efforts
His headlong career to restrain.

A horse of a glorious lineage,
Astarte-like born of the foam,
Daily fed from Aurora's bright chalice,
Brought straight from her own starry home.

A steed mighty and grand in his movements,
Untamable, bounding on high,
Ever filling, with resonant neighings,
The vault of the deep, azure sky.

To heaven each genius his bowl lifts,
And kindling his torch from the sky,
On the back of this wonderful monster
Is seated and borne up on high.

All thy poets and prophets in order
Thou knowest, O earth, by the scars
Of the burnings received from his harness
Which shineth all over with stars.

He inspireth each ode and each epic,
Conceiving most terrible things,
As the sword flashes out from its scabbard,
And crimes from the bosom of kings.

As creator, and source of each fountain,
He makes the rock open and speak,
With its Rephidim for the old Hebrew,
And Hippocrene for the wise Greek.

Through the pale Revelation he hurries
With Death and Despair on his back,
And the shade of his great gloomy pinion
Turns the moon over Tenedos black.

Amos' wail and the wrath of Achilles,
His nostrils inflate as is meet,
And the rhythm of Æschylus' verses,
'Tis the march of his galloping feet.

Lo! he bends down the tree o'er the dead fruit,
As a mother does, weeping alone;
He hews out of marble a Rachel,
Or a Niobe fashions in stone.

When he starts, the ideal is his goal,
Mane streaming and course ever fleet;
In front the Impossible yawning
Alone checks the rush of his feet.

Swifter far than the lightning he rushes,
On Pindus he seats himself strong,
The Bear he relieves of his burden,
As he draws the gold chariot along.

He sports in the heavens undaunted,
And plunges due north to the Pole;
Him the Zodiac, in circle revolving,
Nigh crushes in ponderous roll.

God created the gulf for his pleasure,
And gave the wild skies to his will,
His flight in the gloom and the shadow,
His path through the lightning-cleft hill.

Through the dense mists of heaven he wanders,
And loves, as he moves on his way,
To fly till the thick murky darkness
Shrinks back from the presence of day.

And the fierce glaring look of his eyeballs,
Brought back from his mystic career,
He fixes on man, that bare atom,
And fills him with terror and fear.

Though not docile, he's hard to be guided,
As many a poet will find,
Who may use him to leap o'er a chasm
Which cannot be bridged by the mind.

And the grooms who attend in his stable,
Are men of both talent and soul ;
The first place is given to Orpheus,
With Chénier last on the roll.

All our soul and our spirit he governs ;
Ezekiel waits him with awe,
And it is from the floor of his stable
That patient Job gathers his straw.

Nought but woe to the man he surprises,
Ill fortune attends all his play ;
He resembles the last days of Autumn,
When weariness reigneth alway.

From his back he's flung many a rider,
He loathes both the bit and the rein,
He delights to be held as a monster,
Nor thinks of his rider again.

He exhibits nor merey nor patience,
But leaves far behind on his track
All the rash and adventurous spirits
Who mounted in vain on his back.

His flanks, with their myriads of sparklets,
Bear him on in his pride and his might ;
Though Despréaux or daring Quintilian
Have ventured to curb him in flight.

But I dragged him from rapt contemplation
Of gods, and of crimes, and of kings,
The sad horse of the gulf and the darkness,
To fields where the soft Idyll springs.

Then I drew him towards the sweet meadow,
Where the sunrise had just given birth
To an eelogue of loving and kissing,
And turned to an Eden this earth.

In a valley, not far from the meadow,
Where Plautus and Ræan compose,
The epigram blooms like a hawthorn,
And that trefoil, the triolet, grows.

Abbé Chaulieu can there take his sermon,
And Segrais can gather fresh bays,
From the tender green grass 'neath the bushes,
To inspire him with musical lays.

The horse struggled, his eyeballs shot lightnings
Like sheen of a yataghan's blade,
His flanks heaved like the breath of the tempest,
When wind against tide is arrayed.

For he longed to return to the unknown,
To break from this earth and its ties,
With the sulphurous reek in his nostrils,
And the soul of the world in his eyes.

Loud he neighed as if looking for rescue
From all the invisible worlds ;
And from heaven, as though in swift answer,
The thunderbolt crashing was hurled.

And the raving Baccchantes all joined
In the yell that went up to the skies,
Whilst a long line of solemn-faced Sphinxes
Stood gazing with calm steady eyes.

And the stars that in heaven's vault shimmer,
All quivered on hearing his cry,
As a lamp in a woman's weak fingers,
When the evening breezes are high.

And each time that with wings black and gloomy,
He beat on the dull cloudy sky,
All the clusters of stars in the shadow
Away to the infinite fly.

But my firm grasp I never relinquished,
And showed him the meadow of Dreams,
Where all Nature is gay and seductive,
And the firefly in cool grottoes gleams.

And I showed him the field, and the shadow,
The grassplots made verdant by June,
The place that bards think of as Eden,
In whose praises their harps they attune.

"Tell me, what are you doing?" said Virgil,
Who by the spot happened to pass,
And I answered, "It's Pegasus, Master,
I'm taking to turn out to grass."

POEMS RELATING TO CHILDHOOD.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

You, who have hardly passed soft childhood's years,
Envy us not our days of grief and pain,
When oft our laughter sadder is than tears,
And our worn hearts rebel, but all in vain.

At your sweet age all grief and sorrow fade,
Passing away like summer's gentle breeze,
Like a loved voice by distance fainter made,
Or Halcyon's note upon the rolling seas.

O, do not quit too early childhood's mind,
Enjoy the morning of life's early prime;
Your days like garlands one to other bind.
Let the leaves wait the cruel hand of Time.

As years flow on, your fate will be like ours,
To learn of grief and friendship's brittle ties,
The hopeless pain which haunts our dreary hours,
And all earth's pleasures which our hearts despise.

Laugh now, poor child, your mirth will not be long,
And let not sorrow's shade rest on your face;
Your eyes aglow, where peace and virtue throng,
And heaven's gladness finds a resting place.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD

THAT brow, that smile, that cheek so fair,
Beseem my child, who weeps and plays:
A heavenly spirit guards her ways,
From whom she stole that mixture rare.

Through all her features shining mild,
The poet sees an angel there,
The father sees his child.

And by their flame so pure and bright,
We see how lately those sweet eyes
Have wandered down from Paradise,
And still are lingering in its light.

All earthly things are but a shade
Through which she looks at things above
And sees the holy Mother-maid,
Athwart her mother's glance of love.

She seems celestial songs to hear,
And virgin souls are whispering near,
Till by her radiant smile deceived,
I say, "Young angel, lately given,
When was thy martyrdom achieved?
And what name dost thou bear in heaven?"

Dublin University Magazine.

THE WATCHING ANGEL.

In the dusky nook,
Near the altar laid,
Sleeps the child in shadow
Of his mother's bed:
Softly he reposes,
And his lid of roses,
Closed to earth, uncloses
On the heaven o'erhead.

Many a dream is with him,
Fresh from fairyland,
Spangled o'er with diamonds
Seems the ocean sand;

Suns are flaming there,
Troops of ladies fair
Souls of infants bear
In each charming hand.

Oh, enchanting vision !
Lo, a rill upsprings,
And from out its bosom
Comes a voice that sings.
Lovelier there appear
Sire and sisters dear,
While his mother near
Plumes her new-born wings.

But a brighter vision
Yet his eyes behold ;
Roses pied and lilies
Every path enfold ;
Lakes delicious sleeping,
Silver fishes leaping,
Through the wavelets creeping
Up to reeds of gold.

Slumber on, sweet infant,
Slumber peacefully ;
Thy young soul yet knows not
What thy lot may be.
Like dead weeds that sweep
O'er the dol'rous deep,
Thou art borne in sleep.
What is all to thee ?

Thou canst slumber by the way ;
Thou hast learnt to borrow
Nought from study, nought from care ;
The cold hand of sorrow

On thy brow unwrinkled yet,
 Where young truth and candour sit,
 Ne'er with rugged nail hath writ
 That sad word, "To-morrow!"

Innocent! thou sleepest—
 See the angelic band,
 Who forcknow the trials
 That for man are planned;
 Seeing him unarmed,
 Unfearing, unalarmed,
 With their tears have warmed
 This unconscious hand.

Still they, hovering o'er him,
 Kiss him where he lies.
 Hark! he sees them weeping,
 "Gabriel!" he cries;
 "Hush!" the angel says,
 On his lip he lays
 One finger, one displays
 His native skies.

Foreign Quarterly Review.

SONG.

If I were a king, mine empire, O child,
 I would give, and my sceptre, and them that bow down
 As my chariot rolls by, and my golden crown,
 And my sea-cars wherewith the vast sea waxeth wild,
 For one only smile of thee, child!

If I were a god, I would give, O child,
 Earth and the air, and the angel-throng,
 Chaos, the heavens, and the vast star-song
 That moves 'mong still spaces with love made mild,
 For one only kiss of thee, child!

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE MOTHER.

SEE all the children gathered there,
Their mother near ; so young, so fair,
 An elder sister she might be,
And yet she hears, amid their games,
The shaking of their unknown names
 In the dark urn of destiny.

She wakes their smiles, she soothes their cares,
On that pure heart so like to theirs,
 Her spirit with such life is rife
That in its golden rays we see,
Touched into graceful poesy,
 The dull cold commonplace of life.

Still following, watching, whether burn
The Christmas log in winter stern,
 While merry plays go round ;
Or streamlets laugh to breeze of May
That shakes the leaf to break away—
 A shadow falling to the ground.

If some poor man with hungry eyes
Her baby's coral bauble spies,
 She marks his look with famine wild,
For Christ's dear sake she makes, with joy,
An alms-gift of the silver toy—
 A smiling angel of the child.

Dublin University Magazine.

STILL BE A CHILD.

IN youthful spirits wild,
 Smile, for all beams on thee ;
Sport, sing, be still the child,
 The flower, the honey-bee.

Bring not the future near,
For Joy too soon declines—
What is man's mission here?
Toil, where no sunlight shines!

Our lot is hard, we know;
From eyes so gaily beaming,
Whence rays of beauty flow,
Salt tears most oft are streaming.

Free from emotions past,
All joy and hope possessing,
With mind in pureness cast,
Sweet ignorance confessing.

Plant, safe from wind and showers,
Heart with soft visions glowing,
In childhood's happy hours
A mother's rapture showing.

Loved by each anxious friend,
No carking care within—
When summer gambols end,
Thy winter sports begin.

Sweet poesy from heaven
Around thy form is placed,
A mother's beauty given;
By father's thought is graced!

Seize, then, each blissful second,
Live, for joy sinks in night,
And those whose tale is reckoned,
Have had their days of light.

Then, oh! before we part,
The poet's blessing take,

Ere bleeds that angel heart,
Or child the woman make.

Dublin University Magazine.

TO MADEMOISELLE FANNY DE P.

O THOU whom thy sweet age defends,
Laugh lightly ; all things yet caress.
Play ! Sing ! Be a child whose joy ne'er ends,
A flower to brighten ! Dawn to bless !

As to the future, think not of it :
Heaven's paths are darkling, life's affright.
Ah ! what makes man that he should love it ?
A little sound in deep midnight.

Our lot is harsh, is all we see.
Child, often the bright eye that bears
And seatters most of light and glee,
Bears also and sheddeth most of tears !

You, in whose small soul nought doth seem
To dwell, have all : bright joy, bright wile ;
Sweet innocence which maketh dream,
Rapt ignorance which maketh smile.

You have, white lily from the wind
Saved, little heart which small dreams bless,
That calm joy of the infant-mind
Reflect from mothers' happiness.

Your candour makes you beautiful.
Give me before all other fire
Your deep blue eyes aye wonderful
With light that makes man's heart beat higher.

For you no sorrows, no pale hours :
At home you are the cherished pet ;
In summer you run among the flowers,
In winter the hearth make merrier yet

Sweet Poesy, bright bird of the skies,
 Near to you, child, still flutters wings ;
 Its light is in your mother's eyes,
 In your father's thought its murmurings.

Have heed of this swift time so sweet !
 Live, live ! False joy is soon away ;
 Each of us sighing at your feet
 Hath had bright dawn to sombre day.

As one prays ere his steps be gone,
 Let me now bless thee, spirit mild.
 Angel, thou'lt wear a martyr's crown,—
 Thou must be woman, dearest child !

N. R. TYERMAN.

WRITTEN ON THE TOMB OF AN INFANT.

BROWN ivy old, grass freshly green, bright flowers ;
 Fane, where the soul sees One it elsewhere dreams ;
 Gay insects murmuring music warm long hours
 To the tired shepherd drowsed with summer's beams ;

Winds, waves, aye blending wild sweet harmony ;
 Woods wherein brightest noontide pales to even ;
 Ye fruits that gleam from out the dusk-leaved tree ;
 Ye stars that gleam from out mysterious heaven ;

Birds with quick joyous cries, billows soft-sighing ;
 Cold lizard of the hottest nook still fain ;
 Fields unto ocean's bounteous love replying,—
 One giving silvery pearl, one golden grain ;

Nature, that wak'st to life, that lull'st to death ;
 Leaf-cradled nests round which the air scarce creeps ;
 Above this mossy cradle hold your breath ;—
 Leave the child sleeping while its mother weeps !

N. R. TYERMAN.

A. L.

EACH hope, dear child, is a slender reed.

God holds in His hand frail threads of our days,
And divides them at pleasure, and takes no heed

That, the thread being cut, our joy falls from its place :

In each cradle on earth

A death hath birth.

Erewhile, seest thou, the future, pure light,

Shone sweetly before my young spirit afire,—

Bright bird on the wave, in heaven star bright,

Splendid bloom 'mid the shadow athrob with desire :

This vision, my sweet,

How lovely ! how fleet !

If, haply, nigh thee one dreamfully weep,

Let the tears fall, nor do thou ask why.

Sweet 'tis to weep,—ay, the bright drops keep

Soft melody 'midst the tempestuous world-cry :

O child, every tear

Leaves *some* sin clear !

N. R. TYERMAN.

S O N G.

THROSTLES twain ! Stiff, starved is mother ;

Pussy pounced, and ate the other . . .

What else, what else to tell ?

Cold nest by the chill blast shaken ;

Of all love, all song, forsaken—

Poor little birdlings !

Silly shepherd soundly sleeping !

Good dog dead ! Lean wolf close-creeeping . . .

What else, what else to tell ?

Sheep-eote by one fell spring shaken ;

Of all eare, all hope forsaken—

Poor little lambkins !

Parents twain ! Whilst father's lying
In the hulks, wan mother's dying . . .

What else, what else to tell ?
Babe's cot by the chill blast shaken ;
Of all love, all joy forsaken—

Poor little children !

N. R. TYERMAN.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

My child, thou seest I am content to wait.

So be thou too ; with calm secluded mind :
Happy ? ah no ! nor e'er with hope elate,—
But still resigned !

Be humbly good, and lift a blameless brow.

As morning pours the sunlight in the skies,
Suffer, my child, thy sunnier spirit glow
Through azure eyes !

Victorious, happy, is none in this world's strife.

Time unto all a fickle lord doth prove ;
And Time's a shadow, and, child, our little life
Is made thereof.

All men, alas ! grow weary by the way.

For to be happy—O fate unkind !—to all
All's lacking. And, though all were granted, say
What thing so small !

And yet this little thing with anxious care

Is sought for ceaselessly, by good and vile :
A little gold, a word, a name to wear,
A loving smile !

The mightiest king o'er love and joy is powerless ;

Vast deserts yearn for but one drop of rain.
Man is a well spring brims, till summer, showerless,
Makes void again.

Behold these kings of thought we divinize,—
These heroes, brows transeendent over night,
Names at whose elarion-sound most sombre skies
Flash lightning-bright !

When once they have fulfilled their glorious doom,
Earth for awhile a little brighter made,
They find, for all reward, within the tomb
A little shade.

Kind heaven, that knows our struggles and our sorrows,
Hath pity on our days, tumultuous, vain,
Bathing with tears bright dawn of all our morrows
Whose noon is pain.

God lightens aye the path whereon we go ;
Still what He is, what we are, brings to mind ;
One law revealed in all things here below,
As in mankind !

That steadfast law, bright-stablishèd above,
On every soul its heavenly beams lets fall :—
Hate nothing, O my child, but all things love,
Or pity all !

N. R. TYERMAN.

MY TWO DAUGHTERS.

IN the pure shadow-light of the soft-dying even,
One like a swan, and one like the white dove of heaven,
Joyous, and O, so sweet amid the sweetness round !
Behold the elder sister and younger on the ground
Seated of the dim lawn ; while, whispering over them,
A mass of frail white blooms entangled stem by stem
Within a marble urn earessed of the warm wind,
Leans to the little girls tremblingly, and there twined,
Seems on the edge of the vase amid the faery light
A flock of butterflies love-tranced from sunniest flight.

N. R. TYERMAN.

CHILDHOOD.

THE small child sang ; the mother, outstretched on the low bed,
With anguish moaned,—frail Form pain should possess not long ;
For, ever nigher, Death hovered around her head :

I hearkened there this moan, and heard even there that song.

The child was but five years, and, close to the lattice, aye
Made a sweet noise with games and with his laughter bright ;
And the wan mother, beside this being, the livelong day
Carolling joyously, coughed hoarsely all the night.

The mother went to sleep with them that sleep away ;
And the blithe little lad began anew to sing . . .
Sorrow is like a fruit : God doth not therewith weigh
Earthward the branch strong yet but for the blossoming.

N. R. TYERMAN.

TO THE MOTHER OF A DEAD CHILD.

AN ! thou hast told too oft thy little angel flown
Of other angels far on high,
Of Heaven where is no change, nor any suffering known,
And to dwell there 'twere good to die ;

That Heaven is a vast dome with pillars of fair gold,
A rich pavilion rainbow-bright ;
And of an azure bower whose blooms are stars thou hast told,
And of strange stars like flowers to sight ;

That 'tis a place more blithe than mother's words can say,
Where ever, for the children's cheer,
Abide sweet cherubim to laugh and sing and play,
And the kind God to hold them dear ;

That it is good to be a spirit like a flame,
And to live nigh, all night and day,
The tender Jesus-Child and Virgin of sweet name
In such a home of song and play !

And then thou hast not told, poor mother comfortless,
 Unto this child so fond, so frail,
 That as thou wast all his through life to love and bless,
 So likewise he was thine as well ;

That when one's small the mother watches over us,
 But later she is her son's care ;
 That when she is grown old and with age tremulous,
 She needs to know her man-child there ;

Thou hast forgot to teach this eager guileless heart
 God wills one here awhile should stay,—
 Woman aye guiding man, and man, upon his part,
 Aiding the woman night and day :

Thou hast not told all this, oh woe ! So, on an hour,
 That gentle being left thee lone !
 Alas ! thou hast then left unlatched the bright bird-bower,
 And the pet bird is flown !

N. R. TYERMAN.

EPITAPH.

HE lived and ever played, the tender smiling thing.
 What need, O Earth, to have plucked this flower from blossoming ?
 Hadst thou not then the birds with rainbow-colours bright,
 The stars and the great woods, the wan wave, the blue sky ?
 What need to have rapt this child from her thou hadst placed
 him by—

Beneath those other flowers to have hid this flower from sight ?

Because of this one child thou hast no more of might ;
 O star-girt Earth, his death yields thee not higher delight !
 But, ah ! the mother's heart with woe for ever wild,
 This heart whose sovran bliss brought forth such bitter birth—
 This world as vast as thou, even *thou*, O sorrowless Earth,
 Is desolate and void because of this one child !

N. R. TYERMAN.

LISE.

I WAS twelve years ; and she, perehanee, sixteen ;
She was quite tall, and I quite small, no doubt ;
But at even to speak more eosily to my queen,
I waited till her mother had gone out ;
Then I drew nigh unto her throne, I ween,
At even to speak more eosily to my queen.

Alas ! the springtides flown with all their flowers !
The long-spent fires, the many silent tombs !
Doth one remember now rose-perfumed hours ?
Doth one remember hearts love ne'er relumes ?
She loved me. I loved her. Ah ! then we were
Two children, two sweet seents, two rays of the air.

Angel God made her, fairy and princess.
She being a trifle taller then than I,
One asked her divers questions without cease,
For the sole pleasure of teasing her with, "*Why ?*"
But, sometimes, she would turn from mine eyes' gaze,
Pensive, nor dared to meet their dreamful maze.

Then I displayed entire my childhood s store
Of knowledge, and bragged fiercely of my games ;
Right proud was I to air my Latin lore,
And iterate Virgil, Phædrus, old-world names :
Nothing could check my ardour ; I braved all ;
And cried aloud : " My sire's a General ! "

Though one be woman, yet 'tis well to read
Latin ; the words are spelt out dreamfully ,
Often at ehurch to help her in sweet need
Over her prayer-book I bent tenderly.
An angel waved above us his white wing
At vespers on the Sabbath evening.

While still I humbly called her, " Mademoiselle,"
Of me she said, " Oh, he's the mercest ehild ! "

Letting my eyes upon her prayer-book dwell,
 Quite close to hers, with passion made me wild,—
 So close, indeed, that once—ah, heavenly hour!
 My lip a-fire touched her soft cheek a-flower.

Ah, childhood's loves, so quickly in mid May,
 You are the dawn and gladness of the heart;
 Be with the child still, charm him every day!
 And when night comes, bearing for her child part,
 Sorrow,—ah, still let sunny memory stay
 Of childhood's loves, so quickly fled away!

N. R. TYERMAN.

LITTLE PAUL.

GIVING her baby birth, the mother died.
 O sombre fate, why thus on sorrow's side?
 Why take the mother, and leave the tender child
 To one the cold world also a "mother" styled?

For the young father needs must marry again. Ah me!
 'Tis soon, at *one*, a pariah to be:
 This pretty babe did wrong to have been born!
 A good old man then took the thing forlorn,—
 Its grandsire. Sometimes what searce is hath eare
 Of what will be: so now aged arms upbear
 In mother-wise an infant—strange but true!
 What the poor dead have left to life to woo;
 The old are good for only that; they can
 But play the part of good Samaritan,
 Lend to the weak and fallen loving aid,
 And chafe the tiny hands outstretched through the cold shade.
 Needs someone here must answer pity's cry!
 Needs someone here be good beneath black sky,
 Lest pity and hope no longer sad hearts bless!
 Needs must one lead to baby motherless

The wild-eyed goat, fain verdant hills to rove,—
Needs must one here lead little hearts to love ;
And, old and weary, with compassion rife,
Foster frail blossoms of the spring of life !
Therefore it was that God, Who took the dead,
Thus placed the grandsire in the mother's stead :
And, judging winter best love's warmth to impart,
In an old man made throb a woman's heart.

So little Paul was born, an orphan-child,
With large blue eyes through which a seraph smiled,
Lips blithe with babble as of cherubim,
Small rosy hands that stroked each rosy limb,—
Yea, all the angel ere the little man !
And the old sire, by long years pale and wan,
Smiled on him as on heaven where day's just born—
Oh ! how that even did adore that morn !

He took the child straightway unto his home,
'Mong fields spanned by so vast a skiey dome
But a little child could fill it. Green the plain,
All odorous with perfume sun and rain
Beguile from woods and waters ; while around
Their cot a garden laughed, whose every sound
And sight,—birds, flowers, yea, all within those bowers !—
Caressed the child : unenvious are the flowers.

Within this garden peach and apple grew,
Down-showering blossom on one serambling through ;
'Neath willows, waters tremulously gleamed,
With here and there a sudden flash that seemed
White shoulders bare of a nymph ; and every nest
Murmured the hymn obscure of those love-blest.
All voices that one heard were calm and sweet
Like brooklets 'mong warm mosses at your feet ;
While in all subtle sound and silence there
The happy trees a leafy burden bear.

God's Paradise, the angels' light and song,
 Earth's humbler blissful warbling doth prolong
 In summer when no star outshines a flower,—
 And Paul, an angel, made this garden-bower
 An Eden, while the soul of all was love.
 Oh! in how warm a nest was fledged this hapless dove!

Surely a garden's a sweet thing? Place there
 A baby; add an old man; such the care
 God takes to make it perfect. Deeming right
 To add to joy of sense the soul's delight,
 This Poet with a child perfumes the roses,
 Then with an old man the sweet triplet closes.
 Among the flowers blooms baby for his part,
 While grandsire fosters both with dew of his old heart.
 Oh! what is sweeter in the month of May,
 Oh! what were meeter, Virgil, for thy lay,
 Than a babe's naked limbs 'mong daisied grass!
 'Tis so divine that it is frail, alas!

And Paul at first is weakly. Scarce we know
 If he will live; or if again will blow
 The bitter blast that wailed o'er mother dying,
 Come now to bear her sweet to where she's lying.
 Paul must be fed; a goat consents with glee;
 Soon foster-brother to a kid is he!
 Since the kid leaps, the boy to walk is fain,
 While anxious grandsire murmurs: "Yes, 'tis plain,—
 Walk must we." Oh! the tiny tottering feet,
 Charybdis here, dread Scylla there they meet!
 With trembling limbs, knees bent, aye children strive,
 The happiest and most hapless things alive.
 When spring bids blossom, trembles most the tree!
 One's a proud age, one step's a victory,—
 And Paul's first step leads on to many another.
 Can ye not see, bright eyes of many a mother,
 The boy by grandsire followed? Charming sight!
 "Be careful not to fall. Now, now! That's right."

Paul's brave ; he looks, longs, laughs, then suddenly
Starts forward, and the old man, proud as he,
Spreads trembling hands round baby unafraid,
And, himself tottering, lends his tottering aid,
Till the goal's won with peals of merriment.

Oh ! try to paint a star, or represent
A forest bathed in golden morning light,
But seek not to describe a child's laugh of delight.
'Tis sacred love, blithe innocence aflower,
Of grace ineffable the richest dower,
Most glorious bloom of purity,—aye, even
Of blossoms fragrant with the breath of heaven ;
A smile of bliss that proves God's smile of love !

The grandsire, like the saints of yore who strove
On mountain-solitudes with God in prayer,
Was just a good bewitched old grandfather.
Against the spell that guilelessly beguiled,
Powerless, he sought sweet council of th' adoréd child ;
He watched the dawn that shone the clear eyes through,
While every month Paul babbled something new,—
Through bonds of speech thought's fitful flutterings,
That hesitate awhile on half-plumed wings,
Rise but to fall, then float more blithe and strong,
And failing earthly words, alight on heavenly song !
Paul captured sounds to set them quickly free,
Some strophe scanned of wondrous melody,
Chattered, lisped, laughed, was never an instant still,
And the whole house with rapture did fulfil.
With laughter and song he made perpetual May ;
His waking word was sign of holiday ;
All the trees talked of this delightful elf—
Poor little Paul was happiness itself !

By might of smiles which still are deaf to "Nay,"
Paul reigned ; his grandsire being his docile prey,
Happy in strict obedience. "Wait for me,
Father !" He waited. "Come !" Straightway came he.

Spring's right to bind old winter with a chain.
What a blithe little household made these twain !
This despot-child an old man loves to obey,
Like January fain to pleasure May.
How, 'mid the song of birds, rich flower-scents,
Wandered delightedly these innocents,—
One two, gold-haired ; and one fourseore and grey !
One oft forgetful, one remembering aye,—
The child. Night had no power to make them grieve.
Grandsire taught Paul to think, who taught him to believe.
You had said, beholding morn thus dwell with even,
That each showed each sweet diverse sides of heaven.

They mingled all ; their games by day, by night
Their dreams : what love-bonds did these twain unite !
But one bower had they, and were never parted ;
Like the first steps, so the first words they started,
While hour by hour their pure hearts closelier beat.
The grandsire knew no accent soft and sweet
Enough to teach his angel-scholar spell,
And murmur : " Little Paul, O loved too well ! "
Exquisite dialogues ! notes ineffable,
Such as in fairy-tales the blue birds trill !
" Don't go too near the water. Ah ! now look !
Paul, you have wet your feet." " It was the brook."
" Those stones are slippery." " Yes, papa." " Now run ! "
And heaven laughed blue above, and bright the sun
Shone, as triumphant and resplendent now
To see an old man kiss a child's pure brow.
Meantime Paul's father with his new wife dwelt.
No more the presenee of the dead is felt
When in her place there smiles another one.
And by this second wife he had a son ;
But Paul knew nothing. What if he had ? No fear
Cou'd reach him hand in hand with his own dear
Kind grandpapa !

But the grandfather died.

When Sem to Rachel, to Ruth old Boaz cried,
"Weep ; I depart !" the women, kneeling near,
Sobbed ; but the children cannot ; never a tear
Bedims the blithe blue eyes. When with a sigh
The old man said : " Paul, little Paul, I die !
No longer wilt thou see poor grandpapa,
Who loves thee !" Nought such mournful words could mar
The child's bright innocent life of song, love, bliss,—
Still gaily he laughed.

A rustic church there is,
Poor as the lowly roofs that nestle nigh.
It opened : in the funeral train was I.
The humble priest, vague prayers low-murmuring,
With friends and kindred from his home doth bring
That gentle sire, to lay him low in earth ;
And round that sorrow shone the field's May-mirth,—
For flowers can smile on those in black arrayed !
Mingling hushed voices, good old gossips prayed.
We wound along a deep and narrow way,
On either side green fields where cattle lay
Regarding us with large eyes mild and sad ;
In summer-smocks the peasants all were clad ;—
And little Paul followed the humble bier.
To the graveyard his kind old friend we bear !
'Tis a lone spot low crumbling walls enclose,
Where only simple folk seek last repose ;
No lofty tombs, false epitaphs are there,
But grassy mounds with crosses black and bare ;
Drear spot, yet shielding some from sorrow and sin.
By night a wooden wicket shuts it in,
To the bars of which dense ivy-tangles cling :
The little child (a strange remembered thing !)
Was seen to gaze intently at this gate.

To children but as fancy is stern fate,
While to their wondering eyes life's but a dream.

Alas ! night darkens round the starry beam.
But three years old was Paul.

“ You wretched child !
Young Satan ! Imp ! Be off ! You drive me wild.
I'll beat him black and blue ! Too good am I
To let the little brat come ever nigh.
He's stained my gown ! He's spilt the milk ! For that,
Dry bread, the cellar ! And what an ugly brat ! ”
To whom these words ? To Paul. Poor gentle heart !
Scarce had he watched dear grandpapa depart,
Than one came to th' old home with loveless air,—
His father ; a woman next with bosom bare,
Suckling a child—his happy little brother.

At once the woman loathed him. Than a mother
What sphinx more strange ? Whose heart so wondrous, say ?
On this side darkness, and on that side day !
To her own child honey, to another's stone !
To bear when suffering's sacredness is known
Is well ; but a child, gay sprite with golden hair,
Cruel it is such suffering *he* should bear !
The thorn that stabs, for the oak that screened of late,
What bitter change ! In love's sweet stead fell hate !

Paul understood it not. When he stole back
At dusk, his little room seemed strangely black.
Long hours he wept ; yet scarce knew why, indeed,
But felt the vague chill fear o' the shuddering reed.
Waking, he wondered at so dull a morn—
Ah ! why then are these little sufferers born ?
The house was windowless to let in day,
And dawn no longer seemed to smile his way.
If he crept nigh—“ Be off ! I want not you ! ”
His “ mother ” cried ; and slowly Paul withdrew.
'Twas as a cradle drowning in heaven's sight.
The child, who made all joyous, lost delight ;

His sorrow saddened even the flowers and birds ;
 For blithe call-notes a volley of bitter words !
 " He's odious, with his slinking dirty ways !"
 She took his toys her little one to please.
 And all Paul's father allowed,—so amorous he !
 An angel once, a leper now to be !
 Once the wife muttered : " Would the brat were dead !"
 By a caress that dreadful curse was sped :
 The *curse* was Paul's.

" Come thou, my love, my bliss !
 O, God, the fairest of thy angels this !
 A bit of heaven I've stole to swaddle him :
 A child he is, but like the cherubim !
 God's paradise is in my arms ! Oh ! see
 How beautiful : I adore thee ! Soon thou'lt be
 A little man. O what a weight he is !
 As heavy as many a toddling boy ! I kiss
 Thy tiny feet, my life, my love, my sky !"
 And Paul remembered, with the memory
 Possessed by rose, or lamb, or little bird,
 Long, long ago the sweet same notes he'd heard
 He took his meals in a dark nook, on the floor,
 Seem'g quite dumb ; at length he sobbed no more.
 To silent suffering oft a child's soul's braeed !

Nigh always sadly at the door he gazed.

The child one evening, looked for everywhere,
 Could not be found. 'Twas winter, season drear
 Whose soul of hate by night deals direst blow ;—
 Small footsteps then are quickly lost in snow. . .

They found the child upon the morrow morn.
 For some remembered faint cries past them borne
 At nightfall ; one had even laughed to hear
 Midst the weird wonted sounds that throng the air
 A voice that seemed " Papa, papa !" to call.
 Such tidings the whole village did appal :

All sought—the child was in the chureyard lone.
Calm as the night, and pallid as a stone,
Outstretched before the gate, quite cold, he lay.
How he had found this sad spot who shall say,
Alone, by night, unlit by lamp or star?
One of his little hands clutched tight the bar
He vainly tried to open : feeling there
Was one within who yet for little Paul would care,
Long, long he had called and sobbed 'mid darkness dread,
And then had fallen upon the cold earth, dead.
Quite close to his old kind grandpapa he'd crept,
And, powerless even to awaken *him*, fast slept.

N R. TYERMAN.

THE VOICE OF A CHILD ONE YEAR OLD.

WHAT saith he? Think you he speaks? Nay, I am sure.
But unto whom? To someone in the azure;
To that we call a spirit; to space, to the sweet
Shiver of the invisible passing wing,
To the shade, the breeze,—to his little brother dead.
The child a fragment of his heaven-home bears;
Guileless he comes; man, thou receivest him.
He hath the tremor of young leaves and grass.
Prattle before full speech is as the flower
Ere the fruit blooming, lovelier and holier,
For to be lovelier is to be more holy.
The child pure-souled, on the threshold of sad life,
Regards this earth so strange and formidable,
Knows it not, opes wide eyes, and missing God,
Stammers,—all-trustful, touching little voice!
The darling weeping with the darling singing
Ends; his first words like his first steps have fear:
Then blooms sweet hope.

In heaven whereto our sight
Attains not, floats one knows not what fair mist
Of forms which children, revereneed of yore,
Pereeive from earth, and which to them lends speech.
This child perehance beholds a bright eye shine,
And questions it ; in the clear clouds he sees
Faces resplendent, row o'er wondrous row,
And vital phantoms, which for us were void,
Regard him with divine translucent smiles ;
O'er him the dusk serene extends its boughs ;
He laughs, for unto a ehild all glooms are bright.
'Tis there, in mystery, 'mid the splendour's depths,
With these sweet spirits unknown he lisps and laughs ;
The ehild makes question and the spirit replies ;
The baby-babble unto blue heaven floats,
Then returns softly, with the waverings
Of the small bird that marks the haleyon soar.
We call that stammering ! 'Tis in sooth the abysm
Where, as a wingéd being from height to height
Soars, the speech sweet with Eden and with dawn
Striveth to seize from utmost heaven a word,
Seeks it and finds, takes it and leaves, and quivers.
Through every ehild's breath thrills the breath of heaven.
When with the deep benignant shadow he chats,
The thrush, enraptured, at the edge o' the nest
Uplifts her, while her fledgelings, pensive, frail,
Push through her downy wings their eallow heads.
The mother seems to say to them : "Ay, listen,
And try to ehirp as beautifully."—The spring,
Aurora, the blue paradisal day,
Sun-rays—gold darts bright-piereing the dim earth—
Melt in a rhythm obscure 'mid the small song
Of this frail spirit and this trembling heart.
To tremble, totter, prattle, is the charm
Of th' age when through a tear bright laughter gleams.
O heavenly shadow and shine of infant-speech !
The child seems forceful to assuage harsh fate :

From the small child sweet lessons nature learns,—
This rosy mouth's the tiny gate august
Whence falls—O majesty of the frail, bare being !—
Upon the gulph unknown the unknown Word.
What largess ! innocence made ev'n our guest !
What gift of heaven ! Who knows the starry lore,
The beams of bounty, who knows the faith, the love,
Which through their trembling twilight ever shed,—
Amid the bitter strife wherein we dwell,—
The souls of children on the souls of men ?
Sounds one the depth of this soft speech wherethrough
One feels pass all that thrills the innocent ?
No. Men deep-stirred hearken these tender strifes
Of syllables scattered in the golden dawn,
Speech wherein heaven hath left a starry trace,
But comprehend not, pass it by, and say :
—" 'Tis nought ; or but a breath, a murmur, sigh ;
The word is senseless till the spirit be ripe."—
How know you that ? This cry, this nest-born chant,
Is of an angel changing to a man.
Adore it. The melodious sound, the scale
Floating and free where infancy makes one
The perfume of its lips, its eyes pure blue,
Resembles, wind of heaven, those wondrous words
Which, to declare midnight or day, thou lendest
To the vast soul obscure through all things shed.

The being born to the light of this false world
Lips as he can his sad and sweet surprise.
For the animal in the deep enigma lost,
All comes of man. Into this world man casts
A faint clue to the mystery, and through him
A little day lightens the problem dark.
Ah yes, this warble, music vague and soft,
Pure mist of words divine confused like foam,
Song whose sweet secret hold the newly-born,
Which from the cottage floateth to the wood,

Is a world-language, an exchange eterne
Of dawn with stars, with th' angel of God man's soul :
Nest-idiom, cradle-interpreter, aye sent
By the little children to the little birds.

N. R. TYERMAN.

BABY'S SLEEP AT DAWN.

FAINT smiles the humble little room
On an old chest some roses blush ;
Beholding here dissolve night's gloom,
Priests had said, Peace ! and women, Hush !

Yonder what small recess is seen,
Whereto the tenderest radiance creeps ?
O, more than angel-guard serene !
Aurora watches ; baby sleeps.

Deep in that nook a tiny thing
Lies lulled within a cradle white ;
Amid the shadow quivering
Heaven only knows with what delight.

Lo, in her dimpled hand tight-prest
She holds a toy, sweet source of mirth !
Cherubs in heaven with palms are blest,
Babies with rattles upon earth.

What sleep is hers ! Ah, who dare say
What dreams make *such* smiles come and go ;
Haply she sees some bright dawn-way
With angels passing to and fro.

Her rosy arm moves momentarily
As if to wave some sweet adieu ;
Gentle her breathing as may be
A butterfly's amid the blue.

Aurora's loth to chase those dreams :
Naught's so august, so pure, so mild,
As this bright eye of God that beams
Upon the closed eyes of a child.

N. R. TYERMAN.

TO JEANNE.

Your presenee hallows these sweet bowers ;
These woods so far from beaten ways
Seem made for fairest forest flowers
Who draw fresh beauty from your gaze.

Your years are as the morning's birth,
And heaven's own smile beams from your face.
In you, fair Jeanne, the skies and earth
Unite themselves in this sweet place.

The vale with festive hues is spread
And offers you its tribute true,
There is a nimbus round your head ;
'Tis Paradise, your honour due.

All who approach your magie ring
You with a word, a look, entrance.
'Tis eestasy to hear you sing,
'Tis Heaven itself to gain your glance.

While straying these blest paths along,
So sweet the accents of your voice
That e'en the birds forget their song
And silent in their nests rejoice.

DAVID TOLMIE.

TO JENNY.

YESTERDAY, darling of mine, a twelvemonth old !
Happy you babble as, under the manifold
Delicate leafage that lies on the dear Spring's breast,
The year's new birdlets, opening their strange, wide eyes,

Cheep and twitter from out the warmth of the nest,

For the joy of the young plumes' growth and of life's surprise.

O rose-lipped Jenny of mine, in those big books

Whose pictures are worth your erowings and happy looks,

The books I must suffer your fingers to erumple or tear,

There is many a beautiful poem, but none so rare

As you, my poem, when, catching sight of me,

Your whole little body thrills and leaps with glee.

The greatest men for writing have ne'er written

A better thing than the thought a-dawn in your eye,

And the musing strange and vague of one who scans

The earth and man with an angel's ignorance.

Ay, Jenny, God's not far off when you are nigh.

EMILY HICKEY.

TO MY GRANDSON.

COME hither, George. Ah ! sons of sons of ours

With childhood's voice recall lost morning hours.

In our abodes, dull winter's darkening,

They scatter roses and the light of spring.

Their laughter brings warm tears to stony eyes,

And makes cold thresholds thrill with sweet surmise ;

One radiant smile disperses all the gloom

Of heavy years that bend us to the tomb.

A child's hand leads us 'mong th' old vanished years,—

Sweet day by day, with new flowers deckt, appears.

Amazed, we wander all the lost paths through,

With lighter hearts suffused with heavenlier blue.

A child that blossoms sets old age aflower ;

Grandpapa enters blithe Aurora's bower

With little ones around him triumphing.

Dwarfed to a child's small stature, lo ! a wing

Grows, and we watch, with sense of sweet surprise,

'Mong spotless souls, our dark soul seek the skies.

N. R. TYERMAN.

GEORGE AND JEANNE.

I.

I, WHOM a little child makes far from wise,
Have two,—sweet George and Jeanne; in this one's eyes
My sunlight dwells, by this one's hand I'm led;
Jeanne's but ten months, o'er George two years have sped.
Divinely subtle are their baby-ways,
And from their trembling utterance love essays
To catch the birth-star song ere it take flight;
While I—like even darkening into night,
Whose destiny hath lost the light of day—
Take heart to sing: "What dawn so fair as they!"
New heavens are opened wide at each child-word;
My soul's intent to hear what they have heard;
Old thoughts are banished by the sweet new thought,
Desires, ambitions, projects, things of nought,
Matters of weighty moment, fade away
As grows the sunlight of my darling's day;
All birds that brood in darkness ply swift wings
As all the choir of morn more blithely sing.
Ah! tottering children guide one's steps aright.
Behold them! hear them! every brow grows bright,
All hearts beat happily that near them beat
In chime with baby-counsels sacred, sweet.
In all my life they're merged; in smiles or tears,
In all my sorrowful or joyous years,
Nought have I known so precious as the sense
Of smiles of childhood cleaving darkness dense,
Or brightening common sunlight: I behold
From baby's cradle steal these rays of gold.

At eve I watch them slumbering. Sweet shut eyes
And placid brows o'ershadowed like the skies
When through soft veils the starry lights first beam
Amaze me, murmuring: "What can be their dream?"

George dreams of cakes, perchance, of playthings fine,
Dog, cock, or cat ; Jeanne chats with friends divine ;
Then their eyes open wide, and make the whole world shine.
Their dawn, alas ! marks growth of our decline.

They prattle. Do they talk ? As doth the flower
To the wood-brooklet ; as, in childhood's hour,
Their father to his sister, laughing gay ;
Or as I chattered all the livelong day
Unto my brothers, while our sire stood near
And watched us gambol in the sunlight clear
Of Rome, in days long dead which never die.
Jeanne, whose bright eyes all bluest flowers outlive,
Whose fingers frail still capture faery things,
With bare arms fluttering like an angel's wings,
Harangues, in songs where floats a starry sign,
George, a boy-babe or baby-god divine.
O bluest heaven, no mortal speech is hers !
In such sweet strains the wandering wind confers
With fragrant groves, with waves on summer seas ;
Grey pilots off the shores of ancient Greece
Erst left their helms, thus lured by syren's voice
To sorrow, as Jeanne now lures us to rejoice.
'Tis May-month music born beneath the sun's
Bright glance, with changeful burthen, "I love !" "loved once !"
It is the tremulous language filled with light
Which lisps to life each little child's delight,—
Beguiled by April, vast, bewildering,
They babble at vast windows of the Spring.
These strange sweet notes which Jeanne pipes to her brother
Are those one amorous bird trills to another ;
Such subtle questions bees to flowers propound,
And simple flowers to sparrows more profound ;
Of spherul harmonies soft undersong
It is, and doth the angelic choir prolong ;
Heaven's visions are revealed in infant-strains ;
Heaven's mystery, perchance, Jeanne's song explains,—

For little ones but yesterday came thence,
Bearing star-secrets through our darkness dense.
O George ! O Jeanne ! your voices thrill my heart !
In such a song stars only could take part.
Their eyes upon me light my whole soul through,
And all its darkness breaks to heavenly blue.
Jeanne smiles bewildered ; George has bold bright eyes ;
Both totter,—inebriate pets from Paradise !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE SIESTA.

SAFE sheltered from the noon-tide glare,
And noises of the busy day,
There sleeps, serene and free from care,
Jeanette, my child, tired out with play.

They, more than we, the dreamland need,
Those children fresh from Heaven's own smile ;
The world is cold and bleak indeed
For gentle hearts that know no guile.

She seeks the angels and the fays,
Titania, Puck, and Ariel too ;
With cherubs she in fancy plays
'Mid sylvan groves and skies of blue.

O, great our wonder could we know
The hidden joys of that blest sleep ;
What dazzling sights, what visions glow,
While watch her guardian angels keep !

Thus at the still meridian hour
When birds are mute and winds are stayed,
When e'en each fragile leaf and flower
Forgets to tremble in the glade,

Jeanette takes her siesta then,
 And her mamma can also rest,
 For nature wearies even when
 We're helping those we love the best.

These tiny feet of roseate hue
 Are resting like the peaceful soul ;
 The cradle lace of azure blue
 Seems an immortal's aureole.

There looks to my enraptured sight
 A rosy light amidst the folds.
 I laugh, and sadness takes its flight ;
 A radiant star that cradle holds.

The cooling shadows round her creep,
 The wind holds back and dares not blow ;
 When suddenly from out her sleep
 Her eyes re-ope with morn-like glow.

Her lovely arms she first extends,
 Then foot and foot with charming grace,
 And now her mother o'er her bends,
 And gazes on her darling's face.

She thinks of all the sweetest names
 To call her for her own dear sake,
 And then 'twixt smiles and tears exclaimed,
 "You horror ! there you are awake !"

- DAVID TOLMIE.

THE MOON.

I.

COUCHED 'mong the grass, with bright, grave brow Jeanne thought ;
 I came quite close : "Jeanne, tell me, is there aught
 You want ?"—for I obey these charming dears,—
 Submissive slaves of all their smiles or tears,

Diviner of thoughts that pass through heads divine.
Jeanne answered me : " To see some beasts, I pine."
An ant just then appeared 'mong grasses tall ;
" Look, look ! " I cried. But Jeanne scarce looked at all :
" No, no ! the beasts are always big."

Their dream
 Is grandeur. Ocean with his boundless stream
 Allures them, eradled by the conquering might
 Of waves and winds that roar in endless flight.
 They need the wondrous, love the world's worst dread.
 "I grieve no elephant's at hand," I said ;
 "But is there nothing else which I can get ?"
 With tiny finger skyward fixed, my pet
 Cried, "That !"—the ealm hour 'twas when daylight dies,
 And in hushed heaven I saw the full moon rise.

II.

You want the moon? Yes; draw it from the well:—
No; from the sky! Alack, all efforts fail.
'Tis always thus. Dear little ones, you crave
A toy from heaven, so in void air I wave
My hands to catch fair Phœbe in her flight.
The blessed lot of grandsire once fell light
Upon my head and made a gentle crack.
Though fate such brilliant toys from me held back,
Towards you I feel he should be far more kind.
But come, let's reason. George and Jeanne, now mind!
God watches us, and being Himself a true
Old grandpapa, He knows what one dare do,
And takes good care to be upon His guard.
A grand-dad loves his pets, and thinks it hard
All baby-orders he cannot obey:
So, lest a silly old man should have his way,
God takes the stars, not yet to cradles given,
And hangs them on the highest hooks of heaven.

III.

"What greedy little rascals!" mother cries;
 "They long for all that meets their roving eyes,—
 Cakes, cherries, apples, all must pleasure yield.
 If they but hear a cow low in a field,
 'Tis, 'Quick! some milk!' They raise banditti's cries
 If bags of bon-bons look a likely prize;
 And now they'd have the moon!"

Why not? I hate

The pettiness of those miscalled the great,
 And love, amazed, the grandeur of the small.
 Ah, yes! an infant's soul expands for all.
 I'm lost in thought before such greed as sees
 Worlds shadow-girt, and stammers: "If you please!"
 If it were mine to give, indeed, yon moon
 Should in a moment be my pet's bright boon.

I know not what they'd make of thee, 'tis true,
 But yet, O, moon, I feel thou art their due.
 Thy heaven where Swedenborg still travels on,
 Thy vast abyss with all its mystery wan,
 I would entrust unto the children's care.
 That sombre sphere still spinning through frore air,
 With jagged craters no loud storm assails,
 With solitudes of shadow and death, with vales
 Blissful as Edens or like hells accursed,
 And awful mountain-vistas light-immersed,
 Methinks yon little kneeling ones would make
 A holier place of for the angels' sake:
 In it they'd place their love, their hope, their prayer,
 And the vast, weird adventuress should bear
 To God profound the thoughts of sweet small hearts.
 When the child slumbers dream by dream departs
 To holier realms than ours can ever reach.
 A new child-faith unto the world I preach:

If little fearless darlings set their love
 On something sparkling bright in heaven above,
 I feel they ought to have it. That a sphere
 Should be ruled over by a child is clear.
 Ev'n our demerit masters many things.
 Oh ! what a lesson to astonished kings,
 Seeing a world by infant-hands controlled !
 To little angels crowned with locks of gold,
 To them who'd blithely reign by love's sole sway,
 I'd give vast worlds immersed in wondrous day ;
 Those, too, by darkling spirits blindly led,—
 The enormous circle of the planets dread.
 Why not? To them who have no thought of ill
 The power is given to wield a world at will.
 Yes ! often when my thought gets free of earth,
 Musing on innocent love's transcendent worth,
 I deem there must be, in some heaven unknown,
 Some angel grander than our dreams have shown,
 Bidden by God, in some supreme sweet hour,
 On souls of children gifts of stars to shower.

N. R. TYERMAN.

MY JEANNE.

My Jeanne, whom I tenderly love and adore,
 Is queenly in right of her sex : all its lore
 Is to beautiful be, to have arms white as snow,
 And to make by a look the worst rebel bend low ;
 To know aught of nothing save bouquets and dress,
 To enthrall the most learned by smile or caress,
 To be gentle as Heaven, as fair as the rose,
 To the sad or ungrateful, the poor or morose.
 Jeanne knows all about it, for she is aged three ;
 And she is the flower of my old age, for me
 To contemplate, cherish—my joy, my delight !
 My verse, which seems worthless when she is in sight,
 Is inspired by her glances, and filled with her chat.

Her dress is a wonder, bewitching her hat,
 Her red shoes are dainty, her movements as light
 As a fly's on the wing ; and the colours as bright
 Of the costumes she shows off with womanly pride,
 With a glimpse of the womanly spirit inside.
 'Tis her due to be queen, to be fair is her right.
 When her sweet reign commences my wisdom takes flight.

DAVID TOLMIE.

JEANNE IN DISGRACE.

IN the dark room a convict, Jeanne confined,
 Her fare dry bread, puts duty out of mind,
 And makes me creep—old rebel that I am !—
 To smuggle in the den a pot of jam.
 Caught in this treacherous act, straightway all those
 On whom the righteous household laws repose,
 Cry, "Shame !" though Jeanne avers with guileless grace
 That never more she'll make an ugly face.
 Still, all repeat, "For shame ! That naughty child
 Knows by what paltry pleadings you're beguiled ;
 She sees you always smile when scolding's due ;
 Punishment's made a mock of, thanks to you !
 At every moment, all the livelong day,
 You break some rule in your bad reckless way ;
 Order's impossible." I hang my head,
 And say, "To that, there's nothing to be said ;
 I'm wrong. Ah, yes ! when such the reins assume
 They quickly drive the nations to their doom.
 Put me on dry bread, please, in this dark room."
 "None could deserve it better, so we will."
 Then from the corner dark where small and still
 Jeanne sat, she whispered, lifting eyes that swam,
 "Don't mind, dear ! Soon I'll bring you a pot of jam."

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE POOR CHILDREN.

OF little children take fond care,
God is within them, they are great.
For they have breathed a purer air
As stars in the celestial state.

He in His goodness sends us those,
Endowed with messages of love ;
Their sunny laugh His wisdom shows,
Their kiss His pardon from above.

Their gentle brightness makes us glad,
For theirs is happiness untold ;
The angels weep when they are sad ;
The Heavens shake if they are cold.

The misery of the child's pure soul
To vicious man alone is due,
Who holds the angels in control ;
Oh ! what a blot on Heaven's blue.

God looks upon those children dear
Whom He has sent us while we slept,
He sent them clad in kingly gear,
How oft in rags and tears they're kept!
DAVID TOLMIE.

GRANDFATHER'S SONG.

DANCE, little girls, so gaily,
All in a faery ring :
Seeing you dancing, ere May be,
Woods will blossom and sing.

Dance, little queens, so stately,
All in a faery ring :
'Neath the oaks, dreaming sedately,
Tenderly lovers will cling.

Dance, little sprites, so frantic,
All in a faery ring :
Books in the schoolroom pedantic
Soon will be burgeoning

Dance, little pets, so beauteous,
All in a faery ring :
Birds on the branches perched duteous,
Soon will be clapping each wing.

Dance, little fays, in the meadow,
All in a faery ring :
Soon in the sunshine and shadow
Lovelier flowers will spring.

Dance, little maids, so rosy,
All in a faery ring :
Each beau to each belle, quite cosy,
Says some pretty, false thing !

N. R. TYERMAN.

LOVE POEMS.

ONCE MORE TO THEE.

For thee, my love, for thee I tune my lyre,
With Hymen's song thou dost my soul inspire.
What other name with rapture fills my mind?
No other song, no other path I find.

It is thy look that makes my darkness light,
It is thine image makes my dreams so bright.
Fearless I walk through shades, my hand in thine,
For from thine eyes celestial glories shine.

Thy gentle prayer my destiny shall keep,
And safely watch me should mine angel sleep.
When thy voice soft, yet proud, my heart doth thrill,
It sends me forth life's duties to fulfil.

A voice from heaven shall claim thee for its own,
Blooming in earthly fields, a flower unknown;
A virgin pure, to heaven thy soul belongs,
Reflects its fires, and echoes all its songs.

If thou entrance me with thy soft, dark eye,
If thy robe brush me lightly passing by,
I seem to touch the Temple's sacred veil,
And say with Tobit to the angel, Hail!

When on my sorrows thou hast shed thy light,
I know *my* fate must with *thy* fate unite,
As some good priest, worn with his journey home,
Sees a fair maiden to the fountain come.

Thee, like some being far my life above,
Thee, like some prescient ancestress, I love,
Like some fond sister, whom my wants engage,
Like some last infant, sent to cheer mine age.

Thy name alone mine eyes with tears will fill,
 I weep since life is ever full of ill ;
 But its sad wild thy home can never be,
 Thy place far hence 'neath some o'ershadowing tree.

May peace and joy be hers from trouble free !
 For all her days belong, O Lord, to Thee ;
 I pray Thee bless her, for her faithful mind
 In virtue seeks true happiness to find.

CHARLES MATTHEW, M.A.

BELOVED NAME.

THE lily's perfume pure, fame's crown of light,
 The latest murmur of departing day,
 Fond friendship's plaint, that melts at piteous sight,
 The mystic farewell of each hour at flight,
 The kiss which beauty grants with coy delay,—

The seven-fold scarf that parting storms bestow
 As trophy to the proud, triumphant sun ;
 The thrilling accent of a voice we know,
 The love-enthralled maiden's secret vow,
 An infant's dream, ere life's first sands be run,—

The chant of distant choirs, the morning's sigh,
 Which erst inspired the fabled Memnon's frame,—
 The melodies that, hummed, so trembling die,—
 The sweetest gems that 'mid thought's treasures lie,
 Have nought of sweetness that can match HER NAME !

Low be its utterance, like a prayer divine,
 Yet in each warbled song he heard the sound ;
 Be it the light in darksome fanes to shine,
 The sacred word which at some hidden shrine,
 The self-same voice forever makes resound !

O friends ! ere yet, in living strains of flame,
 My muse, bewildered in her circlings wide,
 With names the vaunting lips of pride proclaim,
 Shall dare to blend the *one*, the purer name,
 Which love a treasure in my breast doth hide,—

Must the wild lay my faithful harp ean sing
 Be like the hymns which mortals, kneeling, hear ?
 To solemn harmonies attuned the string,
 As, music show'ring from his viewless wing,
 On heavenly airs some angel hovered near.

CAROLINE BOWLES (MRS. SOUTHEY).

THE SYLPH.

THOU, whom within these happy walls, like dream of Sylph art
 seeming,

Behind the lighted window-pane my longing eyes can see.
 O maiden, open to me, for I hear the night-bird screaming ;
 The darkness round about me is with wan ghosts filled and teeming,
 And souls of dead men gibber in their vap'rous robes at me.

Sweet virgin, I'm no pilgrim, who from distant land returning
 Has come to tell my story in thy little shell-like ear,
 Nor a paladin for conquest and for deeds of prowess yearning,
 Whose bugle-horn awakes the morn to set your heart a-burning
 With a war-ery which the fair ones hear with mingled love and
 fear.

My hand holds neither staff nor lance within its empty fingers,
 Nor do I wear the knight's long hair, nor pilgrim's silver beard.
 I have no humble rosary, nor sword that never lingers.
 And if I blew a bugle-blast the merry minnesingers
 At the feeble sound extracted would have laughed at me and
 jeered.

I'm a sylph, an airy being, who is less than poet's dreaming,
 Son of the nascent springtide, and a child of rising morn,

A guest of cosy hearth-fire when the winter clouds are streaming,
 A spirit that the light shows on the pearly dew-drop gleaming,
 A dweller in the ether, of all visibleness shorn.

This eve a happy couple were with solemn voices talking
 Of that eternal flame which burns within the human breast.
 I stayed my flight to listen. Ere they started homeward walking,
 They kissed and caught my wing, and thus, my further progress
 baulking,

They kept me till 'twas far too late to seek my rose and rest.

Alas ! alas ! my rose is closed, I may not reach my dwelling.

Oh, open to me, *Châtelaine* ! take pity upon me !
 Receive a child of sunshine, for the night-fog's upward welling !
 Within your bed I'll lie so light, my presence never telling ;
 You'd waken and you'd wonder where this little sylph could be.

My brothers all have followed with the light that has departed,
 Or the tears of night which softly all the blades of grass bedew ;
 For them their horrid chalices, the lilies, kindly-hearted,
 Have opened, but alas, alas ! my efforts have been thwarted,
 And now my hopes are centred, Lady *Châtelaine*, in you.

Oh, listen to me, maiden ; of the night-tide I am fearful
 Lest it close me in its shadow, as if in a monster net,
 Among phantoms white and pallid, among ghosts that are un-
 cheerful,

Among demons hell can't number, but of which it's nearly full,
 And the owls which haunt the grave-yards, and with things
 more horrid yet.

This is the very moment when the solemn dead are dancing
 With faltering foot, while over them the pale moon shows its
 face ;

And the hideous vampire round him with a horrid glare is glancing,
 As he sees the trembling sexton who is towards him slow advancing,
 Whom he draws into an open grave with fiendish-like grimace.

Now, dwarfs all black and hideous, with powder and with ashes,
 Like gnomes descend in hundreds to their deep and soundless
 pit.

The sprite of style fantastic o'er the rushes darts and flashes ;
 And the burning salamander on the fresh wave sports and splashes ;
 While bluish flames arise around, and o'er the waters flit.

Only fancy if a dead man, his lone weariness to lighten,
 Should enclose me in his funeral urn, alone among his bones ;
 Or if some necromancer, thinking I his cell might brighten,
 Should entice me to his tower, where the midnight sounds would
 frighten,
 And should link me to his belfry with its sad, ill-omened tones.

Oh, let your window open ! If away I now am driven,
 I must seek for some old bed of moss where low the lizards lie,
 Where, if I dare disturb them, into pieces I'll be riven.
 Oh, open ! for my words are soft like those by lover given
 So gently to his mistress, and a pure light fills mine eye.

And then, I am so pretty ! If you could but see my pinions
 As they tremble in the daylight, so transparent and so frail !
 I've the brightness of the lily of the land of the Virginians ;
 And the roses are my sisters, but they also are my minions,
 And they quarrel for my radiance and the perfume I exhale.

I should like as in a happy dream to place myself before ye,
 Quite close to you (my sylphide recollects it very well).
 The butterflies have heaviness, and humming-birds no glory,
 When clad in gorgeous raiment, like a king in Eastern story,
 I visit all my palaces, the flow'rs wherein I dwell.

I am cold and vainly weeping, for the frost is very chilling ;
 If only I could offer you a bribe your home to ope.
 To give my golden corolls and my dew-drop I'd be willing ;
 But I, alas ! have nothing, so my anguish is me killing,
 For each sunshine gives and robs me, too, of what might make
 me hope.

What will you, that while sleeping, I should bring you as a present ?
 A fairy's scarf ? or pinion of an angel from above ?

Your night I will make lovely, ere the pale moon hides her crescent,
With thoughts of what the day will bring of all that's bright and
pleasant,

And beauteous dreams of heaven will pass to softer dreams of
love.

O virgin, do you fear lest in the gloom of night perfidious

The voice that now is speaking might the Châtelaine deceive ;
That the wand'ring sylph is trying by a stratagem insidious
To betray a gentle maiden ? Nay, the very thought is hideous !

If I had but a shadow I would flee it, I believe.

He wept—but all at once before the ancient bell was pealing,

There came a voice—a ghost, no doubt, that spoke in quiet way ;
And forth upon the balcony a lady's form came stealing,
But what she said, or what she did, there's no means of revealing,
Or if she let her lover in, there's none of us can say.

OGILVIE MITCHELL.

THE LOVER'S WISH.

OH ! were I the leaf that the wind of the West,

His course through the forest uncaring,
To sleep on the gale or the wave's placid breast
In a pendulous cradle is bearing.

All fresh with the morn's balmy kiss would I haste,

As the dew-drops upon me were glancing,
When Aurora sets out on the roseate waste,
And round her the breezes are dancing.

On the pinions of air I would fly, I would rush

Through the glens and the valleys to quiver ;
Past the mountain ravine, past the grove's dreamy hush,
And the murmuring fall of the river.

By the darkening hollow and bramble-bush lane,

To catch the sweet breath of the roses ;
Past the land would I speed, where the sand-driven plain
'Neath the heat of the noonday reposes.

Past the rocks that uprear their tall forms to the sky,
Whence the storm-fiend his anger is pouring ;
Past lakes that lie dead, tho' the tempest roll nigh,
And the turbulent whirlwind be roaring.

On, on would I fly, till a charm stopped my way,
A charm that would lead to the bower
Where the daughter of Araby sings to the day,
At the dawn and the vesper hour.

Then hovering down on her brow would I light,
'Midst her golden tresses entwining ;
That gleam like the eorn when the fields are bright,
And the sunbeams upon it shining.

A single frail gem on her beautiful head,
I should sit in the golden glory ;
And prouder I'd be than the diadem spread
Round the brow of kings famous in story.

V.—*Eton Observer.*

THE LOVE-DAWN.

LADY, such spirit of sense is yours to entrance
Men's souls ; your song's so pure, and, when you dance,
Hearts so for bliss beat higher ;
So lovely is the light no summer skies
Contain the dew of pity in your deep eyes,
Of love the sunnier fire,—

That when you deign, young Star than heaven's more bright,
To lighten with one glorious smile the night
Whose shadow round us clingeth,
As in the forest dark the bird ere morn,
A tender thought, in bowers yet darker born,
Trembles, till blithely it singeth.

Too holy art thou, too heavenly sweet to hear it ;
An angel-woven veil enfolds thy spirit,
Love soon shall draw apart ;
And then, as now, the angel watching thee
Will smile Love's rosy blush of dawn to see
In the pure heaven, thy heart !

N. R. TYERMAN.

“LAST NIGHT.”

LAST night, which deep midsummer lustrously
Gemmed, with its countless stars seemed worthy thee ;
So holy its hush, its breath so amorous !
So softly it lulled all sounds, all griefs, asleep
With dew from infinite heaven that yearned to weep
Upon the flowers and us !

Nigh thee I stood with joy's bright fires fulfilled,
For with thy starry soul my soul was thrilled.
Entranced, I gazed on one so pure, so fair !
While, though no wing of word clothed then thy thought,
The tender love-dream from thy heart's bower sought
My heart, to nestle there.

And I blest God, whose infinite grace and power
Upon the night and thee such light could shower,
Granting mine eyes such loveliness to see :
Nought holier or more beauteous hath He made
In earth or heaven than night thus star-arrayed
Smiling on one like thee !

Oh ! by the faith love taught, Him let us bless.
The world He made and thy rare loveliness ;
He hath touched my heart, enraptured my dim eyes.
’Tis He whose smile shall make all mystery clear,—
He, who now makes thine eyes more glorious here
Than stars in yonder skies !

'Tis God who gives for spirit to all things love,
As wings to bear the body of a dove !

'Tis He who veils bright day with lovelier night :
Who on thy form, O sweet, which I adore,
Beauty as from a brimming cup doth pour,—
On my fond heart delight.

Give love abiding place ! Oh ! love, 'tis all
That one regrets, that one would fain recall
When youth with all its joys no more is seen.
Loveless, earth's proudest beauty scarce could move.
Beauty's the brow, but the brow's crown is love—
Crown thee my spirit's queen !

O sweet, believe me, what fulfils a soul
Is not a little gold, a little dole
Of glory,—dust pride stirs on fields of fight ;
Nor mad ambition, builder of vain visions
Soon to be scattered with wild winds' derisions
From the dull dreamer's sight :

No, no ! man's soul is set on better things,—
Thought blent with thought, as hand in hand that clings,
Joined lips whose kisses were but sighs apart ;
And all the dews of love that bathe love's fire,
And all the married music of that lyre
Which vibrates in the heart !

Nought is there 'neath the sky which is not blest
With a sweet haunt, a dear and sacred nest
Whereto one eye returns though far one rove :
The fisher hath his barque, each bird its brake,
Eagles the mountain, swans the placid lake,—
While loving hearts have love !

N. R. TYERMAN.

SONG.

If there be a sweet meadow
 Where heaven rains delight,
 Where June-shine or March-shadow
 Gives *some* flower to sight,
 Where one may call the slender
 Lily, the hedge-row splendour,—
 O might I there but tender
 Fit path for a foot so white ?

If there be a heart beating
 For love and lovelier Right,
 The step of Duty greeting
 Without one throb of fright ;
 If this high heart beat ever
 Thus, in most high endeavour,—
 O take thou from it never,
 For mine, thy brow so white !

If there be, sweet with roses,
 A love-dream, which, each night
 And each brief day, discloses
 Some hidden bloom more bright,
 A dream which heaven blesses,
 Where soul loved soul caresses,—
 Leave me earth's wildernesses,
 Nest *there* thy bosom white !

N. R. TYERMAN.

“THE DAWN-GATES OPEN.”

THE dawn-gates open, still thy gate
 Is shut ! O Sweet, why dost thou sleep ?
 Thy sister-rose smiles ; wilt thou wait,
 Knowing that if thou wake not, she must weep ?

O my loved One,
Hearken me
Singing, weeping,
But for thee !

All things at thy gate are singing :
List ! dawn trills : " I bring the day."
The bird : " All melody I'm bringing."
My heart—love, love, is all its lay !
O my loved One,
Hearken me
Singing, weeping,
But for thee !

Oh ! I worship, I approve thee
Such, that verily God seems
To have given me spirit to love thee
Only ; sight but for *thy* beams !
O my loved One,
Hearken me
Singing, weeping,
But for thee !

N. R. TYERMAN.

MORE STRONG THAN TIME.

SINCE I have set my lips to your full cup, my sweet,
Since I my pallid face between your hands have laid,
Since I have known your soul, and all the bloom of it,
And all the perfume rare, now buried in the shade ;

Since it was given to me to hear one happy while,
The words wherein your heart spoke all its mysteries,
Since I have seen you weep, since I have seen you smile,
Your lips upon my lips, your gaze upon my eyes ;

Since I have known upon my forehead glance and gleam,
A ray, a single ray, of your star, veiled always ;
Since I have felt the fall upon my lifetime's stream
Of one rose-petal plucked from the roses of your days ;
I now am bold to say to the swift-changing hours,
Pass—pass upon your way, for I grow never old.
Flee to the dark abysm with all your fading flowers,
One rose that none may pluck, within my heart I hold.
Your flying wings may smite, but they can never spill
The cup fulfilled of love, from which my lips are wet.
My heart has far more fire than you have frost to chill,
My soul more love than you can make my soul forget.

ANDREW LANG.

S O N G.

SINCE each soul here below
Takes and returns
Perfume, or fires that flow
From song's bright urns ;
Since here each simplest thing,
At even or morn,
Lends unto Love's vast spring
Its rose or thorn ;
Since April to the trees
Gives sweetest sound,
As night to weariness
Slumber profound ;
Since to the branch the wind
Gives the blithe bird ;
Since dawn leaves dew behind
I' the flower scarce stirred ;
Since when the wave no more
Strives, faint for bliss,

Yet, dying upon the shore,
Gives one last kiss ;

I give thee at this hour,
Low-bowed o'er thee,
That thing of holiest power
I have in me !

Take then, O take my thought,
Which, sad apart,
As a dew of tears is brought
To thy glad heart !

Take then each speechless vow,
O my most sweet !
The shadow on my brow,
Or the flame more fleet !

My transports filled with fires,
Consuming wrongs,
And all caressing choirs
Of weak-winged songs !

My soul which in midnight
A frail bark strays,
With one sole star in sight,—
Thy steadfast face !

My muse, which silent hours
Rock softly and dream,
Which, veiled with thy heart-showers,
Doth seldom beam !

Take then, O dearest, best,
O beauteous One !
This heart where nought could rest,
Love being gone !

N. R. TYERMAN.

MY THOUGHTS.

WHAT do I dream of? Far from the low roof
Where now ye are, children, I dream of you ;
Of your young heads that are the hope and crown
Of my full summer, ripening to its fall ;
Branches whose shadow grows along my wall,
Sweet souls scarce open to the breath of day,
Still dazzled with the brightness of your dawn.
I dream of those two little ones at play,
Making the threshold vocal with their cries,
Half tears, half laughter, mingled sport and strife,
Like two flowers knocked together by the wind.
Or of the elder two—more anxious thought—
Breasting already broader waves of life,
A conscious innocence on either face,
My pensive daughter and my curious boy.
Thus do I dream, while the light sailors sing,
At even moored beneath some steepy shore,
While the waves, opening all their nostrils, breathe
A thousand sea-scents to the wandering wind,
And the whole air is full of wondrous sounds,
From sea to strand, from land to sea, given back—
Alone and sad, thus do I dream of you.
Children, and house and home, the table set,
The glowing hearth, and all the pious care
Of tender mother, and of grandsire kind ;
And while before me, spotted with white sails,
The limpid ocean mirrors all the stars,
And while the pilot, from the infinite main,
Looks with calm eye into the infinite heaven,
I dreaming of you only, seek to scan
And fathom all my soul's deep love for you—
Love sweet, and powerful, and everlasting—
And find that the great sea is small beside it.

LOVE'S TREACHEROUS POOL.

DEAR Child, at first dear love's a mirror bright
Whereo'er fair women bend with fond delight
For bold or timorous gazing ;
With heavenly beams each heart it doth fulfil,
Making all good things lovelier, all things ill
From the rapt soul erasing.

Then one bends nearer, 'tis a pool . . . and then
A deep abysm ! and clinging hands are vain
To banks frail flowers are crowning !—
Charming is love, but deadly ! Fear it, Sweet.
In a river first the foolish little feet
Dip ; then a fair form's drowning.

N. R. TYERMAN.

GUITAR SONG.

"How, how, how," asked he—
"O'er the water-way
Flee false siren's lay ?"
"Row, row, row !" laughed she.

"How, how, how," asked he—
"Lull for ever and aye
Sorrow and drear dismay ?"
"Sleep, sleep, sleep !" said she.

"How, how, how," asked he—
"Make one lovely May
Mine for ever and aye ?"
"Love, love, love !" sighed she.

N. R. TYERMAN.

"OH, WHEN I SLEEP."

Oh ! when I sleep, come tenderly, sweet,
As Laura to Petrarch at evening
Came smiling; and, passing, O bid our breaths meet. . .
My mute mouth, O most sweet,
Sudden shall sing !

Tenderly o'er my wan forehead, O sweet,
Bow thee ; so surely the dusk-winged dream
Shall fade as a vapour a star's looks meet. . .
And my dream, O most sweet,
Sudden shall beam !

Then bow thee nearer, more tenderly, sweet,
Light-stream of love whence angels might slake
Love-thirst,—nay, woman ! and with a kiss greet
Me and my soul, O most sweet,
Sudden shall wake !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE LADY-BIRD.

"Ah !" she said, "what can it be
Fidgets me ?" I looked, and lo !
On her dimpled neck of snow
Lady-bird couched amorously !

'Twas my duty—but 'tis known
At sixteen one timid is—
On her mouth to see the kiss,
Letting lady-bird alone.

Lady-bird shone like a shell,
Speckled o'er with black and rose.
All the song-birds on the boughs
Whist to see what then befell.

Mouth beamed like a rose in May.
Ah, the sweet one never stirred,
While I caught the lady-bird,—
Let the kiss fly far away!

Lady-bird said, ere she flew,
“Son, let this a lesson be—
God must make poor beasts, like me,—
Tired of making fools, like you.”

N. R. TYERMAN.

A WALK TO THE WOODS.

I DID not think at all of Rose,
Walking with Rose to the woods that day ;
Many a chat did she propose,
But little enough had I to say.

Cold was I even as a stone ;
Strolling along with careless strides ;
Of flow'rs, trees, spoke I in muffled tone ;
Her bright eyes seemed to ask—“Besides?”

Its pearls the dawn-dew proffered us,
And the hushed eopses shadowy veils ;
I hearkened ouzels elamorous ;
Rose only heard the nightingales.

I sixteen years, and air morose ;
Twenty she, with sparkling eyes.
Amorous nightingales piped to Rose,
Shrill ouzels mocked me with quick eries.

Rose, on slender limbs soft-swaying,
Stretched forth her fair arms quiveringly
To pluck a ripe fruit earthward weighing,—
And her white arm I did not see.

A brooklet tinkled clear and sweet
Among soft mosses 'neath the trees ;
Slowly the heart of nature beat,
The hushed woods felt not any breeze.

Rose took off her dainty shoe,
And plashed, with pretty pouting air,
Her snowy foot in waters blue,—
And, ah ! I saw not her foot bare.

I knew not what to say at whiles,
Still following her in solemn guise ;
Often seeing her dreamy smiles,
And hearing often her soft sighs.

How fair she was I did not see,
Till tripping forth from the wood-way,
“I'll think no more of it !” said she.
Since when I think of it alway.

N. R. TYERMAN.

AFTER THEOCRITUS.

BARE-FOOT, bare brows, with wind and waters bland
Kissed, she sat there among the river-reeds ;
Deeming her some princess from faeryland,
I murmured : “Wilt thou wander through the meads?”

She looked at me with that supreme regard
Wherewith bright beauty makes its conqueror quake ;
I murmured : “'Tis Love's month ; across the sward
To the deep woods wilt thou our way we take?”

Upon the happy grass she dried her feet ;
Then looked my heart through yet a second time,—
Growing the while, for sportive, pensive-sweet.
Oh ! how the wood-birds rang their golden chime

How amorously on banks warm wavelets purl!
Through flowering reeds, white brow and bosom bare,
Coming toward me I saw the wild sweet girl,
Her hair in her eyes, and laughing through her hair.
N. R. TYERMAN.

"ALL MY VERSES."

ALL my verses, fond frail things,
Toward thy bower would flee away;
If my verses had but wings—
Wing of bird, or wing of Fay.

Flames, with fitful flutterings
Toward thy hearth they'd flash, to cheer it;
If my verses had but wings—
Wing of bird, or wing of spirit.

Round thee aye, in faery rings
Would they circle, bright above;
If my verses had but wings—
Wing of bird, or wing of Love!
N. R. TYERMAN.

"IF YOU HAVE NOUGHT TO SAY TO ME."

If you have nought to say to me,
Why do you come so very near?
Why do you smile so tenderly?—
A smile a king's heart would hold dear!
If you have nought to say to me,
Why do you come so very near?

If you have nought to tell to me,
Why do you hold me by the hand?
Of the heavenly dream that dwells with thee

Ever, by Love's own sweet command,
 If you have nought to tell to me,
 Why do you hold me by the hand?

If you will that I part from thee,
 Why do you pass so often here?
 I see you ever tremblingly—
 'Tis my delight, and 'tis my fear.
 If you will that I part from thee,
 Why do you pass so often here?

N. R. TYERMAN.

AT EVENING.

My arm pressed gently thy form, slight
 And supple as the slender reed;
 Thy sweet heart quivered, even as might
 A bird's wing freed.

A long while silent, we beheld
 The day from heaven softly move.
 What then our trembling souls fulfilled?
 Love! O, our love!

Even as an angel that grows bright
 And brighter, thou didst gaze on me,
 Till thy star-look shone 'mid my night
 Too sweet to see.

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE LOVE-SONG.

Come, O come! an unseen flute
 'Mid the orchard-bowers is sighing!—
 Ah! the song that makes most mute
 Is the shepherd-song soft-dying.

Breezes, 'neath the elm vine-elad,
 Gently fret the river-shadows.—
 Ah! the song that makes most glad
 Is the bird-song from the meadows.

Be no care in thy bright breast.
 Let us love! Ay, love for ever!—
 Ah! the song the loveliest
 Is the love-song silenced never.

N. R. TYERMAN.

WHISPERS FROM THE SHADOW.

SHE said: "'Tis true, I am wrong to wish a better prize;
 Even thus the silent hours pass very sweetly by;
 Still art thou there; my eyes aye gaze within thine eyes,
 Watching the heavenly thoughts when they are born and die.

"To see thee is delight! Do I see wholly thee?
 Yet without doubt even now, even as it is, 'tis bliss!
 I watch, for every pain of thine is known to me,
 Lest some intruder mar thy poet-loneliness.

"I make me very small and still beside thy feet;
 Ah! thou art my strong lion, and I thy tender dove;
 I hear your papers rustle till the faint sound seems sweet;
 Sometimes your pen will fall—'tis sweet to return it, Love!

"Without doubt thou art mine; without doubt thou art near.
 High thought is a strong wine that brims the poet-soul,
 I know; but still I wish thou would'st think of me, Dear.
 When thou art buried deep thus in thy books a whole

"Evening, and ne'er wilt raise thine head nor one word speak,
 A shadow steals within my loving heart of heart;
 And that I may see thee completely, I'm so weak,
 Thou must needs, now and then, see *me* upon thy part."

N. R. TYERMAN.

UNDER THE TREES.

THEY wandered hand in hand ; with dances gay
The happy woods were stirred ; what time alone
These twain delighted in a tenderer way
Faint forest leaves 'neath which their souls had grown.

Of solitude all amorous hearts are fain ;
These lovers felt the leaves above them stirred ;
And, fearing to give aught in nature pain,
Dropt 'moug the flowers beneath some flower-soft word.

She knew all names of flowers on lawn and lea
That bloom, delights of sun and dew to prove ;
She taught him them as truly as might a bee—
Then, blushing, asked : " Now tell me, dear, of love ! "

" O sweet, to tell my love I am afraid ;
Look at me now, thou'lt read it in mine eyes."
She named each happy bloom in sun and shade,
Expounding spring with blushes, kisses, sighs.

O fields that were as heaven to him that hour,
O saered woods in May's and Love's control,
Drenched with the perfume of your flower on flower,
Drunk with the perfume of a woman's soul !

Night stole upon the woods ; in silence there
They lingered ; then she murmured : " Listen, sweet !
A star in heaven aye blooms for thee—my prayer ;
My love for thee aye flowers beneath thy feet."

N. R. TYERMAN.

SONG.

MAY Fate, whatsoe'er it shall be, find thee ever
Strong. May to-morrow be sweet as to-day !
On thy soul, O beloved, may the dark waves never
Of bitter unebbing discouragement weigh ;

Neither languor, nor anguish of hearts that break
 Be thine ; nor that dust which all silently shake
 On a pale bent brow no soft palm doth caress
 The icy wings of forgetfulness !

O thou whom I worship, let burn still for thee
 The songs in the depth of my soul, a bright choir !
 Live for great nature, for heaven, and for me !
 Let suffering but kindle love's sacred fire !
 After all heart-sorrows, let enter thy heart
 Fair dawn, night's daughter, sweet Love, son of pain,
 All the starshine which in the dense shadow hath part,
 All smiles that shimmer through tears that rain !
 N. R. TYERMAN.

LOOKING ON THE EVENING-SKY.

SHE spake to me, one even, with laughing lips :

“ Dear, why dost thou regard so constantly

Night's gathering glooms, or the day-gleams which flee,
 Or the gold star which up the east heaven slips ?
 What do thine eyes above ? they are *my* part :
 Be blind to heaven, and gaze within my heart !

“ From yon vast heaven, deep shade where floats that bliss
 Which doth your steadfast glances so beguile,
 What learn you that is worth my loving smile ?
 What win you that is worth one simple kiss ?
 Oh ! from my soul the virgin-veil upraise.
 If you but knew what myriad stars there blaze !

“ What myriad suns ! Seest thou, when spirit thrills
 To spirit, all dull thoughts bright bloom to stars.
 Devotion, which irradiates rugged bars,
 Is one with Venus shining on the hills.
 Nought is yon boundless azure,—hearken me,
 Sweet !—my soul's heaven is yet more heavenly !

" 'Tis fair to see a bright star bloom above ;
 In this dull world most beauteous things are born ;
 Roses are lovely, lovely roseate morn ;
 But nothing is so lovely as to love !
 The holiest flame and the serenest light
 Is the ray from soul to soul that flashes bright !

" Earth's love is of more worth than in the sky
 Those wondrous stars which still your fond looks scan.
 Knowing what thing is better for frail man,
 God sets the sky afar and woman nigh :
 To those whose souls yearn toward his sombre heaven,
 He saith: ' Behold what else to you is given ! '

" To love is all ! God takes therein delight.
 Leave yon far heaven with all its chilly glory,—
 And thou wilt find in twain eyes that adore thee
 More wealth of beauty, and more wealth of light !
 To love's to see, feel, dream, and understand ;
 The tenderest heart throbs to the heart most grand.

" Come, my beloved ! Hear'st thou while wandering
 Among the woods a harmony most strange ?
 Nature, methinks, around us then doth change
 To a rapt lyre, our happy loves to sing !
 Come ! Let us stray with close-enlinkéd arms.
 Dream not of heaven ! I'm jealous of its charms ! "

With tranquil tone, and with the mien I love,
 My dearest One in such wise whispered low,
 Leaning upon her small white hand her brow,
 Like a bright angel bending from above :
 Tranquil and beauteous, and with tender tone,
 In such wise whispered low my dearest One.

Our hearts vibrated ; with the setting sun
 Close-nestled all the drowsy little birds. . . .
 What have you done, O trees, with our fond words ?

O rocks, with our soft sighs what have you done ?
 Alas ! how dreary is man's destiny,
 Since like the bitter do the sweet days flee !

O Memory ! Treasure in the gloom amassed !
 Sombre horizon of old thoughts once bright !
 Of things eclipsèd fondly-cherished light !

Faint flickering of the high-*evanished* past !
 As on the threshold of a sacred fane,
 Dreaming thereof, the drear soul doth remain.

When for the beauteous dawn the bitter days,
 Needs must one leave all thought of happiness ;
 When Hope's clear cup, bright-brimming once to bless,
 Is empty, hurl it thou in ocean's maze.
 Oblivion ! 'Tis the waves where all things bright
 Sink ; the dark sea where each casts his delight !

N. R. TYERMAN.

A LOVE-SONG.

If thou wilt, we'll dream a dream.
 Mount we then two palfreys white :
 Thou'lt guide me, but I shall seem
 To bear *thee* . . . Ah ! the woods' delight !

I'm thy lord, and yet thy prey.
 Start ! Eve smiles from heaven above.
 Mine shall be, in the dream-way,
 Joy, while thy steed shall be Love.

Oft we'll make their bright brows meet ;—
 Not one star the twilight misses !
 Gentle are our steeds and fleet,
 Since for oats we give them kisses.

Come ! our steeds in wild endeavour
 Stamp hoofs, and wild desires arise ;
 'Mid my dreams my steed's chime ever
 Thine make music in the skies.

Of some baggage one hath need !
Our vows' burden will we bear,
All our joys and woes indeed,
And the flower of thy soft hair.

Come ! the darksome even stains
The oaks ; the sparrow laughs apart,
Hearing the sweet sound of the chains
Bound around my fond frail heart.

Sweet, it will not be my crime
If the woods, the hills above,
Seeing us side by side keep time,
Murmur not : " Let us, too, love ! "

Come, be tender ! I am drowned
In bliss ; the brakes are moist with dew.
Lo ! thy breath wakes all around
Butterflies to follow you.

The dusk envious bird of night
Sadly opes one round fierce eye :
Nymphs, bowed over urns brimmed bright
In shadowy grots, seeing us ride by,—

Smile and whisper : " Do we dream ?
'Tis Leander with his sweet :
Listening to their words' clear stream,
Lo, our water wets our feet ! "

Ride we through the forest-night !
Dawn shall wreath our lifted brows :
Thou be rich, while I in might
Excel,—such difference Love allows.

Ride we, ride beyond dull earth
On our dream-steeds swift and fair,
Through the azure, 'mid the mirth
And mystery of Love's fields of air !

We will halt by the road-side
At an inn ; the host we'll pay
With thy smile of a maiden-bride,
Of a scholar my Good-day.

Thou be lady, I thy lord !
Come, my heart is dazed with light.
Come, and as we pace the sward,
Tell we this tale to the stars of night !

N. R. TYERMAN.

ARISTOPHANES.

UNDER the willows to and fro young virgins
Walk ; round bare shoulders cluster golden curls ;
The amphora on white brows cannot prevent,
When fair Menalcus comes, a slackening step
And soft word : " Hail, Menalcus ! " while the leaves,
Awakened by the mocking laughter of birds,
In the amorous encounter take glad part ;
Beneath the lovely boughs so many sweets
Are snatched, the amphora reaches home half-filled.
The grandam, glancing sharply o'er thread she winds,
Grumbles : " What hast thou done, who hath caught thy hand,
That all the water on the way is spilt ? "
The maiden answers : " I know not, " and dreams.
What time the cool hill-shadow in the meads
Lengthens, and comes a far-off sound of wheels,
'Tis sweet to dream of destinies storm-driven,
And to prepare one's soul for future days.
'Tis by the little he covets, less he knows,
A man's most wise. Let's love ! Divine is spring ;
By the small valley-blooms our souls are stirred,
By bounteous April and warm nests ne'er dull,
Th' inviting moss, the roses' perfume sweet,
And the sweet silence of the wild wood-way.

Fair women, mingling voices, to their homes
 Return, but at the door some stay to talk.
 Wife, of thy husband speaking ill, take heed,—
 Thy baby-boy regards thee with wide eyes.
 Muses, revere we Pan, the ivy-crowned !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THEOCRITUS.

O LOVELY one, fear Love, the smallest god,
 But mightiest ; dire at heart yet radiant-souled ;
 Fatal his thought, his utterance honey-sweet !
 At whiles one finds him cradled 'mong deep moss,
 Fearful and smiling, with bright flowers at play ;
 No word he saith believes he ; wild sweet cries
 And tears are mingled with his tragic joy.
 Maia the meadow makes, the georgic he.
 Love always weeping, triumphs everywhere ;
 Woman is trustful of the boy-god's kiss,—
 It pricks not, smooth as maiden's are his lips.
 —“Thou'lt make thy flounces damp in meadow-grass.
 Lyde, where ventur'est thou at early dawn ?”
 Lyde replies : “To direful fate I yield ;
 I love, and go Damoetas to waylay ;
 Till fall dusk even fondly still I stay,—
 Till in the birch and elm 'tis almost night,
 And from the fountain leaps the green-eyed nymph.”
 —“Ah, fly Damoetas !” “Trembling, I adore him.
 I cannot cull him all the flowers at once,
 For one in summer blooms, in autumn one,—
 But, oh ! I love him.” “Lyde, fear Astarte.
 Thy heart, a prey to sombre dreams, conceal.”
 Yet to her mother must the fond girl tell
 Her loves at early dawn, when fades the moon,
 And, laughing, she awakes in her white bed.

N. R. TYERMAN.

MOSCHUS.

O NYMPHS, in the forest-fountain bathe ye still.
The woods are dark, but though strange voices thrill
 Their depths whence eagles take their tireless flight,
The darkness is not of that drear excess
Ne'er stirred by sweet Neæra's loveliness,
 As by love's lovely star the sombre night.

Neæra's fair, tender and pure, and lo !
Starwise through darkling thickets she doth glow.
 The humming bees cease valley-blooms to mar,
The warm wind frets no longer languid trees :
What saith the wind ? and, ah ! what hum the bees ?
 " Clothed, she's a flower ; but naked, she's a star ! "

The stars of heaven envy thee more bright,
Bathing, O chaste one, with that vague affright
 Which with its boldness beauty blends away,
'Neath foliage whence the eye of Faunus glows.
Subtle and sweet Neæra, well she knows
 Nymphs, naked, turn to goddesses straightway.

For me—albeit a harder lot is mine—
Yet o'er my head the summer sun doth shine
 Through linkèd boughs of many a leafy tree ;
The meadows, I, the woods, the wayward wind,—
And ah ! Neæra, love I ; soul-inclined
 Aye unto Pan's soft pastoral melody.

Albeit within life's shade, where oft we weep,
Far, threatening discords roll from steep to steep ;
 Albeit across love's heaven keen lightnings shoot,—
While with their flashes love's soft smiles are hidden,—
Fearless at whiles to listen is't forbidden
 Betwixt two thunder-peals an amorous flute ?

RACAN.

IF all the things the fond soul dreams
 Into winged little loves might quiver,
 My voice, which 'neath the starry beams
 Ever aspireth, sinketh ever,—

Which mingles in its hymn most tender
 Astrea, Eros, Gabriel,
 Angels and gods, whose diverse splendour
 Aye blends, by sovran love's bright spell,

(Like to leaf-cradled nest-broods holding
 Sweet converse with strange lights afar,
 Ever beneath warm plumage folding
 The heavenly tones of star on star),

Beneath yon slumbrous vault serene,
 With little airs to help its flying,
 Beneath the stars, above the treen,—
 O sweet, in innocent sleep soft-sighing,

Toward thee my song would now be winging,
 To reach thee at rosy break of day . . .
 If all the songs one's soul is singing,
 Might lift bird-wings and flee away !

N. R. TYERMAN.

BEAUMARCHAIS.

To the woods, to the woods, O lovely peasant-girls !
 Beside the mills, whose beasts of burthen are we,
 Your bonnets fling, and make our hearts the haunt
 Of your caprices, tender, joyous, shy.
 'Tis Sunday. Afar one hears the bagpipe squeak ;
 The wind delights to fret the docile reeds ;
 Fête in the fields—the order of day's signed “ Joy ! ”
 The happy birds, who pipe on quarter-days,
 Shift homes as many times as seems them good ;
 All trembles ; ne'er for nought the wood-ways thrill ;

The green forked boughs above the hornéd fawns
 Stir stealthily ; let's imitate the birds,—
 Ah ! the small robbers, how they glory in sin !
 Let's help the kerchief to make bare the neck,
 Wandering like Chloe and Daphne both afraid.
 Not always innocent may mortals be,—
 But this hour's ours ; in the cistus then let's sport,
 In moss, i' the grass ; this silly scandal achieve,—
 Love !—to that godhead archly offer ourselves.
 Since green are meadows, since the sky is blue,
 Let's love ! The idyll with big words is choked ;
 Tragedy-wise we will not shout nor strut,
 But whisper all that whispers in the soul.

N. R. TYERMAN.

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

O SWEET, the charming scandal of the birds
 In trees, in flowers, in meadows, 'mong the reeds,
 Blithe sun-rays bathing eagles in the blue ;
 Tempestuous gaiety of the nereids bare,
 Wide-flinging foam, and dancing 'mong the waves,
 Whitenesses which make sailors muse afar,
 All-glorious sports of goddesses impearled,
 Choosing for couch the seas as thou the leaves.
 All that plays on the horizon, lightens, shines,
 Hath no more splendour than thy wondrous song.
 Thy hymn adds joy ev'n to the joy of gods.
 Superb thou stand'st. Also thou lovest *me*,
 And on my knee wilt sit. Psyche perchance
 At whiles like thee assumes a haughty air,
 Then clings to the neck of the young god, her lord.
 Can one strive long with love ? 'Tis to be born ;
 To taste in the arms of a beloved being
 What honey of heaven God in His creatures hives ;
 An angel 'tis to be, with man's desire.
 O Sweet, refuse me nought. Canst *thou* be mean ?

N. R. TYERMAN.

"NOT A WHIT NOW DO I CARE."

Not a whit now do I care
For the belfry or the steeple ;
If the queen be dark or fair,
King rule well or ill his people ;

None more ignorant, I own,
If the lord be proud or meek,
If the parish parson drone
Doggrel Latin or good Greek ;

If't be time for dance or weeping,
Nests be empty or brimmed above ;
Other cares keep me from sleeping—
I am head o'er heels in love.

Listen, Jane, my troublous dream !
'Tis thy tiny foot so white
Tripping o'er the happy stream
Light as bird in hovering flight.

Listen, Jane, my dreadful pain !
'Tis that thus through sun and shower
An unseen, resistless chain
Draws me aye to thy bright bower.

Listen, Jane, my source of sorrow !
'Tis that thy rare smiles away,
Beaming brightlier from to-morrow,
Lure me from the bright to-day.

Listen, Jane, my source of pleasure !
Thy skirt's smallest flower I prize,
A far richer, sweeter treasure
Than all stars that deck the skies.

“THIS LOVELY SPOT.”

THIS lovely spot you make complete.

This wood that so secluded seems,
Seems to have made its violets sweet
With your eyes' innocent tears and beams.

Dawn hath your rosy flush of youth ;
O Jane, you prove the happy part,
That in all nature's beauty and truth
Hath all year long a truthful heart.

Now all its gifts this vale hath spread
For only you, in humble wise ;
There is a halo round your head
Converts each path to Paradise.

While every timid woodland thing
With wondering gaze draws nigh to you,
Knowing that if you smile or sing
'Tis angel-sweet and angel-true.

O Jane, you are so sweet, so dear,
That when you rove these wood-ways blest,
Betwixt green tremulous leaflets peer
Small downy heads from mossy nest !

N. R. TYERMAN.

ANGRY ROSA.

A QUARREL ? Why this scolding, pray ?
Good Heavens ! because they're lovers still.
Sweet words had scarcely died away
When quickly followed words of ill.

Each heart depends on its own cord ;
The sky's o'ercast, the sunbeams flee,
Love's like the air, a foolish word
Brings rain, when lovers disagree.

'Tis as when roving through the glade,
Whose leaves are gilt by sunny June,
We wander fearless in the shade,
Knowing the sun will shine forth soon.

Though darkness may our steps o'ershroud,
And fierce and bitter blows the blast,
Yet silver lining sheens each cloud,
And soon the storm is overpast.

DAVID TOLMIE.

FROM WOMAN TO HEAVEN.

THE storehouse of the souls is vast ;
At first we're charmed, and then at last
Convinced. Two worlds, they stand apart :
The last the mind, the first the heart.

To love, to understand. The heart
Stops at the first, like birds that dart
Through lowly valleys, but the soul,
Flies upward to the higher goal.

The lover takes th'Archangel's place,
A kiss, and then all Nature's face
Is instant changed from gloom of night
To dazzling palace of delight.

Let love pervade the whole earth through,
Even to the sprig bedecked with dew
That fallen lies ; for, wondrous thing !
It forms a nest when comes the Spring.

Draw back the veil, and let us see
That blessed nest on woodland tree.
And that nest will become a light
In forest of the infinite.

DAVID TOLMIE.

REFLECTIVE POEMS.

THE DRAGON FLY.

WHEN to avoid chill winter's snow
The gilded insect takes its flight,
Too often bramble, bush or briar,
Has torn its wings so frail and bright.

So youth with all its strength and fire,
Sipping the sweets on every side,
Receives a fatal wound from thorns
Which the gay flowers of pleasure hide.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

PRELUDE TO "THE SONGS OF TWILIGHT."

How shall I note thee, line of troubled years,
Which mark existence in our little span?
One constant twilight in the heaven appears—
One constant twilight in the mind of man!

Creed, hope, anticipation and despair,
Are but a mingling, as of day and night;
The globe, surrounded by deceptive air,
Is all enveloped in the same half-light.

And voice is deadened by the evening breeze;
The shepherd's song, or maiden's in her bower,
Mixes with rustling of the neighbouring trees,
Within whose foliage is lulled the power.

Yet all unites! The winding path that leads
Thro' fields where verdure meets the traveller's eye.
The river's margin, blurred with wavy reeds,
The muffled anthem, echoing to the sky!

The ivy smothering the arméd tower ;
 The dying wind that moeks the pilot's ear ;
 The lordly equipage at midnight hour
 Draws into danger in a fog the peer ;

 The votaries of Satan or of God ;
 The wretched mendicant absorbed in woe ;
 The din of multitudes that onward plod ;
 The voice of conscience in the heart below ;

 The waves, which Thou, O Lord, alone canst still ;
 Th' elastic air ; the streamlet on its way ;
 And all that man projects, or sovereigns will ;
 Or things inanimate might seem to say ;

 The strain of gondolier slow streaming by ;
 The lively barks that o'er the waters bound ;
 The trees that shake their foliage to the sky ;
 The wailing voice that fills the cots around ;

 And man, who studies with an aching heart—
 For now, when smiles are rarely deemed sincere,
 In vain the sceptic bids his doubts depart—
 Those doubts at length will arguments appear !

 Hence, reader, know the subject of my song—
 A mystic age, resembling twilight gloom,
 Wherein we smile at birth, or bear along,
 With noiseless steps, a victim to the tomb !
G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

MARRIAGE FEASTS.

THE hall is gay with limpid lustre bright—
 The feast to pampered palate gives delight—
 The sated guests pick at the spiey food,
 And drink profusely, for the cheer is good ;
 And at that table—where the wise are few—
 Both sexes and all ages meet the view ;

The sturdy warrior with a thoughtful face—
 The am'rous youth, the maid replete with grace,
 The prattling infant, and the hoary hair
 Of second childhood's proselytes—are there ;—
 And the most gaudy in that spacious hall
 Are e'er the young, or oldest of them all !
 Helmet and banner, ornament and crest,
 The lion rampant, and the jewelled vest,
 The silver star that glitters fair and white,
 The arms that tell of many a nation's might—
 Heraldic blazonry, ancestral pride,
 And all mankind invents for pomp beside,
 The wingéd leopard, and the eagle wild—
 All these encircle woman, chief and child ;
 Shine on the carpet burying their feet,
 Adorn the dishes that contain their meat ;
 And hang upon the drapery, which around
 Falls from the lofty ceiling to the ground,
 Till on the floor its waving fringe is spread,
 As the bird's wing may sweep the roses' bed.—

Thus is the banquet ruled by Noise and Light,
 Since Light and Noise are foremost on the site.

The chamber echoes to the joy of them
 Who throng around, each with his diadem—
 Each seated on proud throne—but, lesson vain !
 Each sceptre holds its master with a chain !
 Thus hope of flight were futile from that hall,
 Where chiefest Guest was most enslaved of all !
 The god-like-making draught that fires the soul,
 The Love—sweet poison-honey—past control,
 Pleasure, mad daughter of the darksome Night,
 Whose languid eye flames when is fading light—
 The gallant chases where a man is borne
 By stalwart charger, to the sounding horn—
 The sheeny silk, the bed of leaves of rose,
 Made more to soothe the sight than court repose ;

The mighty palaces that raise the sneer
Of jealous mendicants and wretches near—
The spacious parks, from which horizon blue
Arches o'er alabaster statues new ;
Where Superstition still her walk will take
Unto soft music stealing o'er the lake—
The innocent modesty by gems undone—
The qualms of judges by small brib'ry won—
The dread of children, trembling while they play—
The bliss of monarchs, potent in their sway—
The note of war struck by the culverin,
That snakes its brazen neck through battle din—
The military millipede
That tramples out the guilty seed—
The capital all pleasure and delight—
And all that like a town or army chokes
The gazer with foul dust or sulphur smokes.
The budget, prize for which ten thousand bait
A subtle hook, that ever, as they wait,
Catches a weed, and drags them to their fate,
While gleamingly its golden scales still spread—
Such were the meats by which these guests were fed.
A hundred slaves for lazy master cared,
And served each one with what was e'er prepared
By him, who in a sombre vault below
Peppered the royal pig with people's woe,
And grimly glad went labouring till late—
The morose alchemist we know as Fate !
That ev'ry guest might learn to suit his taste,
Behind had Conscience, real or mock'ry, placed ;
Conscience a guide who every evil spies,
But royal nurses early pluck out both his eyes !

Oh ! at the table there be all the great
Whose lives are bubbles that best joys inflate !
Superb, magnificent of revels—doubt
That sagest lose their heads in such a rout !

In the long laughter, ceaseless roaming round,
Joy, mirth and glee give out a maelström's sound,
And the astonished gazer casts his care
Where ev'ry eyeball glistens in the flare.

But oh ! while yet the singing Hebes pour
Forgetfulness of those without the door—
At very hour when all are most in joy,
And the hid orchestra annuls annoy,
Woe—woe ! with jollity a-top the heights,
With further tapers adding to the lights,
And gleaming 'tween the curtains on the street,
Where poor folks stare—hark to the heavy feet !
Some one smites roundly on the gilded grate,
Some one below will be admitted straight,
Some one, though not invited, who'll not wait !
Close not the door ! Your orders are vain breath—
That stranger enters to be known as Death—
Or merely Exile—clothed in alien guise—
Death drags away—with *his* prey Exile flies !

That frightful spectre promenades the hall,
And casts a gloomy shadow on them all,
'Neath which they bend like willows soft,
Ere seizing one—the dumbest monarch oft,
And bears him to eternal heat and drouth,
While still the toothsome morsel's in his mouth.

G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

"SINCE GRIEF IS THE LOT OF ALL."

SINCE grief and trouble, tears and pain,
Fill up our lives on earth below,
Since every day affection's chain
Is shattered at a single blow ;

Parents and friends have gone before,
And our sweet children, loving dears,
Have gone, whilst we their loss deplore,
Before we quit this Vale of Tears.

The very earth o'er which you bow,
And moisten with your bitter tears,
Holds all your hopes far down below,
The shattered hopes of former years.

Since mingled with the tones we love,
The voices of our friends we hear,
Whilst in a strange procession move
The forms we've lost for many a year.

Since in these moments free from strife
We feel that near at hand is pain,
For like a chalice is our life
Which we can neither fill nor drain.

And as old age creeps on apace,
Deeper in gloom and shade we fall,
For hope with false and flattering face
Has ceased upon our hearts to call.

And since the pendulum's dull beat
Will not accord another day,
And in the crowd we do not meet
A friendly face upon our way ;

From earth's dark chains your spirits free,
Base not your hopes on things below ;
Your pearl dwells not in mortal sea,
Your path is not where many go.

Where no stars gleam in heaven's waste,
Push out on ocean wild your barque ;
Like life its bitter briny taste,
The sky like death so drear and dark.

The mysteries of night and sea
 Full many mortals vainly seek.
 God says that they untold shall be
 Till the great day when all shall speak.

And many an eye has vainly tried
 To plunge beneath the pathless main ;
 Whilst monarchs all in vain have sighed
 The secrets of the sky to gain.

Ask from the regions of the night
 Some solace for your aching heart,
 And let the tide with ceaseless might
 Bring harmony to souls apart.

Far above other mortals rise,
 And let your bright gaze roam between
 Blest souls that worship in the skies,
 And earth where nought but graves are seen.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

"ONE DAY I SAW."

ONE day I saw, upright upon the surging ocean,
 Pass, with sails swelling brave,
 A stately ship strong winds swept by in swiftest motion,
 Engirt with star and wave :

And lo ! I heard from out the abysm of silent skies
 Which joins the abysm of sea,
 Sound in mine ear a wondrous voice whereof mine eyes
 The god-mouth could not see.

"O poet, thou dost well ! Singer with mournful brow,
 Anigh the waves aye dream,
 And from the sea profound draw treasures thou dost know
 O'er all life's gifts supreme !

“The sea is God, Who breathes through all the lives that are
 Halcyon or hurricane ;
 The wind, too, is high God ; God, too, the guiding star ;
 The passing ship is man.”

N. R. TYERMAN.

QUIA PULVIS ES.

THESE souls depart, and those remain.
 Beneath the sombre storm whence myriad voices plain,
 Dust and humanity are driven by one dire breath.
 Alas ! the self-same wind smites from the shadow of death
 On all wan earth's pale mortal brows,
 On all sere leaves of forest-boughs.

Those that abide to them that flee,
 Say : “ Your frail forms, O sad ones, scarce we see.
 Alas ! man's loving words no longer will ye hear !
 No longer see the trees, nor the blue heaven so dear !—
 For slumber eternal are ye dight !
 Ye sink in the vast void of night ! ”

Those that flee to them that abide,
 Say : “ Ye have nought but bitter tears to approve your pride !
 Glory and happiness with you are words deceiving ;
 From the kind hands of God true gifts are we receiving.
 O living brethren, phantoms ye.—
 By only death alive are we ! ”

N. R. TYERMAN.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

FOR centuries past this war madness
 Has laid hold of each combative race ;
 Whilst our God takes but heed of the flower,
 And that sun, moon and stars keep their place.

The sight of the heavens above us,
The bird's nest and lily-like snow,
Drive not from the brain of us mortals
The war-thirst, with its feverish glow.

We love but the field with its carnage,
And the strife which turns earth into hell,
And eager for glory, the people
Would not change the fierce drum for church bell.

The vain aspirations of glory,
With banners and ears of bright gold,
Draw tears from the widows and orphans,
As often has happened of old.

Our natures have changed to brute fierceness;
"Forward!—die!" bursts from each angry throat,
Whilst our lips seem to mimic the music
Of the echoing war-trumpet's note.

Steel flashes, the bivouacs are smoking,
As with pale brows we eagerly run.
The thoughtful are driven to madness
By the flash and the roar of the gun.

Our lives are but spent for the glory
Of the kings who smile over our grave,
And build up a fabric of friendship
With cement from the blood of the brave.

While the beasts of the field and the vultures
Come in search of their banquet of hell,
And they strip the red flesh from the bodies
That lie stiff and stark where they fell.

Each man's hand is raised 'gainst his neighbour,
Whilst he strives all his wrath to excite,
And trades on our natural weakness
To inveigle us into the fight.

"A Russian, quick, cut down the villain,
Put your sword through that murderous Croat.
How dare they from our men to differ,
Or venture to wear a white coat?"

"I slay fellow-creatures and go on
My life's path. What glory like mine?
Their crime is most black and most heinous,
They live on the right of the Rhine."

"For Rosbach and Waterloo, vengeance,"
The cry maddens the heart and the brain;
Men long for the fierce glow of battle
And the blood that is poured forth like rain.

In peace we could drink from the fountains,
Or calmly repose in the shade,
But our brethren in battle to slaughter
Is a pleasure which never will fade.

The lust for blood-spilling incites us
To rush madly o'er valleys and plains;
The vanquished are crying in terror,
And are clasping our swift horses' manes.

And yet I ask sometimes in wonder,
As I wander the meadows among,
Can brother for brother feel hatred
As he hears the lark's musical song?

- GILBERT CAMPBELL.

"SINCE SILENTLY ARE OPED."

SINCE silently are oped the pearl-gates of the skies;
Since, yonder, dawn awakes once more the sea and land,
Like to a faithful servant, aye the first to arise
And through the house, yet slumbering, move, bright lamp in
hand;

Since on the sleepless fount the dawn-gleams wax and wane,
 Since from the shuddering woods dark dreams of night get free,
 Urged by the pure calm glance of heaven which the dim plain
 Regards full drowsily ;

Since on the breathless hills the strong sweet day is born,
 I wander through the meadows sad and fresh and sweet ;
 Hoping perchance to find a sweeter, stronger morn
 For a yet darker night which nought else may defeat.

What lot is man's ! This life is't but some monstrous freak ?
 Ah me ! beyond the dawn broods there a brighter Light ?
 All trembles. Nature vast, to me wouldst thou now speak
 In the soul's awful night ?

N. R. TYERMAN.

LIGHT ON THE HORIZON.

I DREAM ; a sunbeam steals across the wave ;
 The beacon, whispering "Dawn !" his torch outblows.
 Fain is my soul to know what no one knows,
 To see the dawn that breaketh from the grave.

At God's desire doth the glad spirit flit
 Far from the icy corpse its earthy home ?
 What is the ray that fliekers o'er the tomb,—
 Yon star that smiles from the dumb infinite ?

Or in death's shadow living shall we lie,
 Striving on earth's loved living ones to call ?
 Each piercing shriek through the grave's sombre wall
 Sounds but a faint vague sigh.

As birds of passage, swallows fleet and free,
 Shall man ply wing toward some clear azure goal ?
 Ah ! like as little birds shall be the soul,
 Passing death o'er even as they pass the sea ?

All speaks, all stirs. To its depths the wood doth cower ;
 The ox resumes his yoke, the soul its sorrow ;
 O'er hill and wave smiles blue and cold the morrow,
 Blinding the star, and bidding bloom the flower.

This life, with all its wealth of night and day,
 Is't worth one wandering cloud in yonder skies? . . .
 O birds, that from black boughs pipe melodies,
 With me what would your lay?

These darkling dreams with darkness should take flight,
 Surely ! Behold the plougher tills the land,
 The fisher drags full nets o'er briny strand ;
 While vainly still I dredge the vast void night.

God, whom we question, time it is to cease.
 Our dreams, our doubts, our strifes, are nought to Thee.
 The abyss is soundless ; yet Thy mystery,
 If man were fain, would let him live in peace.

The mariner, whose barque is on the wing,
 Weighing the anchor, pipes a cheery tune ;
 Old ocean lets he growl, while growling ocean's boon
 Suffers the sailor sing.

N. R. TYERMAN.

"IT IS A LITTLE LATE TO SMILE SO BRIGHT."

It is a little late to smile so bright,
 Queen Marguerite ; wait in thy field awhile,
 And the green grass with hoar-frost shall be white.
 —Pilgrim, cold winter comes,—still must I smile.

It is a little late to smile so bright,
 Sweet Star of Eve ; wait in thy heaven awhile,
 Soon will all rosy rays be lost to sight.
 —Pilgrim, night comes,—still brightlier see me smile !

It is a little late to smile so bright,
 Proud Soul of mine ; wait in thy woe awhile,
 And one shall stay thy strong wings' heavenward flight.
 —Pilgrim, Death comes,—forever shall I smile.

N. R. TYERMAN.

NATURE POEMS.

THE CORN-FLOWERS.

IN summer days when fields are green,
And scentless blossoms fill the blade,
In harvest gilded furrows laid,
The blue enamelled flower is seen.
Before the gems thus bright displayed
Are low laid by the sickle keen,
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.

Old Penafiel, the loveliest town
Of Andalusia fair doth stand ;
For verdant fields and wealth of land,
For beauty and for brave renown
Of any of Hispania's strand,
From none doth prouder fortress frown.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.

No holy city on the earth,
No convent or no blessed spring,
Owned though it be by pope or king,
Where to St. Ambrose' shrine of worth,
More holy pilgrims offerings bring,
With scallop, staff, and holy mirth.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.

And nowhere do the maidens fair,
When in the evening dance they wind,
Have brighter flowers their hair to bind,
Have warmer, softer hearts than there,

The dark mantilla's folds behind ;
Nowhere do glances more ensnare.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.
And Andalusia's brightest gem,
Alice, belonged to Penafiel,
Whom bees when flowers their sweets reveal
Would choose, confusing her with them.
Alas ! how swift the moments steal
These days, of life the diadem !
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.
To Penafiel a stranger came,
With youth and pride in glance and mien,
Like offspring of a Moorish queen.
" Whence has he come ? " the folk exclaim.
" Comes he from fair Seville's gay scene,
Or from the desert turns his aim ? "
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.
None knew. But Alice, guileless maid,
Knew she was loved, and love gave back.
And so Xarama's plain, alack !
That saw her wooed, saw her betrayed,
Where oft beneath the zodiac
These two would wander in the shade.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.
In night the far-off city lay,
The silvery moon, the lovers' friend ;
O'er moss-clad towers did slow ascend,
While night absorbed the twilight grey,
And fretted shadows seemed to blend
With black clouds floating far away.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.

With envious looks at Alice thrown,
While fancy wondered, "Who is he?"
Gaily beneath the orange tree,
To the guitar's entrancing tone,
The Andalusian maids with glee
Danced till the moonlit hours had flown.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.
Within its nest th' unconscious bird
Sleeps while the hawk above it flies.
So loving Alice closed her eyes,
No doubt or fear her bosom stirred.
The King!—Don Juan!—O surprise—
Deceitful was his kingly word.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.
'Tis perilous to love a prince!
One day by his decree they threw
Her on a horse of sable hue,
And bore from home, and ever since
In convent walls she sore doth rue,
And sheds sad tears for all her sins.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.

DAVID TOLMIE.

RELEASED.

WHAT time dull books have drowsed my mind at even,
What time my room's hot air's nigh stifling grown,
What time the town's monotonous hum hath striven
All day to hush all spirit of song with moan,—
What time the countless cares of toil or pleasure,
Which make the narrow circle of our days,
Have touched once more, at length, their utmost measure,
Until to-morrow's dawn renew their race,—

No moment my poor soul, released, delayeth ;
 But, as a bird might flutter to its nest
 After long capture, blithely so it strayeth,
 Though wingless, weak, on yet diviner quest.

To the woods it hies, and there, deep in the gloaming,
 Just thrilled with the moon's first melodies and rays,
 Finds Reverie, loved comrade of its roaming
 Through what delightful faery-haunted ways !

N. R. TYERMAN.

PAN.

If one tell you that Art and Art's crown, poesy,
 Is a honeyed stream sweet to satiety,
 An empty rumour brief years outblot,
 A gilded toy of a room of gilt,
 Or a babel of rhymes by man's breath vain-built,—
 Oh ! believe it not !

O sacred singers, spirit-shaken, most high,
 Go forth ! pour your souls on vast summits the sky
 But embraceth, whose snows are scarce stirred by the wind ;
 On deserts all-still where the faint heart drinks song,
 On woods wind-swept with the wild leaf-throng,
 On slumberous lakes in the valleys reclined.

Everywhere holy nature is bounteous and fair ;
 Where warm grass thickens and flocks repair,
 Where the love-sick kid browses cistus in flower,
 Where sings the shepherd the bird only hears,
 Where the night-breeze smites the mute rock all in tears
 With the cascade-shower ;

Everywhere bird-plumage or flEEEE-flake may fly,
 Be it ocean or plain that they winnow by ;
 Mong the old-world branches of forests hoar,
 Sterile islands, lone lakes whose dull water scarce laves
 Wan shores ; great mountains, seas, snow, sand or waves,
 Meadows ; all regions that hear the wind roar ;

Everywhere that the sunset spreads broader oak-shades,
 Everywhere gentle hills entwine dimly soft braids,
 Everywhere the fields laugh with bright harvest, glad throngs,
 Everywhere a fruit drops from a summer-spent bough,
 Everywhere a blithe bird to sip dew stoopeth low,—

Go, gaze, ehant your songs !

Go forth to the forests, go forth to the vales,
 Shower broadly a torrent of song that ne'er fails !
 Search keenly through nature, disclosed to your sight,
 —Be it winter that saddens or summer that sings—
 The God-Word unheard save in low murmurings :
 Listen what saith in the sky the sword-light !

'Tis God fulfils all ; by Him all things are proved,
 The world is His fane, and each spirit is moved
 To behold and adore Him, th' eternal, the One !
 In His whole creation a joy, a smile lives,—
 In the star which takes light from, the flow'ret which gives

Sweet seent to His sun !

Drink deeply of all ! O poets, drink deep !
 Of the meads, of the brooks, of faint leaves that ne'er sleep,
 Of the traveller unseen whose clear voice thrills the night,
 Of the tender first blooms their wan mother searee knows,
 Of vast waters, the air, of still woods whose repose
 Is broken with rumbling of wheels in dull flight.

Ye brothers of eagles, love the eagles' haunt !
 And most when the tempest his war-song doth ehaut,
 That grows louder as ever it sweepeth more near,
 The horizon up-piling with blaek brooding clouds
 And bending tall trees, till the shuddering crowds

Down dark depths seem to peer !

Contemplate the morning's serenity bright
 When the mist in the valley in shreds taketh flight,
 When the sun, which the forest hath yet half in hold
 —Showing half in the heavens his sloping fire-sphere—
 Waxes larger, as in the far east doth appear,
 As one journeys, a cupola dazzling with gold.

Drink deep of the even ! At the solemn hour
 When the sweet silent landscape seems slowly to cower,
 Flowerwise to unfold,—roads, valleys, and streams ;
 When the mountain, with brow to the heaven upraised,
 Seems a prostrate giant on elbow raised
 While he gazes and dreams !

If ye have in you, poets, alive and afire
 A world of most ardent and inner desire,
 Of images, thoughts, of raptures, love, light—
 To renew this fair world exchange life which ne'er dies
 With the visible world which around you all lies,
 Blend the might of your soul with the vast world-might !

For, O sacred bards ! Art is heaven's own voice,
 Profoundly sweet, bidding sorrow, rejoice,
 As fluetuant as waves when a breeze is abroad,
 By an echo retold through each spirit, each thing,
 Which nature breathes forth 'neath your hands thundering
 On this harp, touched of God.

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE BEACON IN THE STORM.

HARK, what sombre tones !
 From far billows dying,
 Listen, hollow sighing,
 Blent with heavy moans,
 Blent with eerie crying,—
 Till a shriller wail
 Bodes new agony . . .—
 Through his horn the gale
 Thunders o'er the sea !

Rain in torrents, hark !
 On the low shore yonder
 Billows die in thunder,
 'Neath a heaven all-dark ;
 While with dread we wonder

Winter should prevail,
Ere his time to be . . .—
Through his horn the gale,
Thunders o'er the sea !

Oh ! lost mariners !
While the ship doth founder,
Through the darkness round her
Toward the shore one nears
(Ay, the low shore yonder !)
Brawny arms,—how frail !—
Stretched out helplessly ! . . .—
Through his horn the gale
Thunders o'er the sea !

Oh ! rash mariners !
While the ship's on-driven,
Sail on sail shrieks, riven
As with tooth or shears.
Not a star in heaven !
Strife's of none avail !
Deadly rocks to lee . . .—
Through his horn the gale
Thunders o'er the sea !

Lo ! what sudden light
'Tis the star beholden,
Brighter than all golden
Stars that gem the night :
Torch God fires to embolden
Mariners who hail
It, while threateningly
Through his horn the gale
Thunders o'er the sea !

APOSTROPHE TO NATURE.

O SUN ! bright face aye undefiled ;
 O flowers i' the valley blooming wild ;
 Caverns, dim haunt of Solitude ;
 Perfume whereby one's step's beguiled
 Deep, deep into the sombre wood ;—

O sacred hills that heavenward climb,
 White as a temple-front, sublime ;
 Old oaks, that centuries might inherit,—
 Somewhat whereof I feel (what time
 'Neath you I stand) endues *my* spirit ;—

O virgin forest, crystal spring,
 Lake where no storm for long can fling
 Darkness, clear heaven-reflecting face ;—
 Pure soul of Nature unslumbering,
 What think you of this bandit base ?

N. R. TYERMAN.

UNITY. .

FROM the bright sky, just o'er far shadowy hills,
 The sun, vast flower, God's ageless smile fulfils,
 Bows over earth, ere yet to-night 't yield ;
 A humble daisy, blooming nigh a field
 On an old wall quick-crumbling with decay,
 Spreads snowy petals in her tender way.
 And the small floweret, fain her lord to woo,
 Regards intently 'mid the eternal blue
 The grand star dazzling sky and land and sea.
 "Like mine thy rays, Sweetheart !" soft murmurs she.

N. R. TYERMAN.

NATURE.

ALL ye, who walk with restless roving eyes,
Bethink ye, Pan knows always where you are.
Lovers, if you with reason are afraid
Lest the dim path disclose your stealthy feet,
Beware ! within that wood ye are ill concealed !
The trembling forest listens, looks, and longs ;
All the dark tangled wood-ways are astir ;
Fear lest your kisses agitate the copse,
The strenuous shudder of leafy branches, fear !
Nature is not of marble ; 'tis a spirit :
That strange sweet breath which flows thro' twilight sweet
Ye take for April's softest air, is love.
Like water-drops are ye, the world's the cup ;
Lovers, one sigh makes ecstasy o'erflow ;
Above your foreheads all the trembling boughs
Mingle their voices, perfumes, incense, songs ;
Man's passion floods the forest, dark, profound,
And the wild Dryad whirls with lifted skirt.

N. R. TYERMAN.

LOVE OF THE WOODLAND.

ORPHEUS, in Cayster's tangled
Woodways, 'neath the stars' pale light,
Heard the laughter weird and jangled
Of the viewless ones of night.
Phtas, the Theban sibyl, dreaming
Nigh the hushed Phygalian heights,
Saw on far horizon streaming
Ebon forms 'mong silvery lights.
Æschylus, soft hazes threading
Of sweet Sicily, soul-subdued
Wandered beneath moonbeams shedding
Mellow flute-notes through the wood.

Pliny, lo !—high thoughts denying
For Miletus' nymphs most fair,—
Dainty rosy limbs espying,
Begs a boon of the amorous air.

Plautus, nigh Viterbo, straying
Through the orchard-bowers sun-bright,
In each palm gold fruit is weighing
Such as gods rejoiced to bite.

Ah, Versailles ! Haunt most delightful !
Faunus there, one foot i' the wave,
While Boileau waxed shrill and spiteful,
Golden rhymes to Molière gave.

Dante, sombre-souled, abiding
Scatheless in the deepest hell,
Turned to watch fair women gliding
Thro' the boughs 'neath eve's calm spell.

Chénier, under willows sleeping,
Saw in dream a vision sweet :
Lovely lasses laughing, weeping,
For whom Virgil's heart quick-beat.

Shakespeare, watching 'neath the lazy
Branches of the forest-lord,
Heard, while blusht each meadow-daisy,
Fairy-trippings o'er green sward.

O deep woodlands, soul-entrancing,
Haunted yet by Gods are ye !
Yet the goat-foot Satyr's dancing
To Pan's rustic melody !

LION'S SLEEP AT NOON.

DEEP in his cave the lion rests ;
Enthralled by that prodigious slumber
The sultry mid-day sun invests
With fiery visions without number.

The deserts list awhile with dread,
Then freelier breathe ; their tyrant's home.
For the lone tracts quake 'neath his tread
What time this mighty one doth roam.

His hot breath heaves his tawny hide ;
In darkness steeped is his red eye ;
Deep in the cavern, on his side
He sleeps, outstretchéd formidably

Sleep lulls to rest his sateless rage ;
He dreams, oblivious of all wrong,
With calm brow that denotes the sage,
With dread fangs that bespeak the strong.

The wells are drunk by noontide's drouth ;
Of nought but slumber is he fain.
Like a cavern is his huge mouth,
And like a forest his ruddy mane.

He scans vast craggy heights difform,
Ossa or Pelion scales with might,
Amid those darkling dreams enorme
Wherein but lions take delight.

Upon the bare rock nought is heard
Where lordly feet are wont to stray.
If now one heavy paw were stirred,
What myriad flies would flit away !

N. R. TYERMAN.

LAETITIA RERUM.

SUDDEN change belongs to all,
 Winter flees and hides away,
The year casts off its mournful pall,
 The earth puts on a bright array.
All is fresh and all astir,
 The plains are clad in verdure new,
Youth pervading everywhere,
 Sparkling in each drop of dew.
Each tree coquets with nodding tree,
 Each flower with other flower contends
Which shall queen of beauty be,
 And each her perfumed leaves distends.
E'en from the rocks a bouquet springs,
 The breeze salutes the leafy glade
'Mid which the joyous song-bird sings,
 And stirs the fern in forest shade.
In truth, 'tis Nature's gala day,
 And all things join in Nature's mirth ;
No palace ever half so gay,
 No lights like Heaven's lamps on earth.
Then comes the harvest and the fruits,
 With mingled scent of herbs and hay ;
Tired reapers sleep on tender shoots,
 When night succeeds to garish day.
And hark ! from out the shady dell
 The nightingale begins his note,
The chrysalis has left its shell,
 The earthworm has cast off its coat.
The water eddies in the stream
 'Neath sky of deep transparent blue ;
When evening comes the fireflies gleam,
 And gently falls the evening dew.

The hungry bee goes wandering out
The hornet looks, the wasp flies by ;
To all a nectar-drinking bout
The hospitable flowers supply.

The drones, who to excess incline,
With wings a-fluttering soon alight,
And in a pink they find their wine,
The lily is their napkin white.

The fly from the vermilion drains,
And gold from many a flowery bin ;
The butterfly has toper's brains,
A rose to him is but an inn.

Joy and nectar all hearts fill,
Wine and liberty agree,
On no flower can you read this bill,
"The Temperance Society."

By the bounty of Nature's store
All things on the earth are filled ;
Heaven is the only book of lore
Whose leaves the dawn doth brightly gild.

Children mine, in your bright eyes
I see the heaven of heavens alway,
Your laugh is like the Springtime's guise,
Your tears are like the dawn of day.

DAVID TOLMIE.

AN OLD-TIME LAY.

DOES any one know my bower, say ?
'Tis a calm shelter, where the sun
Redeemeth, one bright springtide day,
The wrong six wintry months have done.

Clear limpid waters wander there ;
Among tall reeds the lily floats ;
While lovers' murmurs in warm air
Are mingled with the birds' blithe notes.

There, 'mong the flowers, are scattered groups ;
As in a dream one walks, one rests :
Here, sparkling song in the depth of cups,
Dim silence there in the depth of nests.

The charm of this dim solitude,
The grace of that soft, sunny height,
Seems with the tear of Greuze bedewed,
With gentle Watteau's smile made bright.

Through mist doth far-off Paris lower ;
There, Regnier's bower of wine and glee
Is worth not, here, one dreamful hour
'Neath rosy lamps of a chestnut tree.

Ye know not dreamland's sweetest things
Till in cool cavern you repose—
Lo ! waking, with weird murmurings
They're lost 'mong rustling forest-boughs.

Art proud ? The fault doth me surpass.
Ambitious ? How can that be so,
Since one can dream among the grass
Beneath the mystic moon's soft glow !

The flowers' bright language amorous
Art deaf to ev'n in rosy May ?
Listen ! It sweetly biddeth us
In our dull souls let blossom day.

While glistening robes, breasts bright as lilies,
Warm cooings, tender like a dove,
Of Galatea and blithesome Phyllis
Counsel the woodways, laughter, love.

N. R. TYERMAN.

TWILIGHT.

With a vague dreamful hymn the aspen-leaves are stirred ;
Belated travellers, to walk alone afeard,
Lift voices through the twilight, onward hastening. . .

O suffer each timid bird
Sing !

The weary mariners are cradled on the main ;
Blue waves, wherewith the noontide mingles hot gold rain,
Find ease, for the sun is set, and almost cease to weep. . .

O suffer all sorrow, all pain
Sleep !

Ah ! though to-day be dark, one dreams a bright to-morrow ;
Dim tearful eyes toward heaven are raised some blue to borrow ;
Godward our hope is winged, God speeds it on the way. . .

O suffer all pain, all sorrow
Pray !

'Tis for a purer air that here one fails for breath ;
All that above would soar must first be laid beneath ;
In earth's last silence all must seek heaven's harmony. . .

O suffer all fain of death
Die !

N. R. TYERMAN.

POEMS OF FANCY.

A FAIRY.

CALL my fairy what you will,
Urgèle, or Morgana, still
I would have her in a dream,
All transparent though she seem,
Come to me with drooping head,
Like a flower that's well-nigh dead.

Musically, from the strings
Of her ivory lute she brings,
Back to me, the wondrous store
Which the paladins of yore
From their history could unfold—
Wilder than the tales they told.

She it is who brings me near
To the things I should revere ;
At her bidding I am bound
On the well-tuned harp to sound
All a minstrel's love-songs bright,
With the gauntlet of a knight.

In the desert when I stray,
From my loved home far away,
Hiding there herself I find,
Making ever in my mind,
From each sunbeam, love's bright flame,
From each echo, some dear name.

Hark ! she murmurs in the shock
Of the wild wave on the rock ;
She to please me with a gift

Doth the silvered stork uplift,
Singing with its plumage white,
From the belfry's topmost height.

When my winter log is lit,
By the chimney-side she'll sit,
And will show my wondering gaze
In the sky a meteor's blaze,
Which will shine out and then die,
Like a slumberer's drowsy eye.

When the eradle of my rae,
In our aneient haunts I trace,
With a thousand forms of fear
She enshrouds me far and near,
Like a cataraet of sound
In the eaverns underground.

If at night I sleepless lie,
She will soothing thoughts supply,
Thoughts of chase and baying hound,
Mellowed by the distant sound,
Echoes of the bugle played
In the depths of forest glade.

CHARLES MATTHEW, M.A.

THE LAND OF FABLE.

Now, vot'ries of the Muses, turn your eyes
Unto the East, and say what there appears !
"Alas !" the voice of Poesy replies,
"Mystic's that light between the hemispheres !"
"Yes, dread's the mystic light in yonder heaven—
Dull is the gleam behind the distant hill ;
Like feeble flashes in the welkin driven,
When the far thunder seems as it were still !

“But who can tell if that uncertain glare
Be Phœbus’ self, adorned with glowing vest ;
Or, if allusions, pregnant in the air,
Have drawn our glances to the radiant west ?

“Haply the sunset has deceived the sight—
Perchance ’tis evening, while we look for morning ;
Bewildered in the mazes of twilight,
That lucid sunset may *appear* a dawning !”

G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

FLOWER AND BUTTERFLY.

THE humble flower bespake the heavenly butterfly :

“Flee no more !

See how our fates are diverse. Fixed to earth am I,
Thou canst soar !

“Yet the same breath of love is ours ; from men afar
Both are fain

To dwell ; so like we be, ’tis soothly said we are
Flowerets twain.

“But ah ! the air uplifts thee, while the earth still doth hold me :
Fortune’s spite !

With fragrant breath I long to embalm thee and enfold thee
In heaven-flight.

“In vain,—too far thou flitt’st ! Through garden and through
meadow,

Fair and fleet ;

Whilst I all lonely bide, and watch my circling shadow
At my feet.

“Thou fliest ; then return’st ; again afar art borne,
Void of fears ;

And always find’st thou me, ’neath every roseate morn,
Bathed in tears.

“Oh ! that our love may prove the same sweets summer brings,
 Fair king mine,
 Even like thy slave take root, or bless me with bright wings
 Like to thine !”

ENVOY, TO * * * *

Roses and Butterflies, the grave must reunite us,
 Soon or late.

Wherefore await it, say ? Wilt not we now unite us,
 Fate with fate ?

Haply within the air, if from such place thy pleasure
 Take blithe birth :

I' the meads, if, like a flower, thou shed thy beauteous treasure
 On the earth.

E'en where thou wilt ! What skills it ? Be thou colour bright,
 Fragrance sweet ;

Resplendent butterfly, or flower too fond for flight ;
 Bloom,—wing fleet !

To live with one another ! such the sole good worth
 One least sigh ;

With *that*, let chance allot what home it will—dark earth,
 Or blue sky !

N. R. TYERMAN.

HOW BUTTERFLIES ARE BORN.

THE dawn is smiling on the dew that covers
 The tearful roses—lo, the little lovers—
 That kiss the buds and all the flutterings
 In jasmine bloom, and privet, of white wings
 That go and come, and fly, and peep, and hide
 With muffled music, murmured far and wide !
 Ah, Springtime, when we think of all the lays
 That dreamy lovers send to dreamy Mays,

Of the proud hearts within a billet bound,
Of all the soft silk paper that men wound,
The messages of love that mortals write,
Filled with intoxication of delight,
Written in April, and before the Maytime
Shredded and flown, playthings for the winds' playtime.
We dream that all white butterflies above,
Who seek through clouds or waters souls to love
And leave their lady mistress to despair,
To flirt with flowers, as tender and more fair,
Are but torn love-letters, that through the skies
Flutter, and float, and change to Butterflies.

ANDREW LANG.

THE NEST UNDER THE PORCH.

YES, go pray within the church,—
Go ! but glance on entering
Underneath the old grey porch
At this nest, the pure sweet thing.

To vast temples where one prays,
The small swallow, swift and bright,
Hangs his home where dwell most rays
Of deep heaven's azure light.

The soft broodlings lulled to rest
'Neath the portal, thrilled with love,—
Feel in sleep above the nest
The warm wings of Jesus move.

The great church, where broods deep shade,
Trembles, stirred with that sweet sound ;
The stone of dark midnight is made,
The birds with noontide joy abound.

Stony saints, austere and cold,
 Ranged around walls brightening,
Love blithe swallows, bearers bold
 Of the joy and kiss of spring.

Virgins mild and prophets dire
 Bend from the precipitous tower
O'er these hives of love's bird-choir
 Fashioned for honey of love's flower.

Lo, the bird on the saint alit !
 Th' apostle 'neath the vault laughs gay :
"Good-day, Saint !" chirps the pert chit ;
 The saint murmurs : " Bird, good-day ! "

Man's cathedrals are most fair
 'Neath yon heaven, blue day's abode :
But the nest of the birds of air
 Is the edifice of God.

N. R. TYERMAN.

PERSONAL POEMS.

THE SONG OF THE CIRCUS.

HAIL, mighty Cæsar, of all worlds the lord,
Which, as if moving with one sole accord,
Have crept with all submission to thy feet,
To serve thy pleasures and thy joys complete.
Hail, scion of Augustus' mighty line,
Hail, more than mortal, godlike and divine.

Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Cæsar alone, who, in his princely home,
Can glut with human gore the gods of Rome.
Death is a guest at all his solemn feasts ;
He scourges the earth in search of monstrous beasts,
Hyrceanian tigers grappling stand
With northern bears on bloodstained sand.

Hail, Cæsar, etc.

Statues of bronze and urns of marble rear ;
Gay flags which lightly dally with the air
Adorn the walls of that most fatal field,
Where taint of blood to sweet perfume must yield ;
For, now-a-days, the Romans' fond desire
Is to scent carnage mixed with incense fire.

Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Now creak the gates as they are opened wide,
And onward moves the flowing human tide,
Like some vast river which has burst its bounds ;
The Circus with a noisy din resounds ;
In their dark dens the savage panthers quake,
As sovereign lords the mob their places take.

Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Their snow-white seats the ediles now have ta'en,
 And plaudits thunder to the skies again ;
 As in a mimie lake the river-horse
 And scaly eroeodile pursue their course,
 Five hundred lions ehorus loud the song
 Of Vesta's maids who round her altar throng.
 Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
 Salute thee with this parting ery.

With wanton eye and scarcely hidden breast,
 The brazen courtesan stands out confessed,
 Forming a contrast in her gay attire
 To those sweet maids who watch by Vesta's fire ;
 Patrons and nobles clad in purple dress,
 Count off their elients in the mighty press.
 Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
 Salute thee with this parting ery.

And now, at the stern Tribune's hoarse command,
 The guards aseend the throne, take up their stand,
 The priests of Cybele her praises sing ;
 Whilst the poor Indians in a dusky ring,
 Intone a strange, weird ehant with failing breath,
 And wait the coming of a certain death.
 Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
 Salute thee with this parting ery.

Now to the heavens arise discordant yells,
 As a fresh band the full arena swells ;
 Captives of war, from far aecross the seas,
 Whose eruel death the Roman mob will please,
 Branded and seared by iron and by fire,
 Brought here to sate great Cæsar's proud desire.
 Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
 Salute thee with this parting ery.

The Jew bowed down as if with hidden shame ;
 The Gaul whose smiling face reveals his name ;
 The Nazarene who scorns both spear and brand,

And with calm patience waits the slayer's hand ;
 Form the small crowd that now await the death,
 Their life-spans hanging upon Cæsar's breath.

Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
 Salute thee with this parting cry.

Soon shall the spearman guard be drawn away,
 And the wild beasts devour their living prey.
 The purple awning then is stretched on high,
 To hide the burning brightness of the sky ;
 That so the element Emperor may view
 All acted 'neath him in a softer hue.

Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
 Salute thee with this parting cry.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

THE CIRCASSIAN.

I COULD love this fair land,
 If I were not a slave,
 With its placid sea strand,
 And its corn meadows' wave ;
 And its starry sky's beam
 Would be sweet as a dream,
 If it lit not a gleam
 From the dark Spahi's glaive.

Am I Tartar or Turk
 That a slave—black and old—
 Should look over my work,
 And my looking-glass hold ?
 Far away from this den—
 There at home in the glen,
 One could chat with young men,
 Nor be censured as bold.

Still I love a fair elime
 Never chilled by the snows,
 When in deep winter time
 Not a lattice we close.

In the summer, warm rain
Bathes the grass on the plain,
Where the dragon-fly vain
Like an emerald glows.

Like a smiling princess
Is this Smyrna of ours,
All jewels and dress
In her father's strong towers.
In her seas there below,
See the islets a-row,
Blue and green rose and snow,
Like a basket of flowers.

Yes, I love her gay walls—
Love to watch the flags stream
O'er her golden-roof'd halls
That like fairy toys gleam.
And those tents high in air,
That the elephants bear,
What with these can compare
For a lazy day-dream ?

In this palace of fays
My lone heart, prone to song,
Hears the numberless lays
Of the desert-born throng—
Hears the quarrelsome dins
Of the Peris and Djinns—
Strife that ends and begins
And recurs all night long.

Yes, I love, in this land,
The sweet perfumes of night ;
Love the eypresses grand,
With their towering height ;
Love the desert-stream's bed,
Where the palm nods its head,

And the vane golden red,
O'er the minaret white.

On my lute some home lay,
Some old Spanish romance,
It delights me to play,
For my comrades to dance :
Such a gay, laughing band,
As they whirl hand in hand,
Round the tent where they stand
From the sun's burning glance.

But I love most of all
When the day runs its span,
And the heavy dews fall
The vast ocean to scan.
With all-wondering eyes,
As the moon 'gins to rise,
And o'er billow and skies
Spreads her bright silver fan.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

MAZEPPA.

PART II.

Thus when a mortal on whom his God is outpoured indeed,
Is bound on thy fateful croupe, O genius, fiery steed,
He struggles in vain ; with a bound, untouched of his hand or
heel,
From the real thou bearest him forth, whose gates burst and
break as they feel

Thy feet, feet of steel.

Thou clearest the deserts with him, and the hoary tops of the
proud
Old hills of strength, crossest seas, and beyond the depths of cloud
Where darkness heavily lies ; and, awaked by thy footsteps' sound,
A thousand spirits impure in their legion close press round
Thy traveller bound.

In one flight on thy wings of flame he reaches and sees the whole
Wide fields of the possible there stretched out, and all realms of
the soul ;

He drinks from the river eternal ; in storm-night or star-night
now

His locks with the locks of comets commingled, all flaming glow
On the firmament's brow.

The six moons of Herschel he sees ; the ring of old Saturn there ;
And the pole that bends round her brow the nightly Aurora fair ;
All he sees ; the ideal horizon, the limitless world's, in his sight
Moveth on till it knoweth no limit, displaced through the dark-
ness and light

By thy untired flight.

And who, saving only the demons and angels, may know or may
dream

What he suffers in following thee, or guess the strange lightnings
that gleam

On his eyes, and the scorching and burning of many a fiery spark,
And how, in the night, those cold wings shall strike at his brow in
the dark

And no one shall mark.

Affrighted he cries, but in vain : relentless, thy flight will not fail,
The flight that o'erwhelms him and crushes ; exhausted, and gasp-
ing, and pale,

Each step thou dost take seems to hollow his tomb, and he sinks
in affright ;

Till the end comes—he runs, and he flies, and he falls—and he
rises upright,

A king in his might.

EMILY HICKEY.

NAPOLEON.

ANGEL or demon! thou,—whether of light
 The minister, or darkness—still dost sway
 This age of ours; thine eagle's soaring flight
 Bears us, all breathless, after it away.
 The eye that from thy presence fain would stray,
 Shuns thee in vain; thy mighty shadow thrown
 Rests on all pictures of the living day,
 And on the threshold of our time alone,
 Dazzling, yet sombre, stands thy form, Napoleon!

Thus, when the admiring stranger's steps explore
 The subject-lands that 'neath Vesuvius be,
 Whether he wind along the enehanting shore
 To Portici from fair Parthenope,
 Or, lingering long in dreamy reverie,
 O'er loveliest Ischia's od'rous isle he stray,
 Wooed by whose breath the soft and am'rous sea
 Seems like some languishing sultana's lay,
 A voice for very sweets that scarce can win its way.

Him, whether Pæstum's solemn fane detain,
 Shrouding his soul with meditation's power;
 Or at Pozzuoli, to the sprightly strain
 Of tarantella danced 'neath Tusean tower,
 Listening, he while away the evening hour;
 Or wake the echoes, mournful, lone and deep,
 Of that sad city, in its dreaming bower
 By the volcano seized, where mansions keep
 The likeness which they wore at that last fatal sleep;

Or be his bark at Posillippo laid,
 While as the swarthy boatman at his side
 Chants Tasso's lays to Virgil's pleased shade,
 Ever he sees, throughout that circuit wide,
 From shady nook or sunny lawn espied,

From rocky headland viewed, or flow'ry shore,
 From sea, and spreading mead alike descried,
The Giant Mount, tow'ring all objects o'er,
 And black'ning with its breath th' horizon evermore!

Fraser's Magazine

TO CANARIS, THE GREEK PATRIOT.

O CANARIS! O Canaris! the poet's song
 Has blameful left untold thy deeds too long!
 But when the tragic actor's part is done,
 When clamour ceases, and the fights are won,
 When heroes realise what Fate decreed,
 When chieftains mark no more which thousands bleed;
 When they have shone, as clouded or as bright,
 As fitful meteor in the heaven at night,
 And when the sycophant no more proclaims
 To gaping crowds the glory of their names,—
 'Tis then the memories of warriors die,
 And fall—alas!—into obscurity,
 Until the poet, in whose verse alone
 Exists a world—can make their actions known,
 And in eternal epic measures, show
 They are not yet forgotten here below.
 And yet by us neglected! glory gloomed,
 Thy name seems sealed apart, entombed,
 Although our shouts to pigmies rise—no cries
 To mark thy presence echo to the skies;
 Farewell to Grecian heroes—silent is the lute,
 And sets your sun without one Memnon bruit!

There was a time men gave no peace
 To cheers for Athens, Bozzaris, Leonidas, and Greece!
 And Canaris' more-worshipped name was found
 On ev'ry lip, in ev'ry heart around.

But now is changed the scene! On hist'ry's page
Are writ o'er thine, deeds of another age,
And thine are not remembered.—Greece, farewell!
The world no more thine heroes' deeds will tell.

Not that this matters to a man like thee!
To whom is left the dark blue open sea,
Thy gallant bark, that o'er the water flies,
And the bright planet guiding in clear skies;
All these remain, with accident and strife,
Hope, and the pleasures of a roving life,
Boon Nature's fairest prospects—land and main—
The noisy starting, glad return again;
The pride of freeman on a bounding deck
Which mocks at danger and despises wreck,
And e'en if lightning-pinions cleave the sea,
'Tis all replete with joyousness to thee!

Yes, these remain! blue sky and ocean blue,
Thine eagles with one sweep beyond the view—
The sun in golden beauty ever pure,
The distance where rich warmth doth aye endure—
Thy language so mellifluously bland,
Mixed with sweet idioms from Italia's strand,
As Baya's streams to Samos' waters glide
And with them mingle in one placid tide.

Yes, these remain, and, Canaris! thy arms—
The sculptured sabre, faithful in alarms—
The brodered garb, the yataghan, the vest
Expressive of thy rank, to thee still rest!
And when thy vessel o'er the foaming sound
Is proud past storied coasts to blithely bound,
At once the point of beauty may restore
Smiles to thy lip, and smoothe thy brow once more.

ANACREON.

ANACREON,—whose blithe rill of poesy
 From summits hoar of sage antiquity
 Bubbling all-amorously, one finds what time
 Fain of repose are weary feet that climb,—
 How sweet to me thy wavelets calm and clear !
 Sweet as to some tired Alpine traveller
 The sprays that dew warm flow'rets' laughing eyes
 With crystals caught from fields of snow and ice !

N. R. TYERMAN.

SONG.

HE shines through history like a sun.
 For thrice five years
 He bore bright victory through the dun
 King-shadowed spheres ;
 Proud Europe 'neath his law of might
 Low-bowed the knee—
 Thou, poor ape, hobble after aright,
Petit, petit !

Napoleon in the roar of fight,
 Calm and serene,
 Guided athwart the fiery flight
 His eagle keen.
 Upon Arcola bridge he trod,
 And came forth free—
 Come ! here is gold, adore thy god,
Petit, petit !

Viennas were his lights-o'-love,
 He ravished *them* ;
 Blithely he seized brave heights above
 By the iron hem ;

Castles caught he by the curls,
 His brides to be—
 For thee here are the poor pale girls,
Petit, petit !
 He passed o'er mountains, deserts, plains,
 Having in hand
 The palm, the lightning, and the reins
 Of every land :
 Drunken, he tottered on the brink
 Of deity—
 Here is sweet blood ! quick, run to drink,
Petit, petit !

Then when he fell, loosening the world,
 The abyssmal sea
 Made wide her depths for him, down-hurled
 By Liberty :
 Th' archangel plunged from where he stood,
 And earth breathed free—
 Thou ! drown thyself in thy own mud,
Petit, petit !

N. R. TYERMAN.

SOLOMON.

THE King am I fate's sombre puissance fills ;
 God's temple build I, and earth's cities raze ;
 Hiram my slave that toils, Charos that kills,
 Upon me, awestruck, gaze.
 My tool to build, my sword to smite, are they,
 Ne'er ceasing toil for weariness or pain :
 My breath were strong to turn out of its way
 The Libyan hurricane ;
 Hence God Himself is troubled. Of a fell
 Crime born, sin's sombre wisdom wraps my throne ;
 Satan, to judge betwixt high heaven and hell,
 Would choose King Solomon.

The lord of faith am I, the lord of fear ;
 Warrior, I rule the body,—priest, the soul ;
 As king, I wield the day's bright azure sphere,
 As pontiff, night control.

I am the subtle master of all dreams ;
 I guide the hand that writes upon the wall ;
 Earth's omens are familiar,—sighs, sobs, screams,
 I read them one and all.

Mighty am I, and like a god morose ;
 Mysterious as an Eden sealed away.
 Yet, though my power is mightier than the rose
 Is fragrant in mid May,

O'er one thing doth my golden sceptre shine
 Vainly, as 'twere a twig bent by a dove—
 I cannot from my soul, O nymph divine,
 Affright thy song of love !

Subtle the notes of this winged thing that broods
 In my soul's depths, as in a shadowy tree,
 And powerless I to chase it, as spring woods
 'To hush bird-melody !

N. R. TYERMAN.

ON HEARING THE PRINCESS ROYAL¹ SING.

IN thine abode so high
 Where yet one scarce can breathe,
 Dear child, most tenderly
 A soft song thou dost wreathe.

Thou singest, little girl—
 Thy sire, the King is he :
 Around thee glories whirl,
 But all things sigh in thee.

¹Marie, daughter of Louis Philippe.

Thy thought may seek not wings
Of speech ; dear love's forbidden ;
Thy smiles, those heavenly things,
Being faintly born, are chidden.

Thou feel'st, poor little Bride,
A hand unknown and chill
Clasp thine from out the wide
Deep shade so deathly still.

Thy sad heart, wingless, weak,
Is sunk in this black shade
So deep, thy small hands seek,
Vainly, the pulse God made.

Thou art yet but highness, thou
That shalt be majesty :
Though still on thy fair brow
Some faint dawn-flush may be,

Child, unto armies dear,
Even now we mark heaven's light
Dimmed with the fume and fear
And glory of battle-might.

Thy godfather is he,
Earth's Pope,—he hails thee, child !
Passing, armed men you see
Like unarmed women, mild.

As saint all worship thee ;
Thyself even hast the strong
Thrill of divinity
Mingled with thy small song.

Each grand old warrior
Guards thee, submissive, proud ;
Mute thunders at thy door,
Sleep, that shall wake most loud.

Around thee foams the wild
 Bright sea, the lot of kings.
 Happier wert thou, my child,
 I' the woods a bird that sings !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE BLACK BAND.

PART I.

O WALLS, O battlements, O towers,
 O bridge-spann'd moat and ramparts grim,
 O mighty piles of slender columns,
 Frowning keeps, and convents dim ;
 Dusty cloisters, grey and hoary,
 Olden, crumbling, silent, calm,
 Vaulted aisles, which once re-echoed
 Joyous revel, holy psalm.

Altars where our mothers sought
 The God for whom our fathers fought.

Porches which inflame our pride,
 Domes of God, and courts of kings,
 Temples where our treasured banners
 Spread their ragged, smoke-stained wings
 Bowers of love, triumphal arches,
 Regal splendours, mute and vast
 Shrines, and monasteries, dungeons,
 Relics of a mighty past,
 Hoary fanez, of mysteries full,
 And splendours that grow never dull.

Ruins of France which our affection
 Strives, alas, in vain to save,
 Spots where honour found a shelter—
 Where the honour'd found a grave ;
 Stones which time with ruthless heel
 Tramples into dust again,
 Footprints of an infant people,
 Homes of pleasure and of pain.

Vestiges of races dead,
 A sacred stream dried in its bed.

Oft, in thought, I've heard thy heroes
Say farewell before the fray,
Oft, within thy ruined temples,
Shone a bright celestial ray.
Then my wandering footsteps follow'd
Traces of thy great unknown—
Haughty warriors, whose daring
Turned their shield into a throne.

And I listen'd overcast
For some whispers from the past.

Then my too aspiring muse,
Intoxicate with sudden dreams,
Girds the warlike steel cuirass,
Whose burnished front so brightly gleams,
Dons with pride the knightly searf,
Grasps a sword all red with rust,
Robs the trophied corridor,
That sleeps beneath its mantling dust ;
Urges on to lightning speed,
With spurs of gold, a wingless steed.

I love the chateau, and the path
Which hides its wanderings in the wood,
The gate whose arch is buried deep
Beneath its airy Gothie hood ;
I love too the funereal birds
Which crowd the gabled roof by night,
Upraising their sepulchral voices,
Circling in their giddy flight—
Black battalions they—and sweep
Around the turrets of the keep.

I love the ivy-mantled tower
Whence sounds the solemn vesper bell,
And o'er the silent place of tombs
Stands like a faithful sentinel.

The old stone cross with broken steps,
Where weary travellers love to rest,
The battlemented citadel
That guards the valley, peaceful, blest,
And over all its shadows lay
Like some giantie bird of prey.

I love the keep, the marble court
Where clarions sound across the lea,
The Gothic halls where knights of old
Have laid aside their panoply.
The painted casement blazing out
Upon the starless ebon night,
The chilly vaults where rest the brave,
Oblivious of the ages' flight—
Where rest the steel-clad braves who sleep,
While men rejoice and women weep.

Under towering forest domes,
Arch and pillar bend their head,
Babbling fountains seem to tell
Legends of the mighty dead.
Wandering goats dislodge the stones—
Stones of feudal strongholds rude,
Up on high the soaring eagle
Rears her eallow hungry brood,
And the swallows hide their nest
Upon the turret's lofty crest,
Like this passage bird has swept
From earliest times, with pinions free,
The poet searching all that speaks,
To him of days of chivalry ;
Ruins so dear, sweet France, to thee
Glory dwells within their walls,
And the grim majestic heroes
Crowding through thy sacred halls.
If they are but shades of yore,
Are shades of giants evermore.

Men of France, who love her shrines,
 Your God will bless in every age
 The son who, in the days of terror,
 Saves his fore-sires' heritage ;
 See in every fallen stone
 A glory stolen from your walls,
 Bid Time restrain his blighting hand,
 Bring back to France her ancient Gauls.
 Give memory back her spreading wings,
 And her old courts to her young kings.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

THE BLACK BAND.

PART II.

HUSHED be the lyre poetical : Hushed the Æolian harpstrings,
 Leaving these glorious relics in peace to their mouldering slumber
 Deep in an ageless gulf, where no friendly tear will bedew them,
 Where no pitying glance can rest on their perishing fragments.
 Crumble, ye ruins so grand, made holy by Time's consecration,
 Witnesses ye of a past which the present cares only to outrage,
 Shake off the dust of your feet on a people unworthy to claim
 you,
 Cease to watch over a camp plunged deep in slumber eternal.

Or, since the march of our time must ever be hastening onward,
 Should we not proudly remember that still there linger among us
 Those that with valour unrivalled have dragged out kings from
 their coffins,
 And who, arraigning the dead, have sat in judgment upon them.
 Honour the bravest of brave ! whom nor Sparta, nor Rome in
 their glory
 Ever could venture to vie with, for these have triumphed o'er
 tombstones ;
 Bones they have broken, and scattered to every quarter of heaven ;
 Tombs they have rifled, and crowned themselves with the glory of
 conquest.

Whence did they gain for their deeds of daring such bold inspiration ?

Was it the "nothing" they found after so much labour and trouble,

When as a natural sequence on earth made they sepulchres empty,

Seeing their efforts already in heaven had spread desolation ?

Deeming respect for the dead as nought but an old fascination,

Fearlessly laid they the axe to the root of some young reputation—

Thus did they venture to think with a courage sublime in its grandeur,

That in destroying the tombs they might possibly vanquish a cradle.

Now let them come in their thousands, in crowds rush eagerly forward—

Welcome these valiant soldiers, who never have known any warfare ;

Let them undauntedly meet with foes well worthy their prowess ;

Here, there are tottering walls, and there, there are castles in ruins.

Now they may fearlessly pass 'neath these gates which stand open to all men,

And to these towers deserted lay siege without any danger ;

Let them, however, beware that they rouse not the ancient defenders,

For those shadows heroic would surely take them for strangers.

Cut off from centuries past, *our* century wills to be lonely :

Come, let us level these walls which have offered to time such resistance,

Let there not rest upon earth any trace of the ages departed,

Just as we drive from our hearts of those times all thought and remembrance.

Our inheritance vast, and all encumbered with honours,

Forms a burden too heavy for people who live in the present—

What does the past do for us, but eloy our hurrying footsteps ?

Out of the time the gods may grant, let us keep but the future.

Let us not hear any more in praise of our credulous fathers ;
 They looked only at duty, but we have our rights to consider.
 We have our virtues as well, for we can bring kings to the scaffold ;

We can assassinate priests, or shoot them down without mercy.

Ah ! 'tis, alas, too true that France, in this age of misfortune,
 Mourns her ancient honour, and hope, faith's humble attendant ;
 Crime has virtue displaced, and even hidden its pathway,
 Just as the bramble effaces the steps of a temple abandoned.

Pity the sorrow of France, who, reft of her memory's treasures,
 Loses her majesty too, while her enemies triumphing proudly,
 Rend her vesture asunder ; her nakedness rousing their laughter.
 Let us not lightly regard a mother so cruelly outraged,
 And while she weeps for her glory, 'tis ours to console her affliction.
 Veiled from her view upon earth, let us sing of her stars in the
 heaven,

Ne'er shall our youthful Muse, when it faces vile Anarchy's
 banner,

Cleanse off the stain of that dust with which ages departed have
 marked it.

CHARLES MATTHEW, M.A.

THE TWO ISLANDS.

" Tell me whence he came, I will tell you whither he is gone "—E. .

I.

THERE are two isles in seas apart,
 With half the wide round world between,
 Which, like the heads of giants swart,
 Frown forth upon the stormy scene.
 And looking on their hill-tops bare
 One feels that God has placed them there
 For some mysterious plan unknown ;
 Their sides are with the lightnings scarred,
 The ocean's foam their fields have marred,
 They heave with dread volcanic groan.

These isles where ocean casts her spray
Upon the ruthless rocks so steep,
Seem like two pirate ships that sway
For ever anchored on the deep.
The hand that formed these islands twain
Upon the trackless stormy main,
Two specks mid sea and sky,
Perchance his task had thus-wise done,
That Buonaparte be born in one,
In one Napoleon die.

There was his cradle, there his grave !
These wondrous words shall still be told,
Till seas forget their shores to lave,
And suns and worlds have all grown old.
Unto those sad and dismal shores,
At summons of his shade there pours
The stream of nations from afar ;
The bolts that rend the mountain's side,
The tempest on the deep that ride,
Seem as the trumpet notes of war.

Far from the fear-distracted lands,
Which shook in terror at his breath,
Upon these lonely sea-girt strands
God gave him birth and gave him death,
So that the earth might not betray
By quakings deep his natal day,
And publish it to all,
So that his soul should pass in peace,
From warrior's bed to its release,
And yet no rocks should fall.

II.

What were his thoughts in youth's sweet early prime ?
What were his musings at life's closing time,
As roamed his thoughts o'er all that maddening dream ?

Now could he feel the emptiness of fame,
The throne a bauble, glory but a name?
How vain and hollow doth ambition seem!

Even in his childish dreams had visions grown
Of war and victory and an emperor's throne.
He saw the eagles from his banners wave,
With ear prophetic from the future years,
The shouts and cries of subject tribes he hears,
And the loud war-songs of triumphant braves.

III.

Long live Napoleon! Let the shout resound!
'Twas God himself his kingly brow who crowned;
With other kings for slaves, he reigns alone.
Kings sprung from hundred kings their homage pay,
And mid imperial Rome's palatiums grey
He plants his new-born infant's royal throne.

His eagles spread their pinions everywhere,
And to the trembling tribes his thunders bear,
He holds in bondage conclave and Divan;
And with his bloodstained flags are oft-times seen
The crescent of the Turk, and glittering sheen
Of golden cross of haughty, brave Ivan.

The Egyptian bronzed, the Goth who knows not fear,
The warlike Pole with flame upon his spear,
All aid to urge his wild ambitious dream;
Their only law his will, their faith his fame,
And marching 'neath his flags, through flood or flame,
The weapons of a hundred nations gleam.

And to his chiefs he casts as guerdon due
A kingdom, principality or two;
And monarchs round his gates their watches keep,
So that secure he rests in peaceful shade,
What time his sword is in its scabbard laid,
As fisherman among his nets may sleep.

His eyrie hath he built so far and high,
He seems to dwell within the peaceful sky,
Where storms can never reach, nor tempests spread.
 Though underneath his feet the clouds are riven,
 The thunders in their courses in the heaven
Cannot assail his angel-guarded head.

IV.

At last the bolt flew upward ; driven forth
He flashing falls upon our common earth.
 The petty kings their foe reward ;
They cage, enchain him in that lonely land,
And earth and air the fallen monarch hand
 To ocean's surer ceaseless guard.

O, how he loathed those idle, listless days,
When at the sunset hour with envious gaze
 He watched the sun's declining rays !
And when alone and sad he paced the beach,
Till rudely breaks his dream some jailer's speech,
 Which calls him back to that sad place.
With unavailing wrath now victory's lord,
Heard blame from those who just before adored
 And worshipped him as if a god.
Nations cried out for vengeance, and the din
Awoke the echoes of the heart within,
 And scourged his soul as 'twere with chastening rod.

V.

Hate, curses, vengeance, maledictions sore,
From heaven and earth in one vast flood outpour ;
Now see we low the great Colossus bent,
 O, may he 'e'er regret, alive or dead,
 The bitter tears he caused the world to shed,
And all the priceless blood for him was spent.

Po, Tiber, Seine, the Volga and the walls
 Of Moorish palaces and Gothic halls,
 Taffa and Moseow, burnt without a sigh,
 From blood-stained fields his fatal fearsome name
 In thundering accents echoing back exclaim,
 "Him do the slaughtered nations curse," they cry.

Around him he may see his ghostly foes !
 In sad procession the dread army goes,
 Dumb with the secrets of the silent tomb,
 On limping limbs all bruised black, and broke
 By murderous cannon and the sabre's stroke,
 Making a hell of his foul prison home.

There let him live and die, from day to day ;
 His proud ambition let it there decay,
 Until the world almost forgets his fame,
 That hand that oft has dragged a monarch down,
 Now with its fetters is awcary grown,
 And in the ocean wide is sunk his name.

A new immortal name he hoped to found,
 Like that of Rome, which held the whole world bound,
 But God his torch blew out with quenching breath,
 And to great Cæsar's rival only leaves
 The time, the span that each man here receives
 Before he fills the narrow cell of death.

When men forget, the ocean still shall lave
 Round St. Helena his wild rock-girt grave !
 In vain, within St. Denis' kingly halls,
 He reared a tomb with gold and sculpture dight ;
 God did not choose that mausoleum bright,
 Nor fix his grave within these massive walls.

VI.

How sad the empty cup, the vanished dream how sad,
 Begun in blissful joy but changed to nightmare mad !
 When young our reason yields to Hope's too flattering tale ;

But older grown we loathe the sweets our spirits sought,
And looking on our life, by sad experience taught,
 "Too late, too late !" we wail.

So pants th' adventurous heart at foot of mountain height,
Its dizzy cliffs so fill the heart with fierce delight,
The towering crags that ne'er shall fall, defying time,
The woods that like a mantle clothe its slopes, on high
The clouds which like a crown around its summit lie,
 And hide its head sublime.

Through clouds and fogs he strays who thinks to reach the sky,
And on the mountain path his mazy way would try.
From upland heights the scene is changed beneath your feet ;
'Tis now a chasm drear obscured by forests deep,
Wherethedread thunder's track is seen, and raging torrents leap,
 And gulfs the vision greet.

VII.

Glory's mirage here we view,
 Like prism sparkling fair and bright,
And then anon with blood-red hue
 Its ever changeful moods are dight.
Now heavenward raised, now downward thrown,
His life in twofold form is shown,
 Two records can be read by all,
 If we his youth or age would see,
 In youth his name was Victory,
 In age he mused upon his fall.

In these two isles the fisherman
 With fear assailed, on winter's night,
'Mid meteor stars, with aspect wan
 Lays down his nets in sad affright,
His fancy sees the chief of yore
In shadow stand on yonder shore,

With folded arms, and kingly form,
And thinks that the unsettled soul
Will now the ocean waves control,
As once he ruled the battle storm.

VIII.

Although an empire lost, two isles he still shall own,
Glorious or shameful made by his repute alone,
One where his breath was given, the other where 'twas ta'en,
That name, which oft has held the trembling nations bound,
Shall still from sea to sea within these islands sound,
While rock and cliff doth still remain.

So shoots the fiery shell by murderous mortar thrown,
Which through the murky sky its blazing course has run ;
One moment charged with death, it hangs o'er frightened town,
And then, like vulture swooping on its prey,
With outstretched wings and talons cruel to slay,
In wreck and ruin hurls it down.

From the vast mortar's mouth dark vapours long time pour,
Whence rose, with rush of fire and sudden deafening roar,
The deadly ponderous globe, which mounted but to fall ;
And where the shattered shell in scattered fragments lies,
And, dealing death around, in belehing flames it dies,
And night and silence cover all.

DAVID TOLMIE

IN CHERIZY VALLEY.

FAIR valley, 'neath your still and solemn shades,
A wanderer musing sits, sad and alone,
And sees bird ehasing bird amid thy glades,
Toad-tainted pools and reeds by breezes blown !

'Tis thus man flees from man, and oft in youth
Wrongs sour the pure, brave hearts so true and warm ;
The weakly reed that quickly breaks, in truth,
Is greatly blest, though vietim to the storm.

O Vale ! the wanderer prays for that blest gale ;
Footsore and weary he would rend the veil

That hides the goal would end his woes.

Before his path some dusky rays diselose
The future's wilderness, treeless and pale,
This gloomy hope it shows.

Life's elanking chain he drags from woe to woe,
Of pride or gain no feeling he doth know,

He seeks in vain for loving, pitying heart !
No hand has ever smoothed his rugged way,
No mortal lips will laugh when he is gay,
No tears at his will start.

Bleak is his life and lonely is his lot,
Like eypress black in the dark vale begot,
No virgin lily twines around its arms,
Or holds its boughs with love's own fetters bound
Like other trees around,

But far from him expands its fragrant charms.

Ere he aseend the rugged mountain's side,

The wanderer in the valley seeks repose

Where silenece only echoes to his woes.

For solitude is friend to those who bide

Alone 'mid crowds, yea, chiefest friend to those.

Like him alone, but more than he at rest,

The wretch finds shelter 'neath the mountain's crest,

Or trees which shade from gaze of human kind.

To him, upon whose feet elings eity mire,

Brooks yield their banks, and gentle streams conspire

With softly murmuring wind.

Coneealed, consoled beneath your grateful shade,

He sees and sings of that blest heavenly maid

With radiant smiles and brow as pure as snow.

What though no earthly marriage Fate decrees ?

The immortal soul the vision still shall please

Of deathless union past this world of woe.

Unfettered, free, his thoughts thus heavenward soar,
And saddening memories are by hope dispelled.
Henceforth two shades his life shall hover o'er,
One in the future, one the past beheld.

O, haste thy coming ! Who shall bring thee nigh
To him for whom thy heart doth yearn, sweet soul ?
O, kindly star ! when, in the orient sky,
Wilt thou appear, our sad hearts to console ?

Never at cost of virtue will he seek
To gain even thee, thou noblest crown of life.
Not like the wind-tossed reed, frail, pliant, weak,
But like the oak, which, while the tempests shriek,
May break, but never bend in strife.

She comes ! she comes ! He sees, and says farewell
Without a pang, to streams, and fields, and trees,
To solemn, peaceful woods, and echoing dell,
And vales where oft-time he has lain at ease.

O, happy those who can in some still vale,
In humble hut be born, and live, and die !
Of earth naught earthly doth the soul assai!
Which sees alone the sky.

DAVID TOLMIE.

OUTSIDE THE BALL-ROOM.

BEHOLD the ball-room flashing on the sight,
From step to cornice one grand glare of light ;
The noise of mirth and revelry resounds,
Like fairy melody on haunted grounds.
But who demands this profuse, wanton glee,
These shouts prolonged and wild festivity—
Not sure our city—web, more woe than bliss,
In any hour, requiring aught but this !

Deaf is the ear of all that jewelled crowd
To sorrow's sob, although its call be loud.
Better than waste long nights in idle show,
To help the indigent and raise the low—
To train the wicked to forsake his way,
And find th' industrious work from day to day !
Better to charity those hours afford,
Which now are wasted at the festal board.

And ye, O high-born beauties ! in whose soul
Virtue resides, and Vice has no control ;
Ye whom prosperity forbids to sin,
So fair without—so chaste, so pure within—
Whose honour Want ne'er threatened to betray,
Whose eyes are joyous, and whose heart is gay ;
Around whose modesty a hundred arms,
Aided by pride, protect a thousand charms ;
For you this ball is pregnant with delight ;
As glitt'ring planets cheer the gloomy night :—
But, O, ye wist not, while your souls are glad,
How millions wander, homeless, sick and sad !
Hazard has placed you in a happy sphere,
And like your own to you all lots appear ;
For, blinded by the sun of bliss, your eyes
Can see no dark horizon to the skies.

Such is the chance of life ! Each gallant thane,
Prinee, peer, and noble, follow in your train ;—
They praise your loveliness, and in your ear
They whisper pleasing things, but insincere ;
Thus, as the moths enamoured of the light,
Ye seek these realms of revelry each night.
But as ye travel thither, did ye know
What wretches walk the streets through which you go.
Sisters, whose gewgaws glitter in the glare
Of your great lustre, all expectant there,
Watching the passing crowd with avid eye,
Till one their love, or lust, or shame may buy ;

Or with commingling jealousy and rage,
They mark the progress of your equipage ;
And their deceitful life essays the while
To mask their woe beneath a sickly smile !

G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

WRITTEN ON A FLEMISH WINDOW-PANE.

WITHIN thy cities of the olden time
Dearly I love to list the ringing chime.
Thou faithful guardian of domestic worth,
Noble old Flanders! where the rigid North
A flush of rich meridian glow doth feel,
Caught from reflected suns of bright Castile.
The chime, the clinking chime! To Fancy's eye—
Prompt her affections to personify—
It is the fresh and frolic hour, arrayed
In guise of Andalusian dancing maid,
Appealing by a crevice fine and rare,
As of a door oped in "th' incorporal air."
She comes! o'er drowsy roofs, inert and dull,
Shaking her lap, of silv'ry music full,
Rousing without remorse the drones a-bed,
Tripping like joyous bird with tiniest tread,
Quiv'ring like dart that trembles in the targe,
By a frail crystal stair, whose viewless marge
Bears her slight footfall, tim'rous half, yet free,
In innocent extravagance of glee
The graceful elf alights from out the spheres,
While the quick spirit—thing of eyes and ears—
As now she goes, now comes, mounts, and anon
Descends, those delicate degrees upon,
Hears her melodious spirit from step to step run on.

FROM THE INVESTED WALLS OF PARIS.

BRIGHT white the west, dense black the eastern sky:

As some invisible arm from heaven let fall,
To serve eve's columns for a canopy,

O'er this horizon a shroud, o'er that a pall.

Night shut in earth, as 'twere a prison cold.

Last plaint of bird, last light of leaf, were quenched.
Descending, again I looked toward heaven—behold!

In the low west a bright blade shone, blood-drenched.

That made me muse of some vast duel dread

Fought by a God matched 'gainst some giant-birth:
The awful sword o' the vanquished one had said,

Bloodied with battle, fallen from heaven to earth!

N. R. TYERMAN.

NEAR AVRANCHES.

ON ocean mournful, vast, fell the vast mournful night.

The darkling wind awoke, and urged to hurried flight,
Athwart the granite erags, above the granite crests,
Some sails unto their haven, some birds unto their nests.

Sad unto death, I gazed on all the world around.

Oh! how yon sea is vast, and the soul of man profound!

Afar St. Michael towered, the wan salt waves amid,
Huge Cheops of the west, the ocean-pyramid.

On Egypt, home of fathomless mysteries, did I brood,
Its sandy desert's grand eternal solitude,
All-darkling camp of kings ne'er stirred by battle-breath,
Planted for aye i' the sombre stricken field of death.

Alas! In even these spots where widest-winged doth rove
God's breath, supreme in wrath, omnipotent in love,
To erect beneath high heaven what hath been man's sole
care?—

Lo, here a prison frowns, and there a sepulchre

N. R. TYERMAN.

JERSEY.

JERSEY, lulled by the waves' eternal ehime,
Sleeps ; in her smallness being twice sublime ;
A rocky mountain,—born amid blue sea.
Old England northward, southward Normandy,
Our sweet she is, and in her summer-trance
Hath the bright smiles, and oft the tears, of France.

For the third time now her flowers and fruits I've seen.
O land of Exile, little island queen,
Be blest of me as by thy billows blest !
This small bright nook where the tired soul finds rest,
If 'twere my country, were my haven of life.
Here, as some mariner from sea-stormy strife
Rescued, I'd dwell, and suffer with delight
The sun shine all my darkling soul snow-white
Like yonder linen bleaching on the grass.

Musing profoundly seems each rocky mass ;
Within whose hollow eaverns waves forever
Gurgle and sob. When evening falleth, shiver
The trees, weird sibyls with the wind for wail ;
While the huge eromlech, like a spectre pale,
Towers on the hill, till 'neath the wan moon-ray
It turns to Moloch grinning o'er his prey.

Along the beach, when blow the strong west-winds,
In every eraggy corner where one finds
Frail fisher-huts, across the thatch that slopes
Seaward, are stretched stone-weighted briny ropes,
Lest by the blast the roof be torn away.
With bosom bare, some old-world ocean-lay
Each mother to her sailor babe doth drawl,
What time from out the surf a boat they haul ;—
While laugh the meadows.

Hail, O sacred Isle,
 That brightliest to heaven's rosiest dawn dost smile!
 Hail beacons, stars by fisher-folk best blest!
 Old mossy church-towers where blithe swallows nest!
 Poor altars rudely carved of fishermen!
 Elm-shadowed roads where creaks the heavy wain;
 Gardens bright-flushed with flowers of every dye;
 Streams with blue sea for goal, dreams with blue sky,—
 All hail!

On the horizon wings snow-white
 Of vessels; nearer shore the sea-mews' flight,—
 Old Ocean's fearless wave-delighting flock!
 Lo, Venus smiling on each storm-scarred rock,
 What time,—to song of birds and billows born,—
 She gives to heaven the rosy-dimpled Morn.

O heather on the hills! foam on the waves!
 Cybele's crumbling palace ocean laves!
 Rough mountain soothed by ocean melodies!
 Lowing of kine! Sweet slumber beneath trees!

The island seems immersed in voiceless prayer,
 Not to be turned therefrom, though ocean, air,
 Around her blend their vast defiant chaunts.
 The cloud weeps, passing; lo, the rock that vaunts
 Upon its spur how many a brave ship riven,
 Keeps on its crest for the bird a little dew of heaven!

N. R. TYERMAN.

ON THE CLIFFS.

I.

In the viewless void thou smilest,
 Gentle spirit that beguilest
 From misery;
 Thy dim raiment near me, Sweet,
 Floats, while sobbeth at my feet
 The sombre sea.

Night of my sad song is fain.
Gradually my soft refrain
 Soft starlight brings :
For, O angel mine, the song
With thy pure heart's beat is strong
 And with thy wings'.

Of poor fisher-folk my dreams ;
Born 'neath yon low blackened beams,
 Which yet were bright—
Grizzled beards and golden hair
Yon dark billows have in care
 The stormy night !

Aye they're drifted, phantoms stark,
Ne'er again from sea they'll mark
 Black gables old,
Verdant woods, meads flower-bespread,
Nor the silver smoke soft-shed
 Through sunset-gold.

Past their eyes the frantic wave,
Striving still itself to save
 From the wild wind,
Hastens, sobbing, ne'er at rest—
Eyes that late were smiling, blest
 By earth so kind.

Deaths' shoals are they, haggard, cold,
Still from wave to wave on-rolled,
 In ebb or flow—
Never shall they reach the shore,
On their brows dawn nevermore
 Shall brightly glow.

For *their* dead fall silent tears.
Ah ! our bitter grief and theirs
 Is but one grief.

We are in the watery space
The same bark that ends its race
On the same reef.

II.

All those captains, sea-boys small,
Which so many a voice doth eall,
So many a prayer,
Welter in th' unanswering tides,
While the silver fish quick glides
Through tangled hair.

'Neath waves fathomless, untold,
In dark dreams doth one behold
With never a breath,
Gaping mouths most horribly
Quaffing in the staunchless sea
Of sullen death.

III.

Yet along the barren coast
Still one dreams of loved ones lost,
With hearts that yearn ;
Still one hopes to clasp that form
Which ashore by ealm or storm
Will ne'er return.

'Twas a husband ! 'twas a child !
Still one calls them, still the wild
Hoarse billows rave ;
Morning, noontide, even, night,
When the beacon is alight,
But not to save !

Murmurs one : " Ere summer's gone
All will be ashore, James, John,
Sweet Louis small ;
When the ripe grapes darkly glow"
But the night-wind answers low,
" Drowned are they all !"

Says another : " In the storms
Seaward gaze—lo, those loved forms
 Long vanishèd !
Look when eve dies on the wave,
Every billow is a grave
 Whence comes a head."

IV.

From yon watery waste forlorn
For calm heaven their souls are born,
 Birds plumed for bliss.
Every billow is a grave ;
O my dove, yet every wave
 A cradle is.

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE FEAST OF FREEDOM.

[There was in Rome an ancient custom :—On the eve of the execution of those condemned to death a public banquet was given to them at the prison gate—known as the "Free Feast."—CHATEAUBRIAND'S "Martyrs."]

TO THE KINGS OF EUROPE.

WHEN the Christians were doomed to the lions of old
By the priest and the prætor, combined to uphold
 An idolatrous cause,
Forth they came while the vast Colosseum throughout
Gathered thousands looked on, and they fell 'mid the shout
 Of " the People's " applause.

On the eve of that day of their evenings the last !
At the gates of their dungeon a gorgeous repast,
 Rich, unstinted, unprièd,
That the doomed might (forsooth) gather strength ere they bled,
With an ignorant pity the gaolers would spread
 For the martyrs of Christ.

Oh, 'twas strange for a pupil of Paul to recline
On voluptuous couch, while Falernian wine
 Fill'd his cup to the brim !
Dulcet music of Greece, Asiatic repose,
Spicy fragrance of Araby, Italian rose,
 All united for him !

Every luxury known through the earth's wide expanse,
In profusion procured was put forth to enhance
 The repast that they gave :
And no Sybarite, nursed in the lap of delight,
Such a banquet ere tasted as welcomed that night
 The elect of the grave.

And the lion, meantime, shook his ponderous chain,
Loud and fierce howled the tiger, impatient to stain
 The bloodthirsty arena ;
Whilst the women of Rome, who applauded those deeds,
And who hailed the forthcoming enjoyment, must needs
 Shame the restless hyæna.

They who figured as guests on that ultimate eve,
In their turn on the morrow were destined to give
 To the lions their food ;
For, behold, in the guise of a slave at that board,
Where his victims enjoyed all that life can afford,
 Death administering stood.

Such, O monarchs of earth ! was your banquet of power,
But the tocsin has burst on your festival hour—
 'Tis your knell that it rings !
To the popular tiger a prey is decreed,
And the maw of Republican hunger will feed
 On a banquet of Kings !

MOSES ON THE NILE.

“SISTERS ! the wave is freshest in the ray
Of the young morning ; the reapers are asleep ;
The river bank is lonely : come away !
The early murmurs of old Memphis creep
Faint on my ear ; and here unseen we stray,—
Deep in the covert of the grove withdrawn,
Save by the dewy eye-glance of the dawn.

“ Within my father’s palace, fair to see,
Shine all the Arts, but oh ! this river side,
Pranked with gay flowers, is dearer far to me
Than gold and porphyry vases bright and wide ;
How glad in heaven the song-bird carols free !
Sweeter these zephyrs float than all the showers
Of costly odours in our royal bowers.

“ The sky is pure, the sparkling stream is clear :
Unloose your zones, my maidens ! and fling down
To float awhile upon these bushes near
Your blue transparent robes : take off my crown,
And take away my jealous veil ; for here
To-day we shall be joyous while we lave
Our limbs amid the murmur of the wave.

“ Hasten ; but through the fleecy mists of morn
What do I see ? Look ye along the stream !
Nay, timid maidens—we must not return !
Coursing along the current, it would seem
An ancient palm-tree to the deep sea borne,
That from the distant wilderness proceeds,
Downwards, to view our wondrous Pyramids.

“ But stay ! if I may surely trust mine eye,—
It is the bark of Hermes, or the shell
Of Iris, wafted gently to the sighs

Of the light breeze along the rippling swell ;
But no : it is a skiff where sweetly lies
An infant slumbering, and his peaceful rest
Looks as if pillowed on his mother's breast.

"He sleeps—oh, see ! his little floating bed
Swims on the mighty river's fickle flow,
A white dove's nest ; and there at hazard led
By the faint winds, and wandering to and fro,
The cot comes down ; beneath his quiet head
The gulfs are moving, and each threatening wave
Appears to rock the child upon a grave.

"He wakes—ah, maids of Memphis ! haste, oh, haste !
He eries ! alas !—What mother could confide
Her offspring to the wild and watery waste ?
He stretches out his arms, the rippling tide
Murmurs around him, where, all rudely placed,
He rests but with a few frail reeds beneath,
Between such helpless innocence and death.

"Oh ! take him up ! Perchance he is of those
Dark sons of Israel whom my sire proscribes ;
Ah ! cruel was the mandate that arose
Against most guiltless of the stranger tribes !
Poor child ! my heart is yearning for his woes,
I would I were his mother ; but I'll give,
If not his birth, at least the claim to live."

Thus Iphis spoke ; the royal hope and pride
Of a great monarch ; while her damsels nigh,
Wandered along the Nile's meandering side ; -
And these diminished beauties, standing by
The trembling mother ; watching with eyes wide
Their graceful mistress, admired her as she stood,
More lovely than the genius of the flood !

The waters broken by her delicate feet
Receive the eager wader, as alone
By gentlest pity led, she strives to meet

The wakened babe; and, see, the prize is won!
She holds the weeping burden with a sweet
And virgin glow of pride upon her brow,
That knew no flush save modesty's till now.

Opening with cautious hands the reedy couch,
She brought the rescued infant slowly out
Beyond the humid sands; at her approach
Her curious maidens hurried round about
To kiss the new-born brow with gentlest touch;
Greeting the child with smiles, and bending nigh
Their faces o'er his large, astonished eye!

Haste thou who, from afar, in doubt and fear,
Dost watch, with straining eyes, the fated boy—
The loved of heaven! come like a stranger near,
And clasp young Moses with maternal joy;
Nor fear the speechless transport and the tear
Will e'er betray thy fond and hidden claim,
For Iphis knows not yet a mother's name!

With a glad heart, and a triumphal face,
The princess to the haughty Pharaoh led
The humble infant of a hated race,
Bathed with the bitter tears a parent shed;
While loudly pealing round the holy place
Of Heaven's white Throne, the voice of angel choirs
Intoned the theme of their undying lyres!

“No longer mourn thy pilgrimage below—
O Jacob! let thy tears no longer swell
The torrent of the Egyptian river: Lo!
Soon on the Jordan's banks thy tent shall dwell;
And Goshen shall behold thy people go,
Despite the power of Egypt's law and brand,
From their sad thrall to Canaan's promised land.

“The King of Plagues, the Chosen of Sinai,
Is he that, o'er the rushing waters driven,
A vigorous hand hath rescued from the sky;

Ye whose proud hearts disown the ways of heaven !
Attend, be humble ! for its power is nigh :
Israel ! a cradle shall redeem thy worth—
A Cradle yet shall save the widespread earth ! ”

Dublin University Magazine.

THE CYMBALEER'S BRIDE.

My lord the Duke of Brittany
Has summoned his barons bold—
Their names make a fearful litany !
Among them you will not meet any
But men of giant mould.

Proud earls, who dwell in donjon keep,
And steel-clad knight and peer,
Whose forts are girt with a moat cut deep—
But none excel in soldiership
My own loved cymbaleer.

Clashing his cymbals, forth he went,
With a bold and gallant bearing ;
Sure for a captain he was meant,
To judge his pride with courage blent,
And the cloth of gold he's wearing.

But in my soul since then I feel
A fear in secret creeping ;
And to my patron saint I kneel,
That she may recommend his weal
To his guardian-angel's keeping.

I've begged our abbot Bernardine
His prayers not to relax ;
And to procure him aid divine
I've burnt upon Saint Gilda's shrine
Three pounds of virgin wax.

Our Lady of Loretto knows
The pilgrimage I've vowed :
"To wear the scallop I propose,
If health and safety from the foes
My lover be allowed."

No letter (fond affection's gage !)
From him could I require,
The pain of absence to assuage—
A vassal-maid can have no page,
A liegeman has no squire.

This day will witness, with the duke's,
My cymbaleer's return :
Gladness and pride beam in my looks,
Delay my heart impatient brooks,
All meaner thoughts I spurn.

Back from the battlefield elate
His banner brings each peer ;
Come, let us see, at the ancient gate,
The martial triumph pass in state--
With the princes my cymbaleer.

We'll have from the rampart walls a glance
Of the air his steed assumes ;
His proud neck swells, his glad hoofs prance,
And on his head unceasing dance,
In a gorgeous tuft, red plumes !

Be quick, my sisters ! dress in haste !
Come, see him bear the bell,
With laurels decked, with true love graced,
While in his bold hands, fitly placed,
The sounding cymbals swell !

Mark well the mantle that he'll wear,
Embroidered by his bride !
Admire his burnished helmet's glare,
O'ershadowed by the dark horsehair
That waves in jet folds wide !

The gipsy (spiteful wench !) foretold,
With a voice like a viper hissing
(Though I had crossed her palm with gold),
That from the ranks a spirit bold
Would be to-day found missing.

But I have prayed so much, I trust
Her words may prove untrue ;
Though in a tomb the hag accurst
Muttered : " Prepare thee for the worst !"
Whilst the lamp burnt ghastly blue.

My joy her spells shall not prevent.
Hark ! I can hear the drums !
And ladies fair from silken tent
Peep forth, and every eye is bent
On the cavalcade that comes !

Pikemen, dividing on both flanks,
Open the pageantry ;
Loud, as they tread, their armour clanks,
And silk-robed barons lead the ranks—
The pink of gallantry !

In scarves of gold the priests admire :
The heralds on white steeds ;
Armorial pride decks their attire,
Worn in remembrance of some sire
Famed for heroic deeds.

Feared by the Paynim's dark divan,
The Templars next advance ;
Then the tall halberds of Lausanne,
Foremost to stand in battle van
Against the foes of France.

Now hail the duke, with radiant brow,
Girt with his cavaliers ;
Round his triumphant banner bow
Those of his foe. Look, sisters, now !
Here come the cymbaleers !

She spoke—with searching eye surveyed
Their ranks—then, pale, aghast,
Sunk in the crowd ! Death came in aid—
’Twas merey to that loving maid—
The cymbaleers had passed !

“ FATHER PROUT ” (FRANK S. MAHONY).

THE GIANT.

COMRADES, list to my tale if you will. In Gaul was my birth-place.

Deeming the Rhine but a brook, my ancestors crossed it in thousands.

Bathing my limbs in the snow, my mother gave strength to her infant,

While my father hung up three bear-skins over my cradle.

Ah ! he is changed since then : for now, like a mountain in winter,
Searcely his snow-white locks conceal the depth of his wrinkles ;
Scaree has he strength from the earth to tear up by its roots a
young sapling,

Which may serve as a staff to support his tremulous footsteps.

But now in his place I possess his javelin, his axe, and his strong
bow ;

I have his flocks and his herds, and to him am a worthy successor,
For when I stand in the valley, I rest my head on the hillside,
And when I breathe from afar, I can bend the tops of the poplars.

While I was still but a youth, on the Alps I could cleave rocks
asunder,

Making a way for myself, while on high my head like a mountain
Pierced through the clouds ; and often espying the flight of the
eagles

Up in the heavens above, in my hands would as captive enthrall
them.

Gladly I fought with the storm at its height, while the breath of
my nostrils

Overpowered the wind, and stopped the flash of the lightning ;
Chasing before me with joy some whale in the depth of the
ocean,

Lo, the look of mine eyes its immensity stirred like a tempest.

I rambled and followed the chase with a certainty none could
escape from,

Whether the shark in the sea, or the hawk flying high in the
heavens ;

If I encountered a bear I would hug him to death without blood-
shed,

And as they bit me would break the teeth of the lynx and the
wild cat.

But I have ceased to enjoy, or to follow the games of my boy-
hood ;

War is my pastime now, and its grim surroundings delight me.
Shrieks, and weeping, and wailing to me are beautiful music,
Soldiers' cries of alarm are the pleasantest means of awaking.

Covered with dust and with blood, while the turbulent rush of the
army,

Hurrying and thundering along, carries all in a whirlwind before
it,

I follow on in its course, and then, like a bird of ill omen,
Bury myself beneath the wave of those roaring battalions.

Standing aloft, like a reaper who mows down the full-ripened
harvest,

Standing alone, you may see me surrounded by death and destruc-
tion,

Crushing all foes who oppose me, with shout and with blows from
my right arm,

Stronger far than a club cut out from an oak of the forest.

Naked I always march, for I mock at those soldiers in armour,
Fitted only for camps, who quail at my valour triumphant ;

Nought do I carry in battle except my stout, well-seasoned ash
pike,
Nought do I wear but a helm you might draw with ten yoke of
oxen.

Needless a fort to besiege with ladders and engines of warfare,
Since I can easily break the links in the chains of the drawbridge.
Nor is the brazen ram wanted, since I can, by leaning against
them,
Level the walls with the dust, and fill up the moat with their
fragments.

But when my last hour is come, and I must follow my victims,
Comrades, from ravenous birds I pray you to save my poor carcase,
And, 'midst the mountains sublime, which lift up their summits to
heaven,
Chose out a spot where the stranger may say, "He is worthily
buried!"

CHARLES MATTHEW, M.A.

THE BALLAD OF THE NUN.

COME you whose eager eyes grow bright
At lays of legendary lore,
And I will sing the doleful tale
Of Dona Padilla del Flor.
She came from Alanje, on whose hills
The merry children sport and play,
And from the hedges pluck the flowers,
And gambol all the live-long day.
Girls, your red aprons hide away;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

In fair Grenada and Seville
Are maidens found, both bright and gay,
Who to the whispered tale of love
Will gladly listen night and day;

And wander in the dewy eve
With many a stalwart cavalier ;
And give the kiss and fond embrace,
When the sweet tale of love they hear.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

But tales of love could never charm
The fair Padilla's listening ear,
No brighter eye than hers was seen,
And yet she shunned each cavalier
Who passed the hours of night away
Beneath the poplar's grateful shade,
And well knew how to gain the heart
Of many a listening Spanish maid.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Nothing could touch her cruel heart ;
No tender cares or stories gay
Could draw a smile from those soft lips,
Or from her eyes an answering ray.
Though haughty lords and cavaliers
Sought her with eager looks each day,
Yet all unmoved the wayward fair
Pursued the tenor of her way.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

At last she took the fatal vows
In grey Toledo's sculptured fane,
And left the world so gay and fair,
And severed every earthly chain ;
As if the Church claimed her of right,
Although her looks gave no one pain.
All wept that fair Padilla's face
Would ne'er be seen on earth again.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

PART II.

She murmured : " Afar from the world
I can live and can pray for you all ;
What a boon and what perfect repose,
On my knees at His altar to fall,
To sing every day to His praise,
With kind angels to guard me from ill,
And to drive those bad spirits away,
Who are ever opposed to His will."

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

But she searee had retired from the world,
When Love slyly stole to her heart ;
For a brigand of fearful renown
Made her know the first pang of Love's dart.
For a brigand will sometimes succeed
Where the most polished gallant will fail.
And vainly she strove with her love ;
Nor were vigils and prayers of avail.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

He was rude and uncouth in his ways ;
No glove masked those fingers of steel ;
But Love's a hard riddle to solve—
Ah ! who can its secrets reveal ?
The hind will abandon the stag
To follow the boar to his lair ;
And filled with a love for this wretch
Was the heart of Padilla the fair.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Disguised in the hermit's dark robe,
Or with cross of the Templar on breast,
The brigand would steal to the gates
Of that haven of sanetified rest.

By skill and by cunning combined,
They met to exchange the fond kiss,
When no one their secret might guess,
Or witness their moments of bliss.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

The nun in her frenzy of love
Would dare, so the chronicles tell,
To meet at Veronica's feet
This brigand, the servant of hell,
At the hour when the black ravens croak,
And in gloomy sepulchral band,
Spread their pinions in flight, like a cloud,
And hover above the dark land.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Ah ! wretched Padilla, one night,
Forgetting the vows she had made,
Would have yielded to Satan's dark wiles,
At the hour when the dim tapers fade ;
In the church where she'd taken her vows,
The saint to the demon gave way,
As the shadows of night disappeared
With the first pallid dawn of the day.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

On an evening appointed for love,
Padilla crept down to the nave,
And called on the name of the wretch
Who had made her of Satan a slave.
But instead of his voice it was thunder
That burst on her terrified ear ;
For the vengeance of heaven had come,
And stern retribution was near.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

And sadly the shepherd now tells
Of the wrath of the Spirit Divine,
As he points to the mouldering walls
Which the close creeping ivy entwine,
And to two ruined towers, where the sheep
Are gratefully cropping the grass,
And he crosses himself as he tells
How the whole sad event came to pass.
Girls, your red aprons, etc.

For, when night hovers o'er the old fane,
And darkens its wide-gaping rifts,
Those towers into vast giants change,
As the night-bird its hoarse voice uplifts,
And calls to its fellows to come
And fly in a vast gloomy flock,
O'er hill, and o'er dale, and o'er plain,
O'er pebbly stream and dark rock.
Girls, your red aprons, etc.

And at midnight a nun with a lamp
Creeps stealthily out of her cell,
And calls, as she steals round the wall,
On the name of the man she loved well.
Then another grim phantom starts up,
And vainly appears to entreat—
Iron collars are fixed on their necks,
And fetters embarrass their feet.
Girls, your red aprons, etc.

The quivering flame of the lamp
Comes and goes with a dim lurid light,
Now hiding beneath some old arch,
Now moving to left, then to right ;
It shines on the top of a tower,
Then trembles behind an old gate ;
And ever within its faint rays
A wan spectral crowd seems to wait.
Girls, your red aprons, etc.

To meet in one long, fond embrace,
The spectres endeavour again,
A sheet of fire seems to enwrap them ;
And all their attempts are in vain :
They stagger o'er graves of the good,
Which the hallowéd precincts surround ;
Till at last, at the foot of a stair,
These agonised spirits are found.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

But the staircase is ever unreal,
And mocks the attempts that they make ;
'Neath their feet the steps vanish away,
Or suddenly shatter and break ;
Ever separate still do they roam,
Nor, spite of all effort, can they
Ascend or descend the charmed stairs,
Which appear, and then crumble away.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

In accents of fear and dismay,
Their voices ring out through the night,
And with arms wildly spread out before,
They grope to the left and the right.
But the magical staircase again
Coldly mocks every effort they make,
And ever beneath their light tread
Its steps seem to quiver and shake.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

And the chill rain in torrents pours down,
And lashes the frail lattice pane,
Whilst the wind echoes through the damp vaults,
That burrow beneath the old faue ;
And a peal from the belfry rings out,
Not the work of a mortal man's hand,
And sighing and hideous laughs
Are heard from a grim demon band.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Then the voice of a man and a woman
Ring out through the darkness of night,
" Ah, when will our punishment finish—
Ah, when will our burthen grow light ? "
But eternity comes to no end,
And never away will it pass,
For the clock of old time has no hands
And never reverses the glass.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Their torments, alas ! never cease ;
For each night comes a spectre in black,
That with eagerness seeks a white shade,
And follows in vain on its track.
And still they toil on till the night
Is lost in the morning's bright beam,
When the flood of the sun's golden tide
Bears down on the dim tapers' gleam.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

And the traveller who chances to pass
This cursed spot in the direst dismay
Asks in vain, as he crosses himself,
When will heaven's just wrath pass away.
And a fiery-tongued serpent may see,
Which upon some old tombstone will trace
The names of the two guilty ones,
Who are doom'd to this ne'er-ending race.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

That holy man Saint Ildefonse,
To save some fair soul at the least,
Commanded this legend be told
In each church in the land by the priest,
And by priest and by monk the sad tale
Is repeated to this very day,
As a warning to every young maid,
How Padilla, the sweet, went astray.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

THE SONG OF THE ROVER.

WE'VE full five score of Christian hounds
In shackles in our hold,
Rough fishers, men of noble birth,
And girls with locks of gold.
We're hardy scourers of the sea,
With hearts so brave and strong,
And eighty oarsmen staunch and true
To speed our barque along.

We scaled a convent's rugged walls,
And stole its fairest flower,
As, heedless of our oars' light splash,
She slumbered in her bower.
She had no time for prayer or cry,
Our grasp was firm and strong,
And eighty oarsmen staunch and true
Will speed our prize along.

Hush, dear one, do not struggle so !
The breeze is blowing fair,
'Twill change a dull old prison house
To halls of beauty rare.
The Sultan loves the fresh young charms.
That all to you belong,
And eighty oarsmen staunch and true
Will bear our prize along.

Back to her cell she strove to fly,
And called us slaves of hell ;
It may be true, but we can swear,
We serve our master well.
In spite of prayers we bore her off,
A merry laughing throng,
And eighty oarsmen staunch and true
Will speed her swift along.

She looked the fairer for her tears,
 As dew bedecks the flower,
 And many a purse our lad will give
 To place her in his bower.
 No more for her the convent life,
 No more the nuns' soft song,
 As eighty oarsmen staunch and true
 We speed our barque along.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

PHANTOMS.

I.

How many maidens fair, alas ! I've seen
 To fade and die, for Death must have his own ;
 Beneath the eireling seythe the grass lies green,
 And happy daneers floating by serene
 Tread on the flowers with which the sward is strewn.

Brooks gliding through the vales must disappear,
 The lightning flash hath but a moment's course,
 And April, in the spring-time of the year,
 Must mar the apple trees with frost severe,
 And nip their tender buds without remorse.

Sic vita est ! Wan night doth follow day,
 At length we wake in paradise or hell,
 Though erowds fill every space in long array
 At the great feast, soon many go away,
 And empty seats are left their names to tell.

II.

In many forms I've seen them die ! One white
 And rose ; one tranced in thought on heavenly things,
 One feebly drooped like snowdrop in the night,
 And like the breaking bough when bird takes flight,
 From her rent body so her soul took wings.

And one with frenzied glance and fancies strange,
 Muttering in whispered tones an unknown name ;
 One like the notes of music sweet did change,
 Another smiled as though her eye did range
 From earth to heaven, and thus her angel came.
 Fair, fragile flowers that die as soon as spring,
 Halcyons whose cradle is the ocean's swell,
 Doves heaven-directed on Aurora's wing
 Of Life's short day, in whom all virtues dwell,
 By Spring's, not Autumn's time, your years you tell.
 Blest ghosts ! while in the dark I dreaming stray,
 They hover round, they hear me and reply
 In mystic numbers in the twilight grey ;
 Through veil of leafy trees in fading day
 I see the glistening of the immortal eye.
 Their souls claim kinship with my earth-bound soul ;
 The barriers of two worlds are overthrown !
 I aid their steps, I wear their aureole,
 Like them I die and reach the heavenly goal,
 And they like me have human passions known.
 Their forms are fashioned to my transcéd mind,
 My spirit sees them come and hears them speak !
 Around a grave their airy figures wind,
 And fade away and leave no trace behind,
 Save in my mind when I remembrance seek.

III.

One form transcendent, 'twas a Spanish maid,
 A breast which with no impious raptures heaved,
 Dark eyes where southern sun's soft languor played
 With wordless charm and nimbus bright displayed,
 With fifteen golden summers interweaved.
 No, not of love she died, for her young heart
 Knew not as yet of either love or woe ;
 Unpierced that tender breast by Cupid's dart ;
 While all men cried, " Sweet maid, how fair thou art ! "
 None ever spake it her in accents low.

What caused her death? Balls, dances, dazzling balls—
They filled her soul with ecstasy and joy ;
In dream and thought she glides through gilded halls,
The rhythmic music her whole soul entralls,
And revels even her sleeping thoughts employ.

Then gaudy baubles,—jewels, trinkets, rings,
Ribbons, and watered silks of many a shade,
Tissues as airy as an insect's wings,
Wreaths, bouquets, sashes, and a thousand things,
Might please a child when to her view displayed.

The ball begins. She with her sisters smiles,
And opes her fan within her dainty hand,
And then mid cushions soft a time beguiles,
As floats the joyous music from the band,
Filling her bounding heart with joy the while.

She was all joy and gladness and delight ;
She brightened our sad lot like ray of sun,
For not at garish dance are all hearts light,
And oft is silken dress with eypress dight,
And weary feet tire ere the ball is done.

But she, borne round and round in mazy dance,
Again returned in breathless, wild delight ;
The soft sweet music did her soul entrance,
Where, gems and flowers, and all the wealth of France,
Mingled with noise of feet and tapers bright.

O joy ! to leap unheeding in the throng,
To feel in mazy dance the senses spread,
To know not if on clouds you float along,
Or to the earth or to the air belong,
Revolving under foot or overhead.

When through the windows peered the light of dawn
One morn, she waited there her cloak to find ;
She shivering shook, while her bare shoulders on
From the chill east a deadly breath hath blown,
With killing blast of a cold bitter wind.

What sorrow on the morrow there befell !

Good-bye to laughter, dress, and dance and jest ;
The dreary cough succeeds to songster's spell,
And fever's hues the rosy charms expel,
And starry eyes are quenched in sad unrest.

At fifteen dead ! So lovely, happy, young !

Long shall her cherished memory make us sigh.
Gone ! from her frantic mother rudely wrung
By grasp of Death from the gay crowd among,
And in cold coffin hid from mortal eye.

Decked all unknowing for the dance of Death,
So eager was the monster her to win.
The flower which graced her brow with latest breath
But yesterday, on coffin blossometh,
And slowly fades the dark, dank tomb within.

Alas, poor mother ! that on such frail reed
Did'st such a load of love unheeding lay.
Oft in her childhood did'st thou sit and heed
Her cradle bed, to watch, and nurse, and feed,
And kiss each foolish, trickling tear away.

And all for this ! Ah, if the lovely maid
Now coffined, food for worms (appalling thought !)
In the dark grave where sadly she was laid,
Is wakened by some dread magician's aid,
Where spirits gather in enchanted spot.

A ghastly skeleton with horrid grin
Attends her wants in her dear mother's stead,
And prints an icy kiss on bloodless skin,
And twines her long, lean hands her hair within,
The dark, long, waving tresses of her head.

Then to the goblin dance she leads the way,
Where ghosts whirl round and round in maddening maze.
The moon looks down with an astonished ray,
And lunar rainbow in the cloudland grey
Sheds o'er the silent sky a mystic blaze.

IV.

O maidens, whom such festive fêtes decoy !
 Ponder the story of this Spanish maid.
 With eager heart, impatient for the joy,
 Bereft of every pleasure, every toy,
 Behold youth, beauty, life itself decayed.

From ball to ball the fated child was led,
 As of the bouquet all the hues she tried,
 Her fair young life, alas ! how swiftly sped,
 Like poor Ophelia by the river's bed,
 While gathering life's brightest flowers she died.

DAVID TOLMIE.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

WHEN huge Vesuvius in its torment long,
 Threatening has growled its cavernous jaws among,
 When its hot lava, like the bubbling wine,
 Foaming doth all its monstrous edge incarnadine,
 Then is alarm in Naples.

With dismay,
 Wanton and wild her weeping thousands pour,
 Convulsive grasp the ground, its rage to stay,
 Implore the angry Mount—in vain implore !
 For lo ! a column tow'ring more and more,
 Of smoke and ashes from the burning-crest
 Shoots like a vulture's neck reared from its airy nest.

Sudden a flash, and from th' enormous den
 Th' eruption's lurid mass bursts forth amain,
 Bounding in frantic eestasy. Ah ! then
 Farewell to Grecian fount and Tusean fane !
 Sails in the bay imbibe the purpling stain,
 The while the lava in profusion wide
 Flings o'er the mountain's neck its showery locks untied.

It comes—it comes ! that lava deep and rich,
 That dower which fertilises fields, and fills
 New moles upon the waters, bay and beach.
 Broad sea and elustered isles, one terror thrills
 As roll the red inexorable rills ;
 While Naples trembles in her palaces,
 More helpless than the leaves when tempests shake the trees.

Prodigious chaos, streets in ashes lost,
 Dwellings devoured and vomited again.
 Roof against neighbour-roof, bewildered, tossed ;
 The waters boiling and the burning plain ;
 While clang the giant steeples as they reel,
 Unprompted, their own tocsin peal.

Yet 'mid the wreck of cities, and the pride
 Of the green valleys and the isles laid low,
 The crash of walls, the tumult waste and wide,
 O'er sea and land ; 'mid all this work of woe,
 Vesuvius still, though close its crater-glow,
 Forgetful spares—Heaven wills that it should spare,
 The lonely cell where kneels an aged priest in prayer.

Fraser's Magazine.

GASTIBELZA.

GASTIBELZA, the man with the carabine,
 Sung in this wise :
 “ Hath one of you here known Doña Sabine
 With the gentle eyes ?
 Ay, dance and sing ! For the night draws nigh
 O'er hill and lea.
 —*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me !

“Hath one of you here known Doña Sabine,
To me so dear?

Her mother, the old, old Maugrabine,
Erst made one fear,
For each night from the haunted eavern she'd cry
With an owlet's glee.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high
Will madden me!*

“Ay, dance ye and sing! The hour's delight
One needs must use.

How young she was, and those eyes how bright,
Which made one muse.—

To this old man whom a child leads by,
A coin east ye!

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high
Will madden me!*

“In sooth the queen for envy had wept,
Had she seen her, alack!

As o'er Toledo's bridge she light-tript
In a corset black.

A chaplet of beads that charmed one's eye,
From her neck hung free.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high
Will madden me!*

“The King, bedazed with her loveliness,
Bespake one there:

‘For one only smile, for one only kiss,
One tress of her hair,

I would give my Spain and gold realms that lie
O'er yonder sea!’

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high
Will madden me!*

“I know not well if I loved this sweet,
But well I know,

If but one glance of her soul might greet
My soul, I would go

On the galleys to toil, on the galleys to die,
Right cheerfully.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me !

“One summer morn when all heaven was bright,
All earth was gay,
To the stream with her sister for dear delight,
This sweet must stray.

The foot of her comrade I there did spy,
And saw *her* knee.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me !

“When thus of me, a poor shepherd, was seen
This glorious May,

Methought, 'tis Cleopatra the queen

Who once, they say,

Won Cæsar, great Emperor of Germany,

Her slave to be.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me !

“Dance ye and sing—lo, the night doth fall !

Sabine, one while

Her dovelike beauty, her soul, her all,

Her angel-smile,

For a ring of gold to the Count hath sold—

Saldane is he.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me !

“On this bench for a moment suffer me rest,—
Full-weary each limb.

With this Count then fled this loveliest—

Alas ! with him !

By the road that leads . . . but I know not, I,

Where then fled she.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me !

“I saw her pass at the death of day,
And all was night.
And now I wander and weary away,
In pain’s despite.
My soul’s on quest; my dagger’s put by,
Ne’er-used to be.
—*The wind that wails o’er yon mountain high*
Has maddened me !”

N. R. TYERMAN.

BOAZ SLUMBERING.

Boaz lay slumbering, with fatigue o’erworn;
On his threshing-floor he’d winnowed all the day,
Then, in his wonted place, at eve’s last ray,
Had laid him down nigh bushels of bright eorn.

This agèd sire owned fields of barley and wheat;
Though rich, his soul inclined to justice still;
No filth defiled the water of his mill;
No fire of hell glowed in his forge’s heat.

White was his beard and silver-grey his head.
With greed nor envy were his sheaves amassed;
If nigh him some poor back-bowed gleaner passed,
“Take heed to let the full ears fall,” he said.

Clad in white linen and pure probity,
This holy man walked far from crookèd ways;
And free and fair, like fountains, all his days,
His sacks of grain for the poor flowed plenteously.

A faithful friend, a lord compassionate,
Large-soul’d was Boaz, and he found in truth
In woman’s eye more favour than finds youth;
If youth be fair, then honoured age is great.

The old man, who reverts to life's source bright,
 Leaves changeful days to enter days eterne ;
 In youth's bold blithesome eyes one seeth burn
 Flame ; but in eyes of an old man glows clear light.

* * * * *

So Boaz through the night sleeps midst his own.
 Anigh the stacks, which like heaped ruins loom,
 The harvesters make strange groups in the gloom,
 And all this came to pass in days long gone.

The tribes of Israel had a judge for lord ;
 Earth, where man wandered with his tent, afeard
 If any track of giant-feet appeared,
 Was moist yet with Heaven's flood in wrath outpoured.

* * * * *

As Jacob and as Judith slumbering,
 Boaz lay 'neath the leaves in trance profound ;
 When from heaven's gate, half-opened without sound,
 Above his head, a wondrous dream spread wing.

And in his slumber Boaz saw a tree
 Which from his bosom stretched to the blue sky ;
 A vast race thronged its boughs, and far on high
 A God died, at its base sang joyously

A King. Then Boaz with the hushed soul-voice
 Murmured, " How from my bosom may such spring ?
 Past fourscore are my years ; no wife to bring
 A son have I, in whom I might rejoice.

" 'Tis a long while since she with whom I slept
 Forsook, O Lord, my bosom for thine own !
 And at this hour again are we nigh grown
 One, for me too in death Thou wilt accept.

" A race from such stem sprung ! How can that be ?
 How from my seed may a man-child be born ?
 In youth right joyous truly is the morn ;
 Day from night blossoms like bright victory !

“ But, old, one trembles like a tree in frost.
 Widowed am I, O God ! and darksome even
 Weighs on me, and toward the grave my soul bereaven
 Bows low, as toward the water an ox athirst.”

Thus Boaz murmured in a dream most sweet,
 Godward upturning eyes sleep sealèd close :
 The cedar at its root feels not a rose,
 And he felt not a woman at his feet !

* * * *

For while he slumbered, Ruth, a Moabite,
 At Boaz' feet lay couched with bosom bare,
 Hoping she knew not what mysterious star
 Would bloom when shone awaking's sudden light.

Boaz knew not that there a woman lay ;
 And Ruth knew not what thing God willed of her.
 Fresh perfume shed from asphodel and myrrh
 O'er Galgala soft night-air wafted aye.

Nuptial the gloom, august, soul-wildering ;
 Above, bright angels hovered viewlessly,
 For through the midnight one saw momentarily
 Some gliding silvery streak which seemed a wing.

The breath of Boaz in his slumber deep
 Mingled with muffled hum of moss-banked streams.
 That month it was when earth soft-smiling seems
 Heaven, for tall lilies bloom on the hill-steep.

Ruth mused and Boaz dreamed ; black was the grass ;
 Vaguely the sheep-bells tinkled from afar ;
 A vast love streamed from heaven with star on star ;
 'Twas the calm hour when parchèd lions pass.

In Ur and Jerimadeth all was still ;
 Bright stars thick-studded holy hushful heaven ;
 Amidst these blooms the moon-scythe dropt at even
 Shone in the west ; and, 'neath her shadowy veil,

Ruth motionless, half-opened drowsy eyes ;
Wondering what God, what heavenly harvester
Had left this golden sickle seen of her
Upon the starry fields of the still skies.

N. R. TYERMAN.

CONSCIENCE.

THEN, with his ehildren, elothed in skins of brutes,
Dishevelled, livid, rushing through the storm,
Cain fled before Jehovah. As night fell
The dark man reached a mount in a great plain,
And his tired wife and his sons, out of breath,
Said: "Let us lie down on the earth and sleep."
Cain, sleeping not, dreamed at the mountain foot.
Raising his head, in that funereal heaven
He saw an Eye, a great Eye, in the night
Open, and staring at him in the gloom.
"I am too near," he said, and tremblingly woke up
His sleeping sons again, and his tired wife,
And fled through space and darkness. Thirty days
He went, and thirty nights, nor looked behind ;
Pale, silent, watchful, shaking at each sound ;
No rest, no sleep, till he attained the strand
Where the sea washes that which since was Asshur.
"Here pause," he said, "for this place is secure ;
Here may we rest, for this is the world's end."
And he sat down ; when, lo ! in the sad sky,
The self-same Eye on the horizon's verge,
And the wretch shook as in an ague fit.
"Hide me !" he cried ; and his watchful sons,
Their finger on their lip, stared at their sire.
Cain said to Jabel (father of them that dwell
In tents): "Spread here the eurtain of thy tent,"
And they spread wide the floating canvas roof,
And made it fast and fixed it down with lead.
"You see nought now," said Zillah then, fair child,
The daughter of his eldest, sweet as day.

But Cain replied, "That Eye—I see it still."
And Jubal cried (the father of all those
That handle harp and organ): "I will build
A sanctuary;" and he made a wall of bronze,
And set his sire behind it. But Cain moaned,
"That Eye is glaring at me ever." Henoch cried:
"Then must we make a circle vast of towers,
So terrible that nothing dare draw near;
Build we a city with a citadel;
Build we a city high and close it fast."
Then Tubal Cain (instructor of all them
That work in brass and iron) built a tower—
Enormous, superhuman. While he wrought,
His fiery brothers from the plain around
Hunted the sons of Enoch and of Seth;
They plucked the eyes out of whoever passed,
And hurled at even arrows to the stars.
They set strong granite for the canvas wall,
And every block was clamped with iron chains,
It seemed a city made for hell. Its towers,
With their huge masses made night in the land.
The walls were thick as mountains. On the door
They graved: "Let not God enter here." This done,
And having finished to cement and build
In a stone tower, they set him in the midst.
To him, still dark and haggard, "Oh, my sire,
Is the Eye gone?" quoth Zillah tremblingly.
But Cain replied: "Nay, it is even there."
Then added: "I will live beneath the earth,
As a lone man within his sepulchre.
I will see nothing; will be seen of none."
They digged a trench, and Cain said: "'Tis enow,"
As he went down alone into the vault;
But when he sat, so ghost-like, in his chair,
And they had closed the dungeon o'er his head,
The Eye was in the tomb and fixed on Cain.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE PARRICIDE.

KING Canute died. Encoffined he was laid.
Of Aarhuus came the Bishop prayers to say,
And sang a hymn upon his tomb, and held
That Canute was a saint—Canute the Great,
That from his memory breathed celestial perfume,
And that they saw him, they the priests, in glory,
Seated at God's right hand, a prophet crowned.

Evening came

And hushed the organ in the holy place,
And the priests, issuing from the temple doors,
Left the dead king in peace. Then he arose,
Opened his gloomy eyes, and grasped his sword,
And went forth loftily. The massy walls
Yielded before the phantom like a mist.
There is a sea where Aarhuus, Altona,
And Elsinore's vast domes and shadowy towers
Glass in deep waters. Over this he went
Dark, and still Darkness listened for his foot
Inaudible, itself being but a dream.
Straight to Mount Savo went he, gnawed by time,
And thus, "O mountain buffeted of storms,
Give me of thy huge mantle of deep snow
To frame a winding-sheet." The mountain knew him,
Nor dared refuse, and with his sword Canute
Cut from its flank white snow, enough to make
The garment he desired, and then he cried,
"Old mountain! death is dumb, but tell me thou
The way to God." More deep each dread ravine
And hideous hollow yawned, and sadly thus
Answered that hoar associate of the clouds :
"Spectre, I know not, I am always here."
Canute departed, and with head erect,
All white and ghastly in his robe of snow,
Went forth into great silence and great night

By Iceland and Norway. After him
Gloom swallowed up the universe. He stood
A sovran kingdomless, a lonely ghost
Confronted with Immensity. He saw
The awful Infinite, at whose portal pale
Lightning sinks dying ; Darkness, skeleton
Whose joints are nights, and utter Formlessness
Moving confusedly in the horrible dark,
Inscrutable and blind. No star was there,
Yet something like a haggard gleam ; no sound
But the dull tide of Darkness, and her dumb
And fearful shudder. "'Tis the tomb," he said,
"God is beyond !" Three steps he took, then cried :
'Twas deathly as the grave, and not a voice
Responded, nor came any breath to sway
The snowy mantle, with unsullied white
Emboldening the spectral wanderer.
Sudden he marked how, like a gloomy star,
A spot grew broad upon his livid robe ;
Slowly it widened, raying darkness forth ;
And Canute proved it with his spectral hands :
It was a drop of blood.

R. GARNETT.

But he saw nothing ; space was black—no sound.
"Forward," said Canute, raising his proud head.
There fell a second stain beside the first,
Then it grew larger, and the Cimbrian chief
Stared at the thick vague darkness, and saw nought.
Still as a bloodhound follows on his track,
Sad he went on. There fell a third red stain
On the white winding-sheet. He had never fled ;
Howbeit Canute forward went no more,
But turned on that side where the sword arm hangs.
A drop of blood, as if athwart a dream,
Fell on the shroud, and reddened his right hand.

Then, as in reading one turns back a page,
A second time he changed his course, and turned
To the dim left. There fell a drop of blood.
Canute drew back, trembling to be alone,
And wished he had not left his burial couch.
But, when a blood-drop fell again, he stopped,
Stooped his pale head, and tried to make a prayer.
Then fell a drop, and the prayer died away
In savage terror. Darkly he moved on,
A hideous spectre hesitating, white,
And ever as he went, a drop of blood
Implacably from the darkness broke away,
And stained that awful whiteness. He beheld
Shaking, as doth a poplar in the wind,
Those stains grow darker and more numerous :
Another, and another, and another.
They seem to light up that funereal gloom,
And mingling in the folds of that white sheet,
Made it a cloud of blood. He went, and went,
And still from that unfathomable vault
The red blood dropped upon him drop by drop,
Always, for ever—without noise, as though
From the black feet of some night-gibbeted corpse.
Alas ! Who wept those formidable tears ?
The Infinite !—Toward Heaven, of the good
Attainable, through the wild sea of night,
That hath not ebb nor flow, Canute went on,
And ever walking, came to a closed door,
That from beneath showed a mysterious light.
Then he looked down upon his winding-sheet,
For that was the great place, the sacred place,
That was a portion of the light of God,
And from behind that door Hosannas rang.
The winding-sheet was red, and Canute stopped.
This is why Canute from the light of day
Draws ever back, and hath not dared appear
Before the Judge whose face is as the sun.

This is why still remaineth the dark king
Out in the night, and never having power
To bring his robe back to its first pure estate,
But feeling at each step a blood-drop fall,
Wanders eternally 'neath the vast black heaven.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE POOR.

'Tis night—within the close shut cabin door,
The room is wrapt in shade, save where there fall
Some twilight rays, that creep along the floor,
And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest,
A few white dishes glimmer; through the shade
Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains drest,
And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on the long low mattress lie—
A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams;
In the high chimney the last embers die,
And redden the dark roof with crimson gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and, pale with fear,
She prays alone, hearing the billows shout;
While the wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,
The ominous old ocean sobs without.

Poor wives of fishers! Ah! 'tis sad to say,
Our sons, our husbands, all that we love best,
Our hearts, our souls, are on those waves away,
Those ravening wolves that know not ruth, nor rest.

Think how they sport with these beloved forms;
And how the clarion-blowing wind unties
Above their heads the tresses of the storm!
Perehance even now the child, the husband dies;

For we can never tell where they may be
Who, to make head against the tide and gale,
Between them and the starless, soundless sea
Have but one bit of plank, with one poor sail.
Terrible fear ! We seek the pebbly shore,
Cry to the rising billows, "Bring them home,"
Alas ! what answer gives their troubled roar
To the dark thought that haunts us as we roam ?
Janet is sad : her husband is alone,
Wrapp'd in the black shroud of this bitter night :
His children are so little, there is none
To give him aid : "Were they but old, they might."
Ah, mother ! when they, too, are on the main,
How wilt thou weep : "Would they were young again !"
She takes her lantern—'tis his hour at last :
She will go forth, and see if the day breaks,
And if his signal-fire be at the mast ;
Ah, no, not yet ! no breath of morning wakes ;
No line of light o'er the dark water lies ;
It rains, it rains, how black is rain at morn !
The day comes trembling, and the young dawn eries,
Cries like a baby fearing to be born.
Sudden her human eyes that peer and watch
Through the deep shade, a mouldering dwelling find,
No light within—the thin door shakes—the thatch
O'er the green walls is twisted of the wind,
Yellow, and dirty, as a swollen rill.
"Ah, me," she saith, "here doth that widow dwell ;
Few days ago my good man left her ill,
I will go in and see if all be well."
She strikes the door, she listens ; none replies,
And Janet shudders. "Husbandless, alone,
And with two children—they have scant supplies.
Good neighbours !—She sleeps heavy as a stone."

She calls again, she knocks, 'tis silence still ;
No sound, no answer—suddenly the door,
As if the senseless creature felt some thrill
Of pity, turn'd, and open lay before.

She enter'd, and her lantern lighted all
The house, so still but for the rude waves' din ;
Through the thin roof the plashing rain-drops fall,
But something terrible is couch'd within.

THE POOR.

HALF clothed, dark-featured, motionless lay she,
The once strong mother now devoid of life ;
Dishevell'd picture of dead misery,
All that the poor leaves after his long strife.

The cold and livid arm, already stiff,
Hung o'er the soak'd straw of her wretched bed ;
The mouth lay open horribly, as if
The parting soul with a great cry had fled—

That cry of death which startles the dim ear
Of vast eternity. And, all the while,
Two little children in one cradle near
Slept face to face, on each sweet face a smile.

The dying mother o'er them as they lay
Had cast her gown, and wrapp'd her mantle's fold ;
Feeling chill death creep up, she willed that they
Should yet be warm while she was lying cold.

Rock'd by their own weight sweetly sleep the twain.
With even breath, and foreheads calm and clear,—
So sound that the last trump might call in vain,
For being innocent, they have no fear.

Still howls the wind, and ever a drop slides
Through the old rafters where the thatch is weak ;
On the dead woman's face it falls, and glides
Like living tears along her hollow cheek.

And the dull wave sounds ever like a bell :
The dead lies still, and listens to the strain ;
For when the radiant spirit leaves its shell
The poor corpse seems to call it back again.

It seeks the soul thro' the air's dim expanse,
And the pale lip saith to the sunken eye,
"Where is the beauty of thy kindling glance ?"
"And where thy balmy breath ?" it makes reply.

Alas ! live, love, find primroses in Spring !
Fate hath one end for festival and tear :
Bid your hearts vibrate, make your glasses ring,
But as the dark ocean drinks each streamlet clear,
So, for the kisses that delight the flesh,
For mother's worship, and for children's bloom,
For song, for smile, for love so fair and fresh,
For laugh, for dance, there is one goal—the tomb.

And why does Janet pass so fast away ?
What hath she done within that house of dread ?
What foldeth she beneath her mantle grey ?
And hurries home, and hides it in her bed :
With half-averted face, and nervous tread,
What hath she stolen from the awful dead ?

The dawn was whitening over the sea's verge,
As she sat pensive, touching broken chords
Of half-remorseful thought, while the hoarse surge
Howl'd a sad concert to her broken words.

"Ah, my poor husband ! we had five before—
Already so much care, so much to find,
For he must work for all. I give him more.
What was that noise ? His step ! Ah, no ! the wind.

"That I should be afraid of him I love !

I have done ill. If he should beat me now,
I would not blame him. Did not the door move ?
Not yet, poor man." She sits with careful brow
Wrapp'd in her inward grief, nor hears the roar
Of winds and waves that dash against his prow,
Nor the black cormorant shrieking on the shore.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets
Noisily in the dawn-light scarcely clear,
And the good fisher, dragging his damp nets,
Stands on the threshold, with a joyous cheer.

"'Tis thou !" she cries, and eager as a lover
Leaps up and holds her husband to her breast ;
Her greeting kisses all his vesture eever ;

"'Tis I, good wife !" and his broad face express'd
How gay his heart, that Janet's love made light.

"What weather was it ?" "Hard." "Your fishing ?" "Bad.
The sea was like a nest of thieves to night ;
But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.

"There was a devil in the wind that blew ;
I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line,
And once I thought the bark was broken too ;
What did you all the night long, Janet mine ?"

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, "I ?
Oh, nought—I sew'd, I watch'd, I was afraid,
The waves were loud as thunders from the sky ;
But it is over." Shyly then she said—

"Our neighbour died last night ; it must have been
When you were gone. She left two little ones,
So small, so frail—William and Madeline ;
The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs."

The man looked grave, and in the corner cast
His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea,
Muttered awhile, and scratch'd his head ; at last,
"We have five children—this makes seven," said he.

“Already in bad weather we must sleep
Sometimes without our supper. Now,—Ah, well,
’Tis not my fault. These accidents are deep;
It was the good God’s will. I cannot tell.

“Why did he take the mother from those scraps,
No bigger than my fist? ’Tis hard to read;
A learned man might understand, perhaps,
So little, they can neither work nor need.

“Go fetch them, wife; they will be frighten’d sore,
If with the dead alone they waken thus.
That was the mother knocking at our door,
And we must take the children home to us.

“Brother and sister shall they be to ours,
And they will learn to climb my knee at even;
When He shall see these strangers in our bow’rs,
More fish, more food, will give the God of Heaven.

“I will work harder; I will drink no wine,
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou linger, dear?
Not thus were wont to move those feet of thine.”
She drew the curtain, saying, “They are here!”

BP. ALEXANDER.

THE BOY-KING’S PRAYER.

THE good steed flew o’er river and o’er plain,
Till far away,—no need of spur or rein.
The child, half rapture, half solicitude,
Looks back anon, in fear to be pursued,
Shakes lest some raging brother of his sire
Leap from those rocks that o’er the path aspire.

On the rough granite bridge, at evening’s fall,
The white horse paused by Compostella’s wall,
(’Twas good St. James that reared those arches tall,
Through the dim mist stood out each belfry dome,
And the boy hailed the paradise of home.

Close to the bridge, set on high stage, they meet
 A Christ of stone, the Virgin at his feet.
 A taper lighted that dear pardoning face,
 More tender in the shade that wrapped the place,
 And the child stayed his horse, and in the shine
 Of the wax taper knelt down at the shrine.
 "O, my good God! O, Mother Maiden, sweet!"
 He said, "I was the worm beneath men's feet;
 My father's brethren held me in their thrall,
 But Thou didst send the Paladin of Gaul,
 O Lord! and show'dst what different spirits move
 The good men and the evil; those who love
 And those who love not. I had been as they,
 But Thou, O God! hast saved both life and soul to-day.
 I saw Thee in that noble knight; I saw
 Pure light, true faith, and honour's sacred law,
 My Father,—and I learnt that monarchs must
 Compassionate the weak, and unto all be just.
 O Lady Mother! O dear Jesus! thus
 Bowed at the Cross where Thou didst bleed for us,
 I swear to hold the truth that now I learn,
 Leal to the loyal, to the traitor stern,
 And ever just and nobly mild to be,
 Meet scholar of that Prince of Chivalry;
 And here Thy shrine bear witness, Lord, for me."
 The horse of Roland, hearing the boy tell
 His vow, looked round and spoke: "O King, 'tis well!"
 Then on the charger mounted the child-king,
 And rode into the town, while all the bells 'gan ring.

Dublin University Magazine.

ON A BARRICADE.

UPON a barriade thrown 'eross the street,
 Where patriot's blood with felon's stains one's feet,
 Ta'en with grown men, a lad aged twelve, or less!
 "Were you among them—you?" He answered: "Yes."

"Good," said the officer, "when comes your turn,
You'll be shot too."—The lad sees lightnings burn,—
Stretched 'neath the wall his comrades one by one :
Then says to the officer, "First let me run
And take this watch home to my mother, sir ?"
"You want to escape ?"—"No, I'll come back."—"What fear
These brats have ! Where do you live ?"—"By the well,
below :

I'll return quickly if you let me go."
"Be off, young seamp !" Off went the boy. "Good joke !"
And here from all a hearty laugh outbroke,
And with this laugh the dying mixed their moan.
But the laugh suddenly ceased, when, paler grown,
'Midst them the lad appeared, and breathlessly
Stood upright 'gainst the wall with : "Here am I."
Dull death was shamed ; the officer said, "Be free !"

Child, I know not, in all this agony,
Where good and ill as with one blast of hell
Are blent, *thy* part, but this I know right well,
That thy young soul's a hero-soul sublime.
Gentle and brave, thou trod'st, despite all crime,
Two steps,—one toward thy mother, one toward death.
For the child's deeds the grown man answereth ;
No fault was thine to march where others led.
But glorious aye that child who chose instead
Of flight that lured to life, love, freedom, May,
The sombre wall 'neath which slain comrades lay !
Glory on thy young brow imprints her kiss.
In Hellas old, sweetheart, thou hadst, I wis,
After some deathless fight to win or save,
Been hailed by comrades bravest of the brave ;—
Hadst smiling in the holiest ranks been found,
Haply by *Æschylean* verse bright-crowned !
On brazen disks thy name had been engraven ;—
One of those godlike youths who, 'neath blue heaven,
Passing some well whereo'er the willow droops,

What time some virgin 'neath her pitcher stoops,
 Brimmed for her herds athirst, brings to her eyes
 A long, long look of awed yet sweet surmise.

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE EPIC OF THE LION.

I.

A LION in his jaws caught up a child—
 Not harming it—and to the woodland, wild
 With secret streams and lairs, bore off his prey ;
 The beast, as one might eull a flower in May,
 Had plucked this bud, not thinking wrong or right,
 Mumbling its stalk, too proud or kind to bite,—
 A lion's way, roughly compassionate.
 Yet truly dismal was the vietim's fate ;
 Thrust in a cave that rumbled with each roar,
 His food wild herbs, his bed the earthly floor,
 He lived, half-dead with daily frightening.
 It was a rosy boy, son of a king ;
 A ten-year lad with bright eyes shining wide,
 And save this son his majesty beside
 Had but one girl—two years of age—and so
 The monarch suffered, being old, much woe,
 His heir the monster's prey, while the whole land
 In dread both of the beast and king did stand ;
 Sore terrified were all :—

By came a Knight
 That road, who halted, asking, "What's the fright ?"
 They told him, and he spurred straight for the den ;
 O, such a place ! the sunlight entering in
 Grew pale and crept, so grim a sight was shown
 Where the gaunt Lion on the rock lay prone :
 The wood, at this part thiek of growth and wet,
 Barred out the sky with blaek trunks elosely set ;
 Forest and forester matched wondrous well !

Great stones stood near, with ancient tales to tell—
 Such as make moorlands weird in Brittany—
 And at its edge a mountain you might see,
 One of those iron walls which shut off heaven ;
 The Lion's den was a deep eavern driven
 Into the granite ridge, feneed round with oaks :
 Cities and eaverns are discordant folks,
 They bear each other grudges ! this did wave
 A leafy threat to trespasser,—“ Henee, knave !
 Or meet my Lion ! ”

In the champion went.

The den had all the sombre sentiment
 Which palaees display—deaths—murderings—
 Terrors—you felt “ here lives one of the kings : ”
 Bones strewn around showed that this mighty lord
 Denied himself nought which his woods afford.
 A rock-rift pierced by stroke of lightning gave
 Such misty glimmer as a den need have :
 What eagles might think dawn, and owls the dusk,
 Makes day enough for kings of elaw and tusk.
 All else was regal, though, you understood
 Why the majestic brute slept, as he should,
 On leaves, with no laee curtains to his bed ;
 And how his wine was blood—nay, or instead,
 Spring-water lapped *sans* napkin, spoon, or cup,
 Or laekeys :—

Being from spur to crest mailed up,

The champion enters.

In the den he spies

Truly a Mighty One ! Crowned to the eyes
 With shaggy golden fell—the Beast !—it muses
 With look infallible ; for, if he ehooses,
 The master of a wood may play at Pope,
 And this one had such elaws, there was small hope
 To argue with him on a point of ereed !
 The Knight approached—yet not too fast, indeed ;

His footfall clanged, flaunted his rose-red feather,
None the more notice took the Beast of either,
Still in his own reflections plunged profound ;
Theseus a-marching upon that black ground
Of Sisypheus, Ixion, and dire hell,
Saw such a scene, murk and implacable :
But duty whispered "Forward !" so the Knight
Drew out his sword : the Lion at that sight
Lifted his head in slow wise, grim to see ;
The knight said : " Greeting ! monstrous brute ! to thee ;
In this foul hole thou hast a child in keeping,—
I search its noisome nooks with glances sweeping,
But spy him not. That child I must reclaim,
Friends are we if thou renderest up the same ;
If not—I too am lion, thou wilt find ;
The king his lost son in his arms shall bind ;
While here thy wicked blood runs, smoking-hot,
Before another dawn."

" I fancy not,"

Pensive the Lion said.

The Knight strode near,
Brandished his blade and cried : " Sire ! have a care !"
The Beast was seen to smile—ominous sight !—
Never make lions smile ! Then joined they fight,
The man and monster, in most desperate duel,
Like warring giants, angry, huge, and cruel ;
Like tigers crimsoning an Indian wood,
The man with steel, the beast with claws as good ;
Fang against falchion, hide to mail, that lord
Hurled himself foaming on the flashing sword :
Stout though the Knight, the Lion stronger was,
And tore that brave breast under its cuirass,
And striking blow on blow with ponderous paw,
Forced plate and rivet off, until you saw
Through all the armour's cracks the bright blood spirt,
As when clenched fingers make a mulberry squirt ;

And piece by piece he stripped the iron sheath,
 Helm, armlets, greaves—gnawed bare the bones beneath,
 Scrunching that hero, till he sprawled—alas !
 Beneath his shield, all blood, and mud, and mess :
 Whereat the Lion feasted :—then it went
 Back to its rocky couch and slept content.

II.

Next came a hermit :

He found out the cave ;
 With girdle, gown, and cross—trembling and grave—
 He entered. There that Knight lay, out of shape,
 Mere pulp : the Lion waking up did gape,
 Opened his yellow orbs, heard some one grope,
 And—seeing the woollen coat bound with a rope,
 A black peaked cowl, and inside that a man—
 He finished yawning and to growl began :
 Then, with a voice like prison-gates which creak,
 Roared, “ What would’st thou ? ”

“ My King.”

“ King ? ”

“ May I speak ? ”

“ Of whom ? ”

“ The Prince.”

“ Is that what makes a King ? ”

The monk bowed reverence, “ Majesty ! I bring
 A message—wherefore keep this child ? ”

“ For that

Whene’er it rains I’ve some one here to chat.”

“ Return him.”

“ Not so.”

“ What then wilt thou do ?

Would’st eat him ? ”

“ Ay—if I have naught to chew ? ”

“ Sire ! think upon His Majesty in woe ! ”

“ They killed my dam,” the Beast said, “ long ago.”

"Bethink thee, sire, a king implores a king."

"Nonsense—he talks—he's man ! when my notes ring
A Lion's heard !"

"His only boy !"

"Well, well !

He hath a daughter."

"She's no heir."

"I dwell

Alone in this my home, 'mid wood and roek,
Thunder my music, and the lightning-shoek
My lamp ;—let his content him."

"Ah ! show pity."

"What means that word ? is't current in your city ?"

"Lion, thou'dst wish to go to heaven—see here !

I offer thee indulgence, and, writ clear,
God's passport to His paradise !"

"Get forth,

Thou holy rogue," thundered the Beast in wrath :

The hermit disappeared.

III.

Thereat left free,

Full of a lion's vast serenity,
He slept again, leaving still night to pass :
The moon rose, starting spectres on the grass,
Shrouding the marsh with mist, blotting the ways,
And melting the black woodland to grey maze ;
No stir was seen below, above no motion
Save of the white stars trooping to the ocean :
And while the mole and cricket in the brake
Kept watch, the Lion's measured breath did make
Slow symphony that kept all creatures calm.

Sudden—loud cries and clamours ! striking qualm
Into the heart of the quiet, horn and shout
Causing the solemn wood to reel with rout,

And all the nymphs to tremble in their trees,
The uproars of a midnight chase are these
Which shakes the shades, the marsh, mountain and stream,
And breaks the silence of their sombre dream.
The thicket flashed with many a lurid spark
Of torehes borne 'mid wild eries through the dark ;
Hounds, nose to earth, ran yelping through the wood,
And armed groups, gathering in the alleys, stood.
Terrifie was the noise that rolled before ;
It seemed a squadron ; nay, 'twas something more—
A whole battalion, sent by that sad king,
With force of arms his little Princee to bring,
Together with the Lion's bleeding hide.

Which here was right or wrong ? who can decide ?
Have beasts or men most elaim to live ? God wots !
He is the unit, we the cypher-dots.

Well warmed with meat and drink those soldiers were,
Good hearts they bore—and many a bow and spear ;
Their number large, and by a captain led
Valiant, whilst some in foreign wars had bled,
And all were men approved and firm in fight ;
The Lion heard their eries, affronting night,
For by this time his awful lids were lifted ;
But from the rock his chin he never shifted,
And only his great tail wagged to and fro.

Meantime, outside the eavern, startled so,
Came close the uproar of this shouting crowd.
As round a web flies buzzing in a eloud,
Or hive-bees swarming o'er a bear ensnared,
This hunter's legion buzzed, and swarmed, and flared.
In battle order all their ranks were set :
'Twas understood the Beast they came to get,
Fierce as a tiger's cunning—strong to seize—
Could munch up heroes as an ape craeks fleas,
Could with one glanee make Jove's own bird look down ;

Wherefore they laid him siege as to a town.
The pioneers with axes cleared the way,
The spearmen followed in a close array,
The archers held their arrows on the string ;
Silence was bid, lest any chattering
Should mask the Lion's footstep in the wood ;
The dogs—who know the moment when 'tis good
To hold their peace—went first, nose to the ground,
Giving no tongue ; the torches all around
Hither and thither flickered, their long beams
Through sighing foliage sending ruddy gleams :—
Such is the order a great hunt should have :
And soon between the trunks they spy the cave,
A black, dim-outlined hole, deep in the gloom,
Gaping, but blank and silent as the tomb,
Wide open to the night, as though it feared
As little all that clamour as it heard.
There's smoke where fire smoulders, and a town,
When men lay siege, rings toes in up and down ;
Nothing so here ! therefore with vague dismay
Each stood, and grasp on bow or blade did lay,
Watching the sombre stillness of that chasm :
The dogs among themselves whimpered : a spasm
From the horror lurking in all voiceless places—
Worse than the rage of tempests—blanched all faces :
Yet they were there to find and fight this Thing,
So they advance, each bush examining,
Dreading full sore the very prey they sought ;
The pioneers held high the lamps they brought :
“There ! that is it ! the very mouth of the den !”
The trees all round it muttered, warning men :
Still they kept step and neared it—look you now,
Company's pleasant, and there were a thou—
Good Lord ! all in a moment, there's its face !
Frightful !—they saw the Lion ! Not one pace
Farther stirred any man ; the very trees
Grew blacker with his presence, and the breeze

Blew shudders into all hearts present there :
Yet, whether 'twas from valour or wild fear,
The archers drew—and arrow, bolt, and dart
Made target of the Beast. He, on his part—
As calm as Pelion in the rain or hail—
Bristled majestic from the nose to tail,
And shook full fifty missiles from his hide ;
Yet any meaner brute had found beside
Enough still sticking fast to make him yell
Or fly ; the blood was trickling down his fell,
But no heed took he, glaring steadfastly ;
And all those men of war, amazed to be
Thus met by so stupendous might and pride,
Thought him no beast, but some god brutified.
The hounds, tail down, slunk back behind the spears ;
And then the Lion, 'mid the silence, rears
His awful face, and over wood and marsh
Roared a vast roar, hoarse, vibrant, vengeful, harsh,—
A rolling, raging peal of wrath, which spread
From the quaking earth to the echoing vault o'erhead,
Making the half-awakened thunder cry,
“ Who thunders there ? ” from its black bed of sky.

This ended all !—sheer horror cleared the coast :
As fogs are driven by wind, that valorous host
Melted, dispersed to all the quarters four,
Clean panic-stricken by that monstrous roar ;
Each with one impulse—leaders, rank and file,
Deeming it haunted ground, where Earth somehow
Is wont to breed marvels of lawless might—
They scampered, mad, blind, reckless, wild with fright.
Then quoth the Lion, “ Woods and mountains ! see,
A thousand men enslaved fear one beast free ! ”
As lava to volcanoes, so a roar
Is to these creatures ; and, the eruption o'er
In heaven-shaking wrath, they mostly calm.
The gods themselves to lions yield the palm

For magnanimity. When Jove was king,
Hercules said, "Let's finish off the thing,
Not the Nemæan merely ; every one
We'll strangle—all the lions." Whereupon
The lions yawned a "much obliged !" his way.

But this Beast, being whelped by night, not day—
Offspring of glooms—was sterner ; one of those
Who go down slowly when their storm's at close ;
His anger had a savage ground-swell in it :
He loved to take his naps, too, to the minute,
And to be roused up thus with horn and hound,—
To find an ambush sprung—to be hemmed round—
Targetted—'twas an insult to his grove !
He paced towards the hill, climbed high above,
Lifted his voice, and, as the sowers sow
The seeds down wind, thus did that Lion throw
His message far enough the town to reach.

"King ! your behaviour really passes speech !
Thus far no harm I've wrought to him your son ;
But now I give you notice—when night's done
I will make entry at your city-gate,
Bringing the Princee alive ; and those who wait
To see him in my jaws—your lackey-crew—
Shall see me eat him in your palace too !"

Quiet the night passed, while the streamlets bubbled,
And the clouds sailed across the vault untroubled.

Next morning this is what was viewed in town :

Dawn coming—people going—some adown
Praying, some crying ; pallid cheeks, swift feet,
And a huge Lion stalking through the street.

IV.

The quaking townsmen in the cellars hid ;
How make resistance ? briefly, no one did ;

The soldiers left their posts, the gates stood wide ;
 'Twas felt the Lion had upon his side
 A majesty so godlike, such an air—
 That den, too, was so dark and grim a lair—
 It seemed scarce short of rash impiety
 To cross its path as the fierce Beast went by.
 So to the palace and its gilded dome
 With stately steps unchallenged did he roam,
 In many a spot with those vile darts scarred still,
 As you may note an oak scored with the bill,
 Yet nothing recks that giant-trunk ; so here
 Paced this proud, wounded Lion, free of fear,
 While all the people held aloof in dread,
 Seeing the scarlet jaws of that great head
 Hold up the princely boy—aswoon.

Is't true

Princes are flesh and blood ? Ah, yes ! and you
 Had wept with sacred pity, seeing him
 Swing in the Lion's mouth, body and limb :
 The tender captive gripped by those grim fangs,
 On either side the jowl helplessly hangs,
 Deathlike, albeit he bore no wound of tooth.
 And for the brute thus gagged it was, in sooth,
 A grievous thing to wish to roar, yet be
 Muzzled and dumb, so he walked savagely,
 His pent heart blazing through his burning eyes,
 While not one bow is stretched, no arrow flies ;
 They dreaded, peradventure, lest some shaft,
 Shot with a trembling hand and faltering craft,
 Might miss the Beast and pierce the Prince :

So, still

As he had promised, roaring from his hill,
 This Lion, scorning town and townsfolk sick
 To view such terror, goes on straight and quick
 To the King's house, hoping to meet there one
 Who dares to speak with him :—outside is none !

The door's ajar, and flaps with every blast ;
He enters it—within those walls at last !—
No man !

For, certes, though he raged and wept,
His Majesty, like all, close shelter kept,
Solicitous to live, holding his breath
Specially precious to the realm : now death
Is not thus viewed by honest beasts of prey,
And when the Lion found *him* fled away,
Ashamed to be so grand, man being so base,
He muttered to himself in that dark place
Where lions keep their thoughts : “ This wretched King !
’Tis well, I’ll eat his boy ! ” Then, wandering,
Lordly he traversed courts and corridors,
Paced beneath vaults of gold on shining floors,
Glanced at the throne deserted, stalked from hall
To hall—green, yellow, crimson—empty all !
Rich couches void, soft seats unoccupied !
And as he walked he looked from side to side
To find some pleasant nook for his repast,
Since appetite was come to munch at last
The princely morsel :—Ah ! what sight astounds
That grisly loungeur ?

In the palace grounds
An alcove on a garden gives, and there
A tiny thing—forgot in the general fear,
Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of infancy,
Bathed with soft sunlight falling brokenly
Through leaf and lattice—was that moment waking ;
A little lovely maid, most dear and taking,
The Prince’s sister ; all alone—undressed—
She sate up singing : children sing so best.

A voice of joy, than silver lute-string softer !
A mouth all rose-bud blossoming in laughter !

A baby-angel hard at play ! a dream
 Of Bethlehem's cradle, or what nests would seem
 If girls were hatched !—all these ! Eyes, too, so blue
 That sea and sky might own their sapphire new !
 Neck bare, arms bare, pink legs and stomach bare
 Nought hid the roseate satin skin, save where
 A little white-laced shift was fastened free ;
 She looked as fresh, singing thus peacefully,
 As stars at twilight or as April's heaven ;
 A floweret—you had said—divinely given,
 To show on earth how God's own lilies grow ;
 Such was this beauteous baby-maid ; and so
 The Beast caught sight of her and stopped—

And then

Entered :—the floor creaked as he stalked straight in.

Above the playthings by the little bed
 The Lion put his shaggy massive head,
 Dreadful with savage might and lordly scorn,
 More dreadful with that princely prey so borne ;
 Which she, quick spying, " Brother ! brother ! " cried,
 " Oh, my own brother ! " and unterrified—
 Looking a living rose that made the place
 Brighter and warmer with its fearless grace—
 She gazed upon that monster of the wood,
 Whose yellow balls not Typhon had withstood.
 And—well ! who knows what thoughts these small heads hold ?
 She rose up in her cot—full height, and bold,
 And shook her pink fist angrily at him.
 Whereon—close to the little bed's white rim,
 All dainty silk and laces—this huge Brute
 Set down her brother gently at her foot,
 Just as a mother might, and said to her—
 " *Don't be put out, now ! there he is, dear !—there !* "

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

HISTORICAL POEMS.

KING LOUIS XVII.

THE golden gates were opened wide that day,
All through the unveiled heaven there seemed to play
 Out of the Holiest of Holy, light ;
And the elect beheld, crowd immortal,
 A young soul, led up by young angels bright,
Stand in the starry portal.

A fair child fleeing from the world's fierce hate,
In his blue eye the shade of sorrow sate,
 His golden hair hung all dishevelled down,
On wasted cheeks that told a mournful story,
 And angels twined him with the innocent's crown,
The martyr's palm of glory.

The virgin souls that to the Lamb are near,
Called through the clouds with voices heavenly clear,
 God hath prepared a glory for thy brow,
Rest in his arms, and all ye hosts that sing
His praises ever on untired string,
 Chant, for a mortal comes among you now ;
Do homage—" 'Tis a king."

And the pale shadow saith to God in heaven :
 "I am an orphan, and no king at all ;
I was a weary prisoner yestereven,
 My father's murderers fed my soul with gall.
Not me, O Lord, the regal name befits.
 Last night I fell asleep in dungeon drear,
But then I saw my mother in my dreams,
 Say, shall I find her here ?"

The angels said : " Thy Saviour bids thee come,
Out of an impure world he calls thee home,
From the mad earth, where horrid murder waves
Over the broken cross her impure wings,
And regicides go down among the graves,
Seenting the blood of kings."

He cries : " Then have I finished my long life ?
Are all its evils over, all its strife,
And will no cruel gaoler evermore
Wake me to pain, this blissful vision o'er ?
Is it no dream that nothing else remains
Of all my torments but this answered cry,
And have I had, O God, amid my chains,
The happiness to die ?

" For none can tell what cause I had to pine,
What pangs, what miseries, each day were mine ;
And when I wept there was no mother near
To soothe my cries, and smile away my tear.
Poor victim of a punishment unending,
Torn like a sapling from its mother earth,
So young, I could not tell what crime impending
Had stained me from my birth.

" Yet far off in dim memory it seems,
With all its terror mingled happy dreams,
Strange cries of glory rocked my sleeping head,
And a glad people watched beside my bed.
One day into mysterious darkness thrown,
I saw the promise of my future close ;
I was a little child, left all alone,
Alas ! and I had foes.

" They cast me living in a dreary tomb,
Never mine eyes saw sunlight pierce the gloom,
Only ye, brother angels, used to sweep
Down from your heaven, and visit me in sleep,

'Neath blood-red hands my young life withered there.
Dear Lord, the bad are miserable all,
Be not Thou deaf, like them, unto my prayer,
It is for them I call."

The angels sang : "See heaven's high arch unfold,
Come, we will crown thee with the stars above,
Will give thee cherub-wings of blue and gold,
And thou shalt learn our ministry of love,
Shalt rock the cradle where some mother's tears
Are dropping o'er her restless little one,
Or, with thy luminous breath, in distant spheres,
Shalt kindle some cold sun."

Ceased the full choir, all heaven was hushed to hear,
Bowed the fair face, still wet with many a tear,
In depths of space, the rolling worlds were stayed,
Whilst the Eternal in the infinite said :

"O king, I kept thee far from human state,
Who hadst a dungeon only for thy throne,
O son, rejoice, and bless thy bitter fate,
The slavery of kings thou hast not known,
What if thy wasted arms are bleeding yet,
And wounded with the fetters' cruel trace,
No earthly diadem has ever set
A stain upon thy face.

"Child, life and hope were with thee at thy birth,
But life soon bowed thy tender form to earth,
And hope forsook thee in thy hour of need.
Come, for thy Saviour had His pains divine ;
Come, for His brow was crowned with thorns like thine,
His sceptre was a reed."

NERO'S FESTAL SONG.

FRIENDS ! we are weary, and weariness drives you to death,
Wise is the man who avoids it ; so hear what he saith :
Nero, the Cæsar, thrice consul, the master of life,
God who in harmony stilleth all tumult and strife,
Who in the style of Ionia, with fire
Sings to the musical touch of his ten-stringed lyre.

Come to me, all of you ! Come to the banquet divine !
Never did Pallas, the freedman, my banquet outshine,
Nor did the Grecian Agenor ; nor Seneca grave,
When driving off care, at the festivals brilliant and brave,
He, praising Diogenes, quaffed his Falernian wine
From goblet of gold in the hands of a slave.

Nor when on the Tiber with her of Phalera we rowed
Aglaë, the courtesan ; richly our awning then glowed
Over her beautiful figure, half naked and young ;
Nor when at the sound of his lute the Batavian flung
Full twenty slaves to the lions, whose powers
They might not resist for the chains under garlands of flowers.

Come ! 'neath your eyes the proud city will soon be ablaze,
Here, on this turret my litter imperial they raise,
That from this vantage the force of the flame I may see,
What are the combats of men or of tigers to me ?
When Rome's seven hills form a circus on which I may gaze,
Watching the fires which devour it with glee.

Thus doth it please the great master of Rome and the world,
Like a god he commands that the lightning shall straightway
be hurled,
To drive away dulness and care from the spirit within ;
But come, it grows dark, and the feast is about to begin,
The fire like a hydra uplifts its dark wing,
And darts out its ravening tongues, a fierce, venomous thing.

Ha ! do you see ? do you see ? how it rolls on its prey,
Caressing within every coil as it holds on its way,
Each building and wall, while it kisses the thing it would kill.
Palaces melt and evaporate—Ah, with what skill !
Like the wanton embracing the victim she wishes to slay.
The thoughts of such kisses are haunting me still !

List to those sounds as the sulphurous vapours uprise,
Enveloping men who are wand'ring like ghosts to our eyes.
The silence of death deepens round us, whilst now we behold
The columns of bronze crumble down, with the portals of gold,
Great billows of brass rolling onward to where
The shuddering Tiber will swallow the flames that they bear.

Everything perishes, jasper, and marble, and all
The statues, despite of their names, into ashes they fall.
The scourge flies triumphant, obedient alone to my will,
Invading, devouring, and slaying, and gaining strength still,
As the north wind in merriment drives it o'er temple and hall
A tempest of fires, dancing hill unto hill.

Farewell, proud Capitol ! Lo ! as the tempest now nears,
The great work of Scylla a bridge of Cocytus appears.
Nero has will'd it ! Each tower, and turret, and dome
Must vanish, while everywhere wars the great conflict o'er Rome.
Queen of the world thou shalt thank him, for see !
How grand is the crown that to-night he has given to thee.

The voice of the sibyl proclaimed, I was told when a child,
That Rome was a city immortal ; its monuments piled
To the heavens unconquered should stand, until tottering Time
At last vanquished should die, while the city was but in its prime.
My friends ! tell me now how much longer this mass of so styled
Eternity, think you, will last in its grime ?

Oh, what a grand conflagration ! Magnificent sight !
Erostratus, himself, would have envied my glory to-night !

What are the pains of a people compared to my joys ?
See, how they fly on all sides 'mid the flame and the noise !
Slave ! take this chaplet of flowers from my brow,
The fire which is burning down Rome would so wither it now.

When on your robes that are festal, with sullyiing spout
The blood gushes forth, let the stains be with Cretan washed out ;
Joy in the sight of fresh blood to the wicked belongs,
Under pleasures sublime let us hide up our cruellest wrongs.
Woe be to him who rejoices when dying ones shout !
The cry should be drowned in the music of songs.

I punish this Rome, and avenge myself on her because
She follows with incense most faithless two different laws—
Now Jupiter, god of the just, then the vile Nazarene.
Let them think in the height of their terror what this is I mean.
I also my temple will have at my price,
Since the gods of the Romans do not for their worship suffice.

Rome is destroyed, but her gain will be found in her loss,
If only her fall will bear with it that odious cross !
No more Christians in Rome ! No ! Go murder, and torture, and
beat,
Romans ! avenge these your ills upon them, and be fleet.
Exterminate all ! they are worse than the dregs or the dross.
Bring me roses ! The perfume of roses is sweet.

OGILVIE MITCHELL.

THE LOST BATTLE.

Oh, Allah ! who will give me back my terrible array ?
My emirs and my calvary that shook the earth to-day ;
My tent, my wide-extending camp, all dazzling to the sight,
Whose watchfires, kindled numberless beneath the brow of night,
Seemed oft unto the sentinel that watched the midnight hours,
As heaven along the sombre hill had rained its stars in showers ?

Where are my beys so gorgeous, in their light pelisses gay,
And where my fierce Timariot bands, so fearless in the fray ;
My dauntless khans, my spahiş brave, swift thunderbolts of war ;
My sunburnt Bedouins, trooping from the Pyramids afar ;
Who laughed to see the labouring hind stand terrified at gaze,
And urged their desert horses on amid the ripening maize ?
These horses with their fiery eyes, their slight untiring feet,
That flew along the fields of eorn like grasshoppers so fleet—
What ! to behold again no more, loud echarging o'er the plain,
Their squadrons, in the hostile shot diminished all in vain,
Burst grandly on the heavy squares, like clouds that bear the
storms,

Enveloping in lightning fires the dark resisting swarms !
Oh ! they are dead ! their housings bright are traile'd amid their
gore ;

Dark blood is on their manes and sides, all deeply elotted o'er ;
All vainly now the spur would strike these eold and rounded flanks,
To wake them to their wonted speed amid the rapid ranks :
Here the bold riders red and stark upon the sands lie down,
Who in their friendly shadows slept throughout the halt at noon.
Oh, Allah ! who will give me baek my terrible array ?
See where it straggles 'long the fields for leagues on leagues away,
Like riches from a spendthrift's hand flung prodigal to earth.
Lo ! steed and rider ;—Tartar ehiefs or of Arabian birth,
Their turbans and their eruel course, their banners and their
eries,

Seem now as if a troubled dream had passed before mine eyes—
My valiant warriors and their steeds, thus doomed to fall and
bleed !

Their voices rouse no eecho now, their footsteps have no speed ;
They sleep, and have forgot at last the sabre and the bit—
Yon vale, with all the corpses heaped, seems one wide charnel-pit.
Long shall the evil omen rest upon this plain of dread—
To-night, the taint of solemn blood ; to-morrow of the dead.
Alas ! 'tis but a shadow now, that noble armament !
How terribly they strove, and struek from morn to eve unspent,
Amid the fatal fiery ring, enamoured of the fight !

Now o'er the dim horizon sinks the peaceful pall of night :
The brave have nobly done their work, and calmly sleep at last.
The crows begin, and o'er the dead are gathering dark and fast ;
Already through their feathers black they pass their eager beaks.
Forth from the forest's distant depth, from bald and barren peaks,
They congregate in hungry flocks and rend their gory prey.
Woe to that flaunting army's pride, so vaunting yesterday !
That formidable host, alas ! is coldly nerveless now
To drive the vulture from his gorge, or sear the carrion crow.
Were now that host again mine own, with banner broad unfurled,
With it I would advance and win the empire of the world.
Monarchs to it should yield their realms and veil their haughty
brows ;

My sister it should ever be, my lady and my spouse.
Oh ! what will unrestoring Death, that jealous tyrant lord,
Do with the brave departed souls that cannot swing a sword ?
Why turned the balls aside from me ? Why struck no hostile
hand

My head within its turban green upon the ruddy sand ?
I stood all potent yesterday ; my bravest captains three,
All stirless in their tigered selle, magnificent to see,
Hailed as before my gilded tent rose flowing to the gales,
Shorn from the tameless desert steeds, three dark and tossing
tails.

But yesterday a hundred drums were heard when I went by ;
Full forty agas turned their looks respectful on mine eye,
And trembled with contracted brows within their hall of state.
Instead of heavy catapults, of slow unwieldy weight,
I had bright cannons rolling on oak wheels in threatening tiers,
And calm and steady by their sides marched English cannoniers.
But yesterday, and I had towns, and castles strong and high,
And Greeks in thousands, for the base and merciless to buy.
But yesterday, and arsenals and harems were my own ;
While now, defeated and proscribed, deserted and alone,
I flee away, a fugitive, and of my former power,
Allah ! I have not now at least one battlemented tower.
And must he fly—the grand vizier ! the pasha of three tails !

O'er the horizon's bounding hills, where distant vision fails,
All stealthily, with eyes on earth, and shrinking from the sight,
As a nocturnal robber holds his dark and breathless flight,
And thinks he sees the gibbet spread its arms in solemn wrath,
In every tree that dimly throws its shadow on his path !

Thus, after his defeat, pale Reschid speaks,
Among the dead we mourned a thousand Greeks.
Lone from the field the Pasha fled afar,
And, musing, wiped his reeking scimitar ;
His two dead steeds upon the sands were flung,
And on their sides their empty stirrups hung.

W. D., *Bentley's Miscellany*.

POLAND.

ALONE, beneath the tower whence thunder forth
The mandates of the Tyrant of the North,
Poland's sad genius kneels, absorbed in tears,
Bound, vanquished, pallid with her fears—
Alas ! the crucifix is all that's left
To her, of freedom and her sons bereft ;
And on her royal robe foul marks are seen,
Where Russian Hectors' scornful feet have been.
Anon she hears the clank of murd'rous arms,—
The swordsmen come once more to spread alarms !
And while she weeps against the prison walls,
And waves her bleeding arm until it falls,
To France she hopeless turns her glazing eyes,
And sues her sister's succour ere she dies.

G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

THE EMPEROR'S RETURN.

SIRE ! to thy capital thou shalt come back,
Without the battle's tocsin and wild stir ;
Beneath the arch, drawn by eight steeds coal black,
Dressed like an Emperor.

Thro' this same portal, God accompanying,
Sire ! thou shalt come upon the car of state ;
Like Charlemagne, a high ensainted king,
Like Cæsar, wondrous great.

On thy gold sceptre, to be vanquish'd never,
Thy crimson beakèd bird shall shine anon ;
Upon thy mantle all thy bees ashiver
Shall twinkle in the sun.

Paris shall light up all her high and hundred
Tower's ; shall speak out with all her tones sublime ;
Bells, clarions, rolling drums shall all be thunder'd
In music at a time.

A mighty people, pale, with steps that falter,
Shall come to thee, by one attraction drawn,
Awe-stricken as a Priest before the altar,
Glad as a child at dawn,—

A people who would lay all laws e'er sung
Or storied at thy feet—aye floating on,
Intoxicate, from Bonaparte the young
To old Napoleon.

Then a new army, burning for the advance,
In exploit terrible, round thy car shall cry
Amain, "Vive L'Empereur !" and "Vive La France !"
And seeing thee pass by,

Chief of the mighty Empire ! down shall fall
People and troops—but thou before their view
Shall not be able to stoop down at all
With—"I am pleased with you."

An acclamation, tender, lofty, sweet,
A heart-song high as ecstacy can bear it,
Shall fill, O Captain mine ! the city's street,
But thou shall never hear it.

Stern Grenadiers, the veterans we admire,
Mute thy steed's steps shall kiss—albeit
A sight pathetic, beautiful, yet, sire !
Your majesty shall not see it.

While round thy form gigantic, like a friend,
France and the world awake in shadows deep,
Here in thy Paris ever, world without end,
Thou shalt lie fast asleep—

Ay, fast asleep with that same sullen slumber
Those fadeless dreams that on his stone chair fix
The Barbarossa, sitting out that number
Of centuries now six.

Thy sword beside thee, and thine eyelids close,
Thy hand yet moved by Bertrand's kiss—the last ;
Upon the bed whence sleeper never rose,
Thou shalt be stretched full fast.

Like to those soldiers marching bolt upright,
So often after thee to field or town,
Who by the wind of battle touch'd one night
Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers, not like those whose race is run,
With grave, proud attitude of armed men—
But them that voice of dawn, the morning gun,
Shall never wake again

Yea, so much like, that seeing thee all ice,
Like a mute god permitting adoration,
They who came smiling love-drunk, in a trice
Shall raise a lamentation.

Sire ! at that moment thou, for kingdom meet,
Shall have all beating hearts to be thine own.
Nations shall make thy phantom take a seat,
A universal throne.

Poets select, upon their knees in dust,
Shall hail thee far diviner than of old,
And gild thine altar, stain'd by hands unjust,
With a sublimer gold.

The clouds shall pass away from thy great glory ;
Nothing to trouble it for aye shall come ;
It shall expand itself o'er all our story,
Like a vast azure dome.

Yea, thou shalt be to all a presenee solemn,
Both good and great—to France an exile high
And calm—a brass Colossus on thy column
To every stranger's eye.

But thou, the while the saered pomp shall lead
A cortège such as time hath never heard,
So that all eyes shall seem to see indeed
A vanished world upstirr'd ;

The while they hear (hard by the wondrous dome
Where shadows keep the great names that men mark
In Paris still) the old guns growling home
Their master with a bark ;

The while thy name without a peer shall soar,
Illustrious, beautiful to Heav'n, ah ! thou
Shalt in the darkness feel for evermore
The grave-worm on thy brow.

MENTANA.

(VICTOR HUGO TO GARIBALDI.)

I.

YOUNG soldiers of the noble Latin blood,
How many are ye—Boys? Four thousand odd.
How many are there dead? Six hundred: count!
Their limbs lie strewn about the fatal mount,
Blackened and torn, eyes gummed with blood, hearts rolled
Out from their ribs, to give the wolves of the wold
A red feast; nothing of them left but these
Pierced relies, underneath the olive trees,
Show where the gin was sprung—the seoundrel-trap
Which brought those hero-lads their foul mishap.
See how they fell in swathes—like barley-ears!
Their crime? to elaim Rome and her glories theirs;
To fight for Right and Honour;—foolish names!
Come—Mothers of the soil! Italian dames!
Turn the dead over!—try your battle luck!
(Bearded or smooth, to her that gave him suck
The man is always child)—Stay, here's a brow
Split by the Zouaves' bullets! This one, now,
With the bright eurlly hair soaked so in blood,
Was yours, *ma donna*!—sweet and fair and good.
The spirit sat upon his fearless faee
Before they murdered it, in all the graee
Of manhood's dawn. Sisters, here's yours! his lips,
Over whose bloom the bloody death-foam slips,
Lisped house-songs after you, and said your name
In loving prattle once. That hand, the same
Which lies so eold over the eyelids shut,
Was once a small pink baby-fist, and wet
With milk beads from thy yearning breasts.

Take thou

Thine eldest,—thou, thy youngest born. Oh, flow
 Of tears never to cease ! Oh, Hope quite gone,
 Dead like the dead !—yet could they live alone—
 Without their Tiber and their Rome ? and be
 Young and Italian—and not also free ?
 They longed to see the ancient eagle try
 His lordly pinions in a modern sky.
 They bore—each on himself—the insults laid
 On the dear foster-land : of naught afraid,
 Save of not finding foes enough to dare
 For Italy. Ah, gallant, free, and rare
 Young martyrs of a sacred cause—Adieu !
 No more of life—no more of love—for you !
 No sweet long-straying in the star-lit glades
 At Ave-Mary, with the Italian maids ;
 No welcome home !

II.

This Garibaldi now, the Italian boys
 Go mad to hear him—take to dying—take
 To passion for “ the pure and high ; ”—God’s sake !
 It’s monstrous, horrible ! One sees quite clear
 Society—our charge—must shake with fear,
 And shriek for help, and call on us to act
 When there’s a hero, taken in the fact.
 If Light shines in the dark, there’s guilt in that !
 What’s viler than a lantern to a bat ?

III.

Your Garibaldi missed the mark ! You see
 The end of life’s to cheat, and not to be
 Cheated : The knave is nobler than the fool !
 Get all you can and keep it ! Life’s a pool,

The best luck wins ; if Virtue starves in rags,
 I laugh at Virtue ; here's my money-bags !
 Here's righteous metal ! We have kings, I say,
 To keep eash going, and the game at play ;
 There's why a king wants money—he'd be missed
 Without a fertilizing eivil list.

Do but try

The question with a steady moral eye !
 The eolonel strives to be a brigadier,
 The marshal, eonstable. Call the game fair,
 And pay your winners ! Show the trump, I say !
 A renegade's a rascal—till the day
 They make him Pasha : is he raseal then ?
 What with these sequins ? Bah ! you speak to Men,
 And Men want money—power—luck—life's joy—
 Those take who ean : we eould, and fobbed Savoy ;
 For those who live eontent with honest state,
 They're public pests ; knoeek we 'em on the pate !
 They set a vile example ! Quiek—arrest
 That Fool, who ruled and failed to line his nest.
 Just hit a bell, you'll see the elapper shake—
 Meddle with Priests, you'll find the barraek wake—
 Ah ! Princes know the People's a tight boot,
 Mareh 'em sometimes to be shot and to shoot,
 Then they'll wear easier. So let them preach
 The righteousness of howitzers ; and teach
 At the fag end of prayer : “ Now, slit their throats !
 My holy Zouaves ! my good yellow-eoats ! ”
 We like to see the Holy Father send
 Powder and steel and lead without an end,
 To feed Death fat ; and broken battles mend.
 So they !

IV.

But thou, our Hero, baffled, foiled,
 The Glorious Chief who vainly bled and toiled.

The trust of all the Peoples—Freedom's Knight !
 The Paladin unstained—the Sword of Right !
 What wilt thou do, whose land finds thee but gaols !
 The banished claim the banished ! deign to cheer
 The refuge of the homeless—enter here,
 And light upon our households dark will fall
 Even as thou enterest. Oh, Brother, all,
 Each one of us—hurt with thy sorrows' proof,
 Will make a country for thee of his roof.
 Come, sit with those who live as exiles learn :
 Come ! Thou whom kings could conquer but not yet turn.
 We'll talk of "Palermo"—"the Thousand" true,
 Will tell the tears of blood of France to you ;
 Then by his own great Sea we'll read, together,
 Old Homer in the quiet summer weather,
 And after, thou shalt go to thy desire,
 While that faint star of Justice grows to fire.

V.

Oh, Italy ! hail your Deliverer,
 Oh, Nations ! almost he gave Rome to her !
 Strong-arm and prophet-heart had all but come
 To win the city, and to make it "Rome."
 Calm, of the antique grandeur, ripe to be
 Named with the noblest of her history.
 He would have Romanized your Rome—controlled
 Her glory, lordships, gods, in a new mould.
 Her spirits' fervour would have melted in
 The hundred cities with her ; made a twin
 Vesuvius and the Capitol ; and blended
 Strong Juvenal's with the soul, tender and splendid,
 Of Dante—smelted old with new alloy—
 Stormed at the Titans' road full of bold joy
 Whereby men storm Olympus. Italy,
 Weep !—This man could have made one Rome of thee !

VI.

But the crime's wrought ! Who wrought it ?

Honest Man—

Priest Pius ? No ! Each does but what he can.
Yonder's the eriminal ! The warlike wight
Who hides behind the ranks of France to fight,
Greek Sinon's blood crossed thick with Judas-Jew's,
The Traitor who with smile which true men woos,
Lip mouthing pledges —hand grasping the knife—
Waylaid French Liberty, and took her life.
Kings, he is of you ! fit eompanion ! one
Whom day by day the lightning looks upon
Keen ; while the sentenced man triples his guard
And trembles ; for his hour approaches hard.
Ye ask me “ when ? ” I say *soon* ! Hear ye not
You muttering in the skies above the spot ?
Mark ye no eoming shadow, Kings ? the shroud
Of a great storm driving the thunder-cloud ?
Hark ! like the thief-eatcher who pulls the pin,
God's thunder asks *to speak to one within* !

VII.

And meanwhile this death-odour—this corpse-seent
Which makes the priestly incense redolent
Of rotting men, and the Te Deums stink—
Reeks through the forests—past the river's brink,
O'er wood and plain and mountain, till it fouls
Fair Paris in her pleasures ; then it prowls,
A deadly stench, to Crete, to Mexieo,
To Poland—wheresoe'er kings' armies go :
And Earth one Upas-tree of bitter sadness,
Opening vast blossoms of a bloody madness.
Throats cut by thousands—slain men by the ton !
Earth quite corpse-eumbered, though the half not done !

They lie, stretched out, where the blood-puddles soak,
Their black lips gaping with the last cry spoke.
"Stretched ;" nay ! *sown broadcast* ; yes, the word is "sown."
The fallows, Liberty—the harsh wind blown
Over the furrows, Fate : and these stark dead
Are grain sublime, from Death's cold fingers shed
To make the Abyss conceive ; the Future bear
More noble Heroes ! Swell, oh, Corpses dear !
Rot quick to the green blade of Freedom ! Death !
Do thy kind will with them ! They without breath,
Stripped, scattered, ragged, festering, slashed and blue,
Dangle towards God the arms French shot tore through
And wait in meekness, Death ! for Him and Yeu !

VIII.

Oh, France ! oh, People ! sleeping unabashed !
Liest thou like a hound when it was lashed ?
Thou liest ! thine own blood fouling both thy hands,
And on thy limbs the rust of iron bands,
And round thy wrists the cut where cords went deep.
Say did they numb thy soul, that thou didst sleep ?
Alas ! sad France is grown a cave for sleeping,
Which a worse night than Midnight holds in keeping,
Thou sleepest sottish—lost to life and fame—
While the stars stare on thee, and pale for shame.
Stir ! rouse thee ! Sit ! if thou know'st not to rise ;
Sit up, thou tortured sluggard ! ope thine eyes !
Stretch thy brawn, Giant ! Sleep is foul and vile !
Art fagged, art deaf, art dumb ? art blind this while ?
They lie who say so ! Thou dost know and feel
The things they do to thee and thine. The heel
That scratched thy neck in passing—whose ? Canst say ?
Yes, yes, 'twas *his*, and this is his *fête-day*.
Oh, thou that wert of humankind—couched so—
A beast of burden on this dunghill ! oh !

Bray to them, Mule ! Oh, Bullock ! bellow then !
Since they have made thee blind, grope in thy den !
Do something, Outcast One, that wast so grand !
Who knows if thou putt'st forth thy poor maimed hand,
There may be venging weapon within reach !
Feel with both hands—with both huge arms go stretch
Along the black wall of thy cellar. Nay,
There *may* be some odd thing hidden away !
Who knows—there *may* ! Those great hands might
 come
In course of ghastly fumble through the gloom,
Upon a sword—a *sword* ! The hands once clasp
Its hilt, must wield it with a Victor's grasp.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL POEMS.

THE POET IN REVOLUTION TIMES.

What! die without emptying my quiver, without piercing through, without trampling under foot, without kneading in their own mire, those executioners, vilifiers of law!—ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

“—THE wind drives far before it from the fields
The acorn fallen from the verdant tree ;
The mountain oak unto its passion yields ;
It drives the tossing skiff across the sea.
In youth thus we are onward scourged.
Be not by drunken folly urged,
The evils of the world to heap
On thine own sorrows. Let us keep
Guilty and victims, ruth for our own crimes,
Our tears for our own griefs in sorrow-stricken times !”

—What ! are they overbold, these songs I sing ?
And must we in these days of horror bide
Deaf to our brothers' cries, which round us ring ?
And suffer but for self ? for none beside ?
Ah no ! the poet, for their sakes
A willing exile, comfort makes
For sad and fettered human things.
Into their frenzied midst he flings
Himself, armed only with his glorious lyre,
As Orpheus into Hell, regardless of Hell's fire.

“—Your Orpheus for a moment ravished
The dead from torments of eternity ;
But thou, thou singest o'er the sinner's head
Hymns of remorse. Ah ! madman, what must be
The pride which carries thee away ?
And why should'st thou, who in the fray

Hast borne no part, step forth to be
 The judge ! Oh ! censor, scarcely free
 From childhood, let thy innocence grow old
 Ere thou believest in thy virtue overbold !”

—When erime, the pallid ghastly Python breaks,
 Unpunished, the law's restraining bands,
 The muse the form of vengeful fury takes,
 Apollo grasps his quiver in his hands !
 I trust in God who comforts me ;
 What fate may hold I cannot see,
 But though I know not what betide,
 My star I follow without pride ;
 The tempest which assaults the foaming waves
 May rend the sail, but yet that sail the pilot saves.

“—Bent on their own destruction all men haste !
 Nor will thy songs avail which useless rise.
 Why then wilt thou thy life's glad springtime waste,
 And with them wander far from smiling skies ?
 And wilt thou break the chain of fate,
 Thus leaving others desolate ?
 Or rooting up this life of thine,
 Those tendrils break which round it twine ?
 Hast thou no mother ? Oh, deluded youth !
 Oh ! poet, lov'st thou none ? On thine own self have ruth !”

—Well, if I perish, there is Heaven above,
 And earth-born passions shall endure on high.
 Ennobled is the soul by purest love,
 And who knows how to love, knows how to die.
 In times of tumult and unrest,
 When just men are by wrong oppress,
 The poet true must imitate
 The heroes he would celebrate ;
 And to their martyrdom must so aspire,
 That life for those who slay he has, for slain a lyre.

—“They say that poets in the days of old,
Who sang of times still dim with Future’s mist,
Could to th’ unquiet earth its fate unfold,
Since from afar its destinies they wist.
But for the world what can’st *thou* do?
Its awful night enwraps thee too.
The threatening heavens are clouded o’er,
And poet prophets are no more.
The muse is dumb and blind, nought knoweth she
Of the vast, solemn secrets of futurity.”

—The mortal consecrated by God’s kiss,
Inflamed with zeal towards the future goes.
It is by plunging into the abyss,
Its depths he fathoms and its darkness knows.
He girds himself for sacrifice;
Well knows he that for joys of vice
The innocent must e’er atone,
And pay for evil not his own,
And on his dying day a prophet he,
His scaffold is a shrine, his cell a sanctuary.

—“Didst thou not erst upon the borders fair
Of Abbas and Cosroës see the light
Beneath the cloudless skies and balmy air?
The myrtles and the aloes charmed thy sight;
There deaf to all those ills which make
Thy muse so troublous for their sake,
The poet sees the morn arise
With sun-kissed brow and smiling eyes;
And the dove dear to wisdom hastes to greet
Fair maidens where love whispers ’mid the blossoms
sweet!”

Let others in inglorious case remain,
But heavenly martyrdom shall be my choice,

And glory be my end. None can attain
 To this who hearkens unto pleasure's voice.
 The halcyon when the ocean growls
 Will mar his sweet untroubled rest,
 When eradled in the wave's calm breast ;
 But for the eaglet son of storms his flight
 He takes across the clouds towards the great sun's light.

IDA LEMON.

ABOVE THE BATTLE.

In a brief moment ean the hero fall
 From out his pride of place high-throned o'er all
 Earth's petty kings that shiver,
 Of all his glory and might discrown'd, ay, even
 Of that bright spell which seemed a dower of heaven—
 But his high heart keeps ever !

Thus, when the blast of battle doth enfold
 A banner bright, its azure, scarlet, gold,
 Adorned with glorious vallance,
 About th' ensanguined field lies scatterèd,
 Torn fiercely asunder shred by glittering shred,
 As by a vulture's talons.

What matter ! O'er the ghastly strife that streams
 Higher and thither, wild with fire, smoke, screams,
 Of aspect ealm and regal,
 High on the staff—last sight of warriors dying—
 Whence late the last proud purple rags were flying,
 Still stands the brazen eagle !

N. R. TYERMAN.

ART AND THE PEOPLE.

I.

ART, 'tis a glory, a delight ;
I' the tempest it holds fire-flight,
 It irradiates the deep blue sky.
Art, splendour infinite,
On the brow of the People doth sit,
 As a star in God's heaven most high.

Art, 'tis a broad-flowered plain,
Where Peace holds belovèd reign ;
 'Tis the passionate unison
Of music the city hath made
With the country, the man with the maid,
 All sweet songs made perfect in one !

Art, 'tis Humanity's thought,
Which shatters chains century-wrought !
 Art, 'tis the conqueror sweet !
Unto Art, each world-river, each sea !
Slave-People, 'tis Art makes free ;
 Free People, 'tis Art makes great !

II.

O chivalrous France, without cease
Chant loudly thy hymn of peace,—
 Chant, with eyes fixed on the sky !
Thy joyous voice and profound
Through the slumbering world doth resound . . .
 O noble People, chant high !

True People, chant gladly the dawn !
At even raise song as at morn !
 After labour sweet singing should be.

Laugh for the century o'erthrown !
Sing love in a tender tone,
And loudlier chant Liberty !

Chant Italy sacred and sweet,
Poor Poland, slain sons at her feet,
Naples, whose heart-blood outpours,
Hungary, the Russian's base vaunt . . .—
O tyrants ! the People doth chant
Even as the lion roars !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE EXILE'S CHOICE.

SINCE Justice slumbers in the abyss,
Since the Crime's crowned with despotism,
Since all most upright souls are smitten,
Since proudest souls are bowed for shame,
Since on the wall in lines of flame
My country's dark dishonour's written ;

O grand Republic of our sires,
Pantheon filled with sacred fires,
In the free azure golden dome,
Temple with Shades immortal thronged,
Since thus thy glory they have wronged,
With "Empire" staining Freedom's home ;

Since in my country each soul born
Is base ; since there are laughed to scorn
The true, the pure, the great, the brave,
The indignant eyes of history,
Honour, law, right, and liberty,
And those,—alas !—within the grave ;

Solitude, exile! I love them!
Sorrow, be thou my diadem!
Poverty love I,—for 'tis pride!
My rugged home winds beat upon;
And even that awful Statue wan
Aye seated silent by my side.

I love the woe that proves me strong;
That shadow of fate which all ye throng;
O ye to whom high hearts aye bow,—
Faith, Virtue veiled, stern Dignity,
And thou, proud Exile, Liberty,
And, nobler yet, Devotion, thou!

I love this islet lonely, bold,
Jersey, wherever England's old
Free banner doth the storm-blast brave;
Yon darkling ocean's ebb and flow,
Its vessels, each a wandering plough,
Whose mystic furrow is the wave.

I love thy gull, with snowy wing
In pearls to the wind blithe scattering,
O ocean vast, thy sunny spray;
Who darts beneath huge billows gaping,
Soon from those monstrous throats escaping
As a soul from sorrow flits away!

I love the rock—how solemn, stern!
Thence harkening aye the plaint eterne
On the wild air around me shed,
Ever the sullen night outpours,—
Of waves that sob on sombre shores,
Of mothers mourning children dead!

THE IMPERIAL MANTLE.¹

O YE whose labour is bliss alway,
Blithe-wingèd ones who have for prey
But odorous breaths of azure skies,
Who, ere December come, far flee,
Sweet thieves of sweetest blooms, O ye
Who bear to men the honey prize ;

Chaste sippers of the morning dew,
Who visit 'neath noon's amorous blue
The lily glowing like a star,—
Fond sisters of May's flowerets bright,
Bees, blithesome daughters of the light,
From that foul mantle flit afar !

Winged warriors, rush upon that man !
O busy toilers, noble clan,
For duty and virtue arduous,
With golden wings, keen darts of flame,
Swarm round that dull foul thing of shame,
And hiss :—" For what hast taken us ?

"Accurst ! We are the honey-bees !
Our hives the pride of cottages,
From homeliest flowers our sweetest sips !
Though oft, what time warm June discloses
For love of us his loveliest roses,
We're fain to alight on Plato's lips !

"What's born of mire to mire's inclined.
Go, in his lair Tiberius find,
Charles neuf his balcony upon.
Go, go, Hymettus' bees scarce grace
Your purple, there behoves you place
The black foul swarm of Montfaucon !"

¹ Referring to Napoleon III.'s taking the bee as a badge.

And all together sting him there,—
 O tiny warriors of the air,
 Sting blind this traitor soulless, base ;
 Upon him swarm from far and near,
 And, since the men of Francee have fear,
 Let bees of Francee the monster chase !

N. R. TYERMAN.

SEA-SONG OF THE EXILES.

DEAR land, farewell !
 Waves surge and swell.
 Dear land, farewell,—
 Blue sky !

Farewell, white Cot, whence the ripe grapes fall,
 Gold blooms that bask on the mossy wall !

Dear land, farewell !
 Plain, valley, and hill !
 Dear land, farewell,—
 Blue sky !

Dear land, farewell !
 Waves surge and swell.
 Dear land, farewell,—
 Blue sky !

Farewell, Betrothed with the pure pale brow ;
 'Neath sombre heaven dark billows we plough.

Dear land, farewell !
 In thee our loves dwell ;
 Dear land, farewell,—
 Blue sky !

Dear land, farewell !
 Waves surge and swell.
 Dear land, farewell,—
 Blue sky !

Our eyes, whose tears all brightness blot,
 Leave the dark wave for a darker lot !

Dear land, farewell !
 In our heart's a knell.
 Dear land, farewell,—
 Blue sky !

N. R. TYERMAN.

HYMN OF THE TRANSPORTED.

LET us pray ! Lo, the shadow serene !
 God, toward Thee our arms are upraised and our eyes.
 They who proffer Thee here their tears and their chain
 Are the most sorrowful Thy sorrow tries.
 Most honour have they being possessed of most pain.

Let us suffer ! The crime will take flight.
 Birds passing,—our cottages !
 Winds passing,—on weary knees
 Mothers, sisters, weep there day and night !
 Winds, tell them our miseries !
 Birds, bear our heart's love to their sight !

Our thought is uplifted to Thee,
 God ! The proscribed we beseech Thee forget,
 But give back her old glory to France whom we see
 Shame-smitten ; ay ! slay us, us sorrow-beset,
 Whom hot day but consigns to chill night's agony !

Let us suffer ! The crime—

As a bowman striketh a mark,
 The fierce sun smites us with shafts of fire ;
 After dire day-labour, no sleep in night dark ;
 The bat that takes wing from the marish-mire,—
 Fever,—flaps noiseless our brows—and leaves stark.

Let us suffer ! The crime—

Athirst ! The scant water-drop burns !
 An-hungered !—black bread ! work, work, ye accurst !
 At each stroke of the pick wild laughter returns
 Loud-echoèd ; lo, from the soil Death hath burst,
 Round a man folds arms, and to sleep anew turns.

Let us suffer ! The crime—

What matters it ! Nothing can tame
 Us ; we are tortured and we are content.
 And we thank high God toward Whom like flame
 Our hymn burneth, that unto us suffering is sent,
 When all they that endure not suffering bear shame.

Let us suffer ! The crime—

Live the Republic world-great !
 Peace to the vast mysterious even !
 Peace to the dead sweet slumber doth sate !
 To wan ocean peace, that blends beneath heaven
 Africa's sob with Cayenne's wail of hate !

Let us suffer ! The crime will take flight.
 Birds passing,—our cottages !
 Winds passing,—on weary knees
 Mothers, sisters, weep there day and night !
 Winds, tell them our miseries !
 Birds, bear our heart's love to their sight !

N. R. TYERMAN.

AN EXILE'S DEATH.

OF what does this poor exile dream ?
 His garden-plot, his dewy mead,
 Perchance his tools, perchance his team,—
 But ever of murdered France indeed :
 Her memory makes his sad heart bleed.

While those that slew her clutch their pay,
The exile pleads with bitter cry :
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

The workman sees his workshop still,
And the poor peasant his loved cot ;
Sweet homely flowers on the window-sill,
Or the bright hearth (when flowers bloom not)
Smiling on all things unforgot,—
E'en flickering on that nook whence aye
His grandam's bed erst met his eye.
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

In springtime swarm the honey-bees ;
Pert sparrows, quick heaven's gifts to share,
Blithe 'mong the barley-crop one sees ;
Sad little rogues, *sans* thought or care
They rob, as though they eagles were.
An old-world chateau, ivied, gray,
Crumbles the snug farm-stead anigh :
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

With file and mallet one can live
And keep one's wife and youngsters bright ;
One works from faintest dawn till eve,
And in the toil finds true delight.
O sacred labour ! life and light !
Our fathers toiled till, wearied, they
Resigned the tools with a smile or sigh.
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

On holidays, the artizan,
His tools and cares all cheerily stowing,
Singing brave songs which bless or ban,

Cap jaunty on brow, blouse loosely flowing,
Forth to some festal haunt is going.
One eats a rabbit (so they say !)
And quaffs sour wine of Hungary.
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

On Sundays aye the peasant strong
Sings out for Jeanne or Jacqueline :
“ Now, sweetheart, quickly come along —
I warrant me, with ribbons fine,—
To dance on the hill till stars bright shine.”
The sabot hath a tricky way
Of making music in July.
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

Mournfully aye the exiles muse,
With spirit, alas! nigh broken down.
Still they regard the darkling yews
That on green peaceful graves still frown.
One dreams of Germany, and one
Of poor bruised Poland, hapless prey,
And one of beauteous Italy.
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

An exile, tired of hopeless pain,
Lay dying ; calm, scarce sad looked he.
“ Why die ? ” I gently asked him then.
He answered : “ Is life sweet to thee ? ”
Then smiled : “ I shall at length be free !
Farewell, I die. O France, for aye
Thee shall the tyrant crucify ? ”
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

" I die, because I see no longer
 The fields, erewhile the world to me.
 I die, because I hear no longer
 The birds, my whole world's melody.
 My soul is where I cannot be.
 'Twixt four rough planks my body lay,
 And bury me . . . I care not, I !"
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

N. R. TYERMAN.

SUNRISE.

Four times there are, when nations spiritless
 Throw honour away
 For tinsel glory ; to base happiness
 A mournful prey.

Then from the nations, fain of lustful rest,
 Dull slavery's dreams,
 All virtue ebbs, as from a sponge tight-pressed
 Clear water streams.

Then men, to vice and folly docile slaves,
 Aye lowly-inclined,
 Ape the vile fearful reed that stoops and waves
 For every wind.

Then feasts and kisses ; nought that saith the soul
 Stirs shame or dread ;
 One drinks, one eats, one sings, one skips,—is foul
 And comforted.

Crime, ministered to by loathsome lackeys, reigns ;
 Yea, 'neath God's fires
 Laughs ; and ye shiver, sombre dread remains
 Of glorious sires.

All life seems foul, with vice intoxicate,
 Aye thus to be :—
 Sudden a elarion unto all winds elate
 Peals *Liberty* !

And the dull world, whose soul this blast doth smite,
 Is like to one .
 Drunken all night, upstaggering 'neath the light
 O' the risen sun !

N. R. TYERMAN.

LUX.

I.

O FUTURE ! Fair vision of light !
 The nations win free of the night,
 The desert is all passed o'er.
 After the sand-drifts, the plains ;
 And earth is a bride in love-chains,—
 'Tis man they are suffered for !

Even now the uplifted eye
 Sees clearly fair dreams float by
 Which one day shall shine and not move :
 For God will cast off the chain-weight,
 For the past hath a fell name,—Hate !
 But the name of the future is Love !

Even now through our darkling woes
 The bride-blush of the Peoples glows ;
 'Mid our sombre branches takes wing
 —Like a hornet, glad dawn awakes—
 Progress, the bee ; and the brakes
 Yield honey for them that shall sing.

Oh, behold ! the deep night is drunk up.
O'er the world which hath shattered the cup
 Empoisoned, of Cæsars, of kings,—
O'er rapt, proud nations made bright
For marriage, in azure light
 Peace spreads her vast, steadfast wings.

O free France, arisen at last !
O robe unstained with the past !
 O glad for the sorrowful hours !
A sound as of loved labour stirs,
The sweet heaven smiles, and one hears
 New song-notes from hawthorn bowers !

Rust gnaws the stern arms of old war.
Of your cannons with thunderous roar,
 Great captains, scarce so much remains
As might serve as a cup to fill
For a bird with bright eager bill
 With the sparkling feast of clear rain s.

Revenge bear here no part ;
Every true heart-thought, every heart,
 That the same beat hath, the same word,
Make one only consummate sheaf—
God takes to bind this with a wreath
 Of the disused tocsin the cord.

In the depth of the heavens a star
Behold, it gains glory afar,
 Comes nearer,—bright station hath won !
O Republic, great mother of all,
Though now but a spark so small,
 Soon, soon, thou'lt out-dazzle the sun !

.

O exiles ! True men whom fate tries,
My comrades so valiant and true,
Ofttimes, near the fountains that rise,
I have chanted this song unto you.

Ofttimes, having hearkened my song,
You have said to me : " Take thy hope hence !
We are they that endure the world-wrong ;
More black than the thunder-cloud dense.

" What may it teach us, this night ?
That the just bears the chastisement !—
That virtue is roused, and her sight
On the God of yon heaven is bent.

" God hides, and the darkness is here,
Alas ! and foul crime is enthroned :
She, sceing whom heaven holds dear,
Whom smites, hath loud pæans entoned.

" To us all unknown are His ways.
How may this God of the nations
Gather such manifold praise
From such manifold desolations !

" His workings seem not at one
With the hope that once shone in His eyes. . . ."
But who then, my brothers, hath won
The secret of Him in the skies ?

Who then hath traversed wide space,
The water, the air, fire, the sod,
And the region where spirits embrace ?
Who can say : " I have seen High God !

" I have seen Jehovah ! His name
I know ; He hath filled me with fires !
I know how He fashioned man's frame,
And all breathing things He inspires.

"I have seen that vast Hand unknown
Which opens and leaves winter free,
With the thunders deep in the cloud-zone,
And the tempest upon the loud sea,

"Stretch and bow the vast, livid night ;
Wake to life an immortal soul ;
Support in the Void the fixed might
Of the star-burthened uttermost pole ;

"Lead silent the fateful hour ;
To the feast of the rose-crowned king
The black guest, Death, without flower,
Without song, without welcome, bring ;

"Weave deftly the spider's net,
Ripen the fruit, paint the flower,
Lead the hosts of the star-worlds, and yet
Lose not one, at the twilight hour ;

"Stay the brimmed wave at the shore ;
With roses make June beautiful ;
Time, living water, outpour
From eternity's urns ever full ;

"By a breath, with its every star,
Make in its mightiness
Shiver vast heaven afar,
As a shepherd's tent with wind-stress ;

"Link light to bright light in the skies
With countless invisible chains. . . .
All things I have seen with mine eyes,
Unknown to me nothing remains !"

Who can say that ? Not one.
In our soul night, night in our eyes !
A vain breath is man, soon done—
God communes alone in His skies.

.

O doubt not ! Have faith ! Not yet is the close.
Let us wait. Of kings, as of panthers, God knows
How to shatter the wild-beast fang.
He but proves us, my friends ! Have faith, be ye calm,
And press forward ! O desert, cool spreads your green palm,
Though 'tis smit with the dire noon-pang !

Because He doth not his whole work in an hour,—
To the jesuit gives Jesus, gives Rome to the power
Of the priest, the good to the ill,
We should therefore despair ? Of Him, the Vast Just !
No, no ! He alone hath the harvest in trust
Who alone hath the seed-time at will.

Oh, is not He stedfast ? Oh, is not He sure ?
This world, whercon ever our blind souls pore,
Doth He fill not from depth to height ?
What *we* call wisdom is vanity ;
Before His face all the shadows shall flee,—
His countenance veiled with light.

Doth He see not huge snakes on their bellies creep ?
Scans He not even to their deepest deep
The caves of the highest height ?
Doth He know not the hour when the crane lifts wing ;
And, O tiger, thy crouching,—O tiger, thy spring,—
And, O lion, thy lair in the night ?

Answer, O swallow,—gold eagle, with song
In the rush of thy wings, by His breath borne along
Are ye not ? Stag, art fleet Him to flee ?
Shy fox, see you not His bright eyes in the brake ?
Lean wolf, when you feel in the dark a bush shake,
Do you tremble not, saying—" 'Tis He ! "

Since He knoweth all this ; since o'er all He hath power ;
Since effect from each cause, as the fruit from the flower,
His fingers resistless aye draw ;

Since the worm He hath set in the bark of the tree,
 Since He makes in the night-wind proud columns to be
 As feeble as wisps of dry straw ;

Since He smites ocean vast like a bellowing beast ;
 Since He is the seer, while man ne'er hath ceased
 To grope in the darkness, stone-blind ;
 Since His arm is earth's pillar, and since in fire-flight
 The fierce comet far-flickers, as even in midnight
 A torch blown upon by the wind ;

Since the wan night has knowledge,—ay ! since the dense shade
 Beholds blooming beauteous the star He hath made,—
 Shall *we* alone doubt that He sees ?
 We, steadfast and pure, in our agony proud,
 Stiff-backèd alway to the foul tyrant-crowd,
 And only for Him on our knees !

More nobly let's think. Full bitter our days ;
 But when our weak hands through the dark we upraise,
 Feel we not a Hand, succouring, strong ?
 Since we walked, bowed down in this martyr-shade,
 Have we heard not oft One behind us Who said :
 " Go forward, the night is not long."

O exiles, the future's the People's ! Peace, light,
 And liberty, throned as on chariots fire-bright
 Will flash through the path of the skies :
 This crime triumphant is smoke, and but seems ;
 I swear it to you,— I, the dreamer who dreams
 'Neath God's heaven with lifted eyes.

Than the proud sea-waves they are prouder, these kings ;
 But lo, God saith ! " In their nostrils my rings
 I will put, and my bit 'twixt loud lips ;
 I will chariot them, in tameness or strife,—
 Them and their harlots, their players o' the fife,—
 In the shadow, my death-eclipse ! "

God speaks : and the rock where they planted their throne
Crumbles ; and lo ! as a breath they are strown

With less sound than leaves torn from the trees.

O wind, wild wind ! that art rattling our doors,

Say, is it thou that dost bear them—all yours

Is the sorry burthen of these ?

.

O Exiles, so fair is earth's destiny !

The waves of night borne backward shall be

By the billows resistless of day ;

No foam shall remain of them, never again

Shall storm with their bitterness earth's shore stain—

Ebbd are they forever and aye !

Not only o'er Franee shall the Glory-star shine,

But on all the nations ; not one shall repine

In the fetters of slavery.

Released for aye from his darkling doom,

Driven out erst by night, to his home shall come,

'Neath the dawn-star, Humanity.

Like meteors fire-fed with the breath of night,

All tyrants shall perish at birth of light,

And lo ! in their stead, fair-fixt

In heaven which eloudless o'er earth shall brood,

Two suns shall we see—man's brotherhood,

And the brotherhood of Christ !

Yes, to all I repeat it, to all I declare,

—O clarion of song bear this truth through the air !—

All strife upon earth shall cease.

For war is a seourge only brandished of Kings ;

And Kings are no more ; while Freedom spreads wings,

And one is called Love, one Peace.

O'er all earth to the uttermost isle of the sea,

Lo ! the saered boughs of life's loveliest tree,

Progress, outspread to the light !

Boon heaven fosters its branches alway,
 Fulfilled with the shining of doves all day,
 With the burning of stars all night.

And we shall be dead—dead, haply, as now !
 But, O brothers, O martyrs, then shall we not know
 The sun sees on earth no slave !
 While Life's Tree towers above us with flower and fruit,
 Shall we wake not to set one faint kiss on its root
 That draws life from us even in the grave !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE REGIMENT OF BARON MADRUCE.

WHEN the regiment of the halberdiers
 Is proudly marching by,
 The eagle of the mountain screams
 From out his stormy sky ;
 Who speaketh to the precipice,
 And to the chasm sheer ;
 Who hovers o'er the thrones of kings,
 And bids the caitiffs fear.
 King of the peak and glacier,
 King of the cold, white scalps,
 He lifts his head, at that close tread,
 The eagle of the Alps.

Oh shame ! those men that march below !
 Oh ignominy dire !
 Are the sons of my free mountains
 Sold for imperial hire ?
 Ah ! the vilest in the dungeon,
 Ah ! the slave upon the seas
 Is great, is pure, is glorious,
 Is grand, compared with these,

Who, born amid my holy rocks
In solemn places high,
Where the tall pines bend like rushes
When the storm goes sweeping by,
Yet give the strength of foot they learn'd
By perilous path and flood,
And from their blue-eyed mothers won
The old, mysterious blood ;
The daring that the good south wind
Into their nostrils blew,
And the proud swelling of the heart
With each pure breath they drew ;
The graces of the mountain glens
With flowers in summer gay,
And all the glories of the hills—
To earn a lackey's pay.

Their country free and joyous—
She of the rugged sides—
She of the rough peaks arrogant,
Whereon the tempest rides ;
Mother of the unconquer'd thought,
And of the savage form ;
Who brings out of her sturdy heart
The hero and the storm ;
Who giveth freedom unto man,
And life unto the beast ;
Who hears her silver torrents ring
Like joy-bells at a feast ;
Who hath her caves for palaces,
And where her châteaux stand—
The proud, old archer of Altorf,
With his good bow in his hand.

Is she to suckle jailers ?
Shall shame and glory rest
Amid her lakes and mountains,
Like twins upon her breast ?

Shall the two-headed eagle,
 Marked with her double blow,
 Drink of her milk through all those hearts
 Whose blood he bids to flow ?

* * * * *

Say, was it pomp ye needed,
 And all the proud array
 (Of courtliness and high parade)
 Upon a gala day ?
 Look up ; have not my valleys
 Their torrents white with foam,
 Their lines of silver bullion
 On the green hills of home ?
 Doth not sweet May embroider
 My rocks with pearls and flow'rs,
 Her fingers trace a richer lace
 Than yours in all my bowers ?

Are not my old peaks gilded
 When the sun rises proud,
 And each one shakes a white mist plume
 Out of the thunder-cloud ?
 O, neighbour of the golden sky,
 Sons of the mountain sod,
 Why wear a base king's colours
 For the livery of God ?
 O shame ! despair ! to see my Alps
 Their giant shadows fling
 Into the very waiting-room
 Of tyrant and of king !

O thou deep heaven, unsullied yet,
 Into thy gulfs sublime,
 Up azure tracts of flaming light—
 Let my free spirit climb ;

Till from my sight, in that clear light,
Earth and her crimes be gone,
The men who act the evil deeds,
The caitiffs who look on,
Far, far into that space immense,
Beyond the vast white veil,
Where distant stars come out and shine
And the great sun grows pale.

BP. ALEXANDER.

THE SORTIE.

THE chill dawn glimmered, wan for night's defeat.
A troop defiled in order through the street ;
I followed, by that rumour vast drawn on
Of men's feet trampling in strong unison.
Citizens were they marching for the fight ;
Pure Warriors ! In the ranks, less as to height,
But by the heart compeer, the child with pride
Held by the hand his father, by whose side,
Bearing her husband's rifle, marched the wife.
Still, as of yore, our Gallic girls in strife
Are proud their warriors' glittering arms to bear,
If one beard Cæsar, or brave Attila.
What next ? The child laughs ; those dark eyes of yours,
Mother, are dry. Paris defeat endures,
But all her children are on this agreed,
That, save by shame, no people's shamed indeed,
That their dead sires will blush not, come what may,
So Paris die that France may live for aye.
Honour we keep ; for the rest we care not, we—
So forward ! On pale brows inscribed we see,
'Bove eyes aflame, Faith, Courage, and Starvation.
Onward these warriors of a glorious nation
March, 'neath her banner, torn, but undefiled :
With the battalion mingle wife and child,

To leave it only at the city-gates.
 These men devoted, and their warrior-mates
 Sing. Paris bleeds for the whole human race.
 An ambulance passes ; of all tyrants base
 One muses, whose least whim makes rivers red
 Flow from out veins of victor and vanquishèd.
 The hour draws nigh ; to the sortie drums beat,
 While troops high-hearted pour from street on street ;
 All hasten ; to the leaguer woe this morn !
 Ambushes !—but all snares one holds in scorn,
 Knowing the valiant, vanquished thus, acclaimed
 Glorious of all men, while the victor's shamed.
 At th' walls they arrive ; concentrate ; suddenly
 Adrift on the wind a wreath of smoke we see ;
 Halt ! 'Tis the signal-gun ! Another ! lo,
 Through massed battalions runs a mighty throe !
 The moment's come ; the gates are opened wide ;
 Trumpets, speak loud ! yon low green plains divide
 From us the woods where lurks the foe unseen ;
 The horizon stretcheth motionless, serene,
 Slumberous, insidious, with dire flames replete.
 Listen, low words—"Adieu !—my rifle, sweet !" . . .
 And wives, heart-broken, brow where nought's amiss,
 Give up the rifles, saered with Love's kiss.

N. R. TYERMAN.

MY HAPPIEST DREAM.

I LOVE to watch in fancy, to some soft dreamy strain,
 A choir of lovely virgins issuing angel-calm,
 Veiled all in white, at even, from some old shadowy fane ;
 In hand—a palm !
 A dream which in my darkest hours doth aye beguile
 Is this : a group of children, ere they seek repose,
 Merrily dancing ; on each rosebud mouth a smile,
 Each brow—a rose !

Haply a dream yet sweeter, that yields yet more delight,

Is of a radiant girl, who, betwixt joy and fear,
Dreameth of Love, not knowing, beneath God's stars love-bright ;
In eye—a tear !

Another vision which doth lend my sorrow ease :

Lo, Marguerite and Jeanne, like birds at evening
Flitting across the lawn, across the shadowy leas ;
Each foot—a wing !

But of all dreams whereon I gaze with pensive eyes,

This to my poet-soul most pleasure doth afford :
A tyrant stretched beneath God's awful starlit skies ;
In heart—a sword !

A sword ; but never a dagger ! Poet, thy right
Is, 'neath the broad blue sky, a fair free fight,
Where, face to face, and foot to foot, and breast
To breast, thou stand'st—and leav'st to God the rest.
Thou Justice' champion (*he*, the chos'n of hell !)
In the sun's eye cross falchions, and smite well ;
Thy sword-clang ringing true as even thy song.
So, if yet once again Right fall 'neath Wrong,
Right's warrior, mingling with death's shadowy bands,
Find Bayard and the Cid with outstretched hands.

N. R. TYERMAN.

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

THANKSGIVING.

My bark thou bring'st to port, safe from the stormy main,
My branches well-nigh dead have budded forth again ;
I bless and thank Thee, Lord, for that life-giving breath,
Which kindled up the flame so nearly quenched in death.

An eaglet in its nest, on me the tempest broke,
A helpless fledgling then I fell from topmost branch of oak ;
Dire sorrow's laws from earliest years I knew,
As sailing in my cot o'er stormy seas I flew.

For me life's lessons hard were learnt in childhood's hours,
Though lightning's flash from heaven will always spare the flowers.
A child without defence is heaven's especial care,
The bitterness of tears it ne'er should have to bear.

Youth promised me with smiles, but promising it lied,
A future full of love, of glory, and of pride ;
But when my heart pursued these dreams so fair and bright,
I woke to find myself encoffined in dark night.

From home and brethren then an exile lone I fled,
Calm, for my sorrow deep on no remorse was fed.
I followed then from far each sad funereal train,
Thinking the orphan's cry might wake the dead again.

Turning my eyes to heaven, I crossed the deep abyss,
Grieving to think that cruel fate had stolen all my bliss ;
From out my inmost thought the flame kept rising higher,
And settled on my brow in burning tongues of fire.

Of Patmos' isle in ecstasy I learned the fear and dread,
Which now before, and now behind, over my spirit spread.

My soul in truth was sad, my songs, once my delight,
Resembled now the voice of those that weep by night.

I saw without a sigh my happiness depart ;
O Lord, I felt condemned to weariness of heart.
Along the desert path, I wandered all forlorn,
And yet I never cursed the day when I was born.

This is the truth which now to all the world I tell:
Emptied of self, I longed that I in heaven might dwell.
Praise God ! When bleats the sheep, the lamb comes straightway
home ;

I call upon my Lord, and lo, my Lord is come.

To me He said, "My law can never heavy be
To thee, who in My steps dost follow faithfully.
Amongst the happy ones a bright robe thou shalt wear,
And wash thine hands from stain in innocency there.

My life obscure from far I offer not to thee,
But in eternal light reflected thou shalt see
Of heavenly wisdom's course the pure and brilliant ray,
Brightening and shining more unto the perfect day."

An angel spreading now his wings above my heart,
Said, "Orphan nevermore, but a dear friend thou art."
Each hour of every day by his side shines so bright,
That now the yoke is easy, and now the burden's light.

CHARLES MATTHEW, M.A.

PRAYER.

To prayer, my child ! and O, be thy first prayer
For her who, many nights, with anxious care,
Rocked thy first cradle ; who took thy infant soul
From heaven and gave it to the world ; then rife
With love, still drank herself the gall of life,
And left for thy young lips the honied bowl.

And then—I need it more—then pray for me !
For she is gentle, artless, true like thee ;—

She has a guileless heart, brow placid still ;
Pity she has for all, envy for none ;
Gentle and wise, she patiently lives on ;
And she endures, nor knows who does the ill.

In culling flowers, her novice hand has ne'er
Touched e'en the outer rind of vice ; no snare

With smiling show has lured her steps aside :
On her the past has left no staining mark ;
Nor knows she aught of those bad thoughts which, dark,
Like shade on waters, o'er the spirit glide.

She knows not—nor mayst thou—the miseries
In which our spirits mingle : vanities,

Remorse, soul-gnawing cares, Pleasure's false show,
Passions which float upon the heart like foam,
Bitter remembrances which o'er us come,

And Shame's red spot spread sudden o'er the brow.

I know life better ! when thou'rt older grown
I'll tell thee—it is needful to be known—

Of the pursuit of wealth—art, power ; the cost,
That it is folly, nothingness : that shame
For glory is oft thrown us in the game

Of Fortune ; chances where the soul is lost.

The soul will change. Although of everything
The cause and end be clear, yet wildering

We roam through life (of vice and error full).
We wander as we go ; we feel the load
Of doubt ; and to the briars upon the road

Man leaves his virtue, as the sheep its wool.

Then go, go pray for me ! And as the prayer
Gushes in words, be this the form they bear :—

“ Lord, Lord, our Father ! God, my prayer attend ;

Pardon ! Thou art good ! Pardon—Thou art great !”
 Let them go freely forth, fear not their fate !
 Where thy soul sends them, thitherward they tend.

There's nothing here below which does not find
 Its tendency. O'er plains the rivers wind,
 And reach the sea ; the bee, by instinct driven,
 Finds out the honied flowers ; the eagle flies
 To seek the sun ; the vulture, where death lies ;
 The swallow to the spring ; the prayer to Heaven !

And when thy voice is raised to God for me,
 I'm like the slave whom in the vale we see
 Seated to rest, his heavy load laid by ;
 I feel refreshed—the load of faults and woe
 Which, groaning, I drag with me as I go,
 Thy wingéd prayer bears off rejoicingly !

Pray for thy father ! that his dreams be bright
 With visitings of angel forms of light,
 And his soul burn as incense flaming wide.
 Let thy pure breath all his dark sins efface,
 So that his heart be like that holy place,
 An altar pavement each eve purified !

C., Tait's Magazine

THE MORROW OF GREATNESS.

SIRE, beware ! the future's range
 Is of God alone the power,
 Naught below but augurs change,
 E'en with ev'ry passing hour.
 Future ! mighty mystery !
 All the earthly goods that be,
 Fortune, glory, war's renown,
 King or Kaiser's sparkling crown,

Victory, with her burning wings,
Proud ambition's covetings,—

These may our grasp no more detain
Than the free bird who doth alight
Upon our roof, and takes its flight
High into air again.

Nor smile, nor tear, nor haughtiest lord's command,
Avails t' unclasp the cold and closed hand.

Thy voice to disenthral,
Dumb phantom, shadow ever at our side !
Veiled spectre, journeying with us stride for stride,
Whom men "To-morrow" call.

Oh, to-morrow ! who may dare
Its realities to scan ?

God to-morrow brings to bear

What to-day is sown by man.
'Tis the lightning in its shroud,
'Tis the star-concealing cloud,
Traitor, 'tis his purpose showing,
Engine, lofty tow'rs o'erthrowing,
Wand'ring star, its region changing,
"Lady of kingdoms," ever ranging.

To-morrow ! 'Tis the rude display
Of the throne's framework, blank and cold,
That, rich with velvet, bright with gold,
Dazzles the eye to-day.

To-morrow ! 'tis the foaming war-horse falling ;
To-morrow ! thy victorious march appalling,

'Tis the red fires from Moscow's tow'rs that wave ;
'Tis thine Old Guard strewing the Belgian plain ;
'Tis the lone island in th' Atlantic main ;

To-morrow ! 'tis the grave !
Into capitals subdued
Thou mayst ride with gallant rein,
Cut the knots of civil feud
With the trenchant steel in twain ;

With thine edicts barricade
 Haughty Thames' o'er-freighted trade ;
 Fickle Victory's self enthral,
 Captive to thy trumpet eall ;
 Burst the stoutest gates asunder ;
 Leave the names of brightest wonder,
 Pale and dim, behind thee far ;
 And to exhaustless armies yield
 Thy glancing spur,—o'er Europe's field
 A glory-guiding star.

God guards duration, if lends space to thee,
 Thou mayst o'er range mundane immensity,
 Rise high as human head can rise sublime,
 Snatch Europe from the stamp of Charlemagne,
 Asia from Mahomet ; but never gain
 Power o'er the Morrow from the Lord of Time !

Fraser's Magazine.

TRUST IN GOD.

CHILD, even this day, trust ! And to-morrow have faith,
 And on all to-morrows ! The darkness grows less.
 Trust ! And each day when first gleams the dawn-breath,
 Awake thou to pray ; God is wakeful to bless !

Our sin, my poor child, hath occasioned our pain.

Perchance, if thou stay a brief while on thy knees,
 Having blest the pure dawn and *thee*, God may deign
 In His mercy to look even on night and on us !

N. R. TYERMAN

CHARITY.

"Lo ! I am Charity," she cries,
 "Who waketh up before the day ;
 While yet asleep all nature lies,
 God bids me rise and go my way."

How fair her glorious features shine,
Whereon the hand of God hath set
An angel's attributes divine,
With all a woman's sweetness met.

Above the old man's couch of woe
She bows her forehead, pure and even.
There's nothing fairer here below,
There's nothing grander up in heaven,

Than when caressingly she stands
(The cold hearts wakening 'gain their beat),
And holds within her holy hands
The little children's naked feet.

To every den of want and toil
She goes, and leaves the poorest fed ;
Leaves wine and bread, and genial oil,
And hopes that blossom in her tread ;

And fire, too, beautiful bright fire,
That mocks the glowing dawn begun,
Where, having set the blind old sire,
He dreams he's sitting in the sun.

Then, over all the earth she runs,
And seeks in the cold mists of life
Those poor forsaken little ones
Who droop and weary in the strife.

Ah, most her heart is stirred for them
Whose foreheads, wrapped in mists obscure,
Still wear a triple diadem—
The young, the innocent, the poor.

And they are better far than we,
And she bestows a worthier meed ;
For, with the loaf of charity,
She gives the kiss that children need.

She gives, and while they wondering eat
The tear-steeped bread by love supplied,
She stretches round them in the street
Her arm that passers push aside.

If, with raised head and step alert,
She sees the rich man stalking by,
She touches his embroidered skirt,
And gently shows him where they lie.

She begs for them of careless crowd
Of earnest brows and narrow hearts,
That when it hears her cry aloud,
Turns like the ebb-tide and departs.

O miserable he who sings
Some strain impure, whose numbers fall
Along the cruel wind that brings
Death to some child beneath his wall.

O strange and sad and fatal thing,
When, in the rich man's gorgeous hall,
The huge fire on the hearth doth fling
A light on some great festival,

To see the drunkard smile in state,
In purple wrapt, with myrtle crowned,
While Jesus lieth at the gate
With only rags to wrap Him round.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE ROSE AND THE GRAVE.

THE Grave said to the Rose :
‘What of the dewes of dawn,
Love’s flower, what end is theirs?’
“And what of spirits flown,
The soul whereon doth close
The tomb’s mouth unawares?”
The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said : " In the shade
 From the dawn's tears is made
 A perfume faint and strange,
 Amber and honey sweet."
 " And all the spirits fleet
 Do suffer a sky-change,
 More strangely than the dew,
 To God's own angels new,"
 The Grave said to the Rose.

ANDREW LANG.

ST. JOHN.

ONE day, the sombre soul, the Prophet most sublime
 At Patmos who aye dreamed,
 And tremblingly perused, without the vast of Time,
 Words that with hell-fire gleamed,
 Said to his eagle : " Bird, spread wings for loftiest flight—
 Needs must I see His Face !"
 The eagle soared. At length, far beyond day and night,
 Lo ! the all-sacred Place !
 And John beheld the Way whereof no angel knows
 The name, nor there hath trod ;
 And, lo ! the Place fulfilled with shadow that aye glows
 Because of very God.

N. R. TYERMAN

WRITTEN AT THE FOOT OF A CRUCIFIX.

ALL ye that weep come unto One—Who weeps.
 All ye that suffer come to One—Who cures.
 All trembling hearts, be still—He pity keeps.
 All passers-by, oh ! tarry—He endures.

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE POET'S FAITH.

You say, "Where goest thou?" I cannot tell,
And still go on. If but the way be straight,
It cannot go amiss ! before me lies
Dawn and the Day ; the Night behind me ; that
Suffices me ; I break the bounds ; I *see*,
And nothing more ; *believe*, and nothing less.
My future is not one of my concerns.

EDW. DOWDEN.

DRAMATIC POEMS.

THE FAY AND THE PERI.

THE PERI.

BEAUTIFUL spirit, come with me
Over the blue enchanted sea ;

Morning and evening thou canst play
In my garden, where the breeze
Warbles through the fruity trees ;

No shadow falls upon the day ;
There thy mother's arms await
Her cherished infant at the gate
Of Peris I the loveliest far—

My sisters, near the morning star,
In ever youthful bloom abide ;
But pale their lustre by my side—
A silken turban wreathes my head,
Rubies on my arms are spread,
While sailing slowly through the sky,
By the uplooker's dazzled eye
Are seen my wings of purple hue,
Glittering with Elysian dew

Whiter than a far-off sail

My form of beauty glows,
Fair as on a summer night
Dawns the sleep-star's gentle light ;

And fragrant as the early rose
That scents the green Arabian vale, .
Soothing the pilgrim as he goes.

THE FAY.

Beautiful infant (said the Fay),
In the region of the sun

I dwell, where in a rich array
The clouds encircle the king of day,
His radiant journey done.
My wings, pure golden, of radiant sheen
(Painted as amorous poet's strain),
Glimmer at night, when meadows green
Sparkle with the perfumed rain
While the sun's gone to come again.
And clear my hand, as stream that flows ;
And sweet my breath as air of May ;
And o'er my ivory shoulders stray
Locks of sunshine ;—tunes still play
From my odorous lips of rose.

Follow, follow ! I have caves
Of pearl beneath the azure waves,
And tents all woven pleasantly
In verdant glades of Faëry.
Come, beloved child, with me,
And I will bear thee to the bowers
Where clouds are painted o'er like flowers,
And pour into thy charmed ear
Songs a mortal may not hear ;
Harmonies so sweet and ripe
As no inspired shepherd's pipe
E'er breathed into Arcadian glen,
Far from the busy haunts of men.

THE PERI.

My home is afar in the bright Orient,
Where the sun, like a king, in his orange tent,
Reigneth for ever in gorgeous pride—
And wafting thee, princess of rich countree,
To the soft flute's lush melody,
My golden vessel will gently glide,
Kindling the water 'long the side.

Vast cities are mine of power and delight,
Lahore laid in lilies, Golconda, Cashmere,
And Ispahan, dear to the pilgrim's sight,
And Bagdad, whose towers to heaven uprear;
Alep, that pours on the startled ear,
From its restless masts the gathering roar,
As of ocean hamm'ring at night on the shore.

Mysore is a queen on her stately throne;
Thy white domes, Medina, gleam on the eye—
Thy radiant kiosques with their arrowy spires,
Shooting afar their golden fires
Into the flashing sky,—
Like a forest of spears that startle the gaze
Of the enemy with the vivid blaze.

Come there, beautiful child, with me,
Come to the arcades of Araby,
To the land of the date and the purple vine,
Where pleasure her rosy wreaths doth twine,
And gladness shall be alway thine;
Singing at sunset next thy bed,
Strewing flowers under thy head.

Beneath a verdant roof of leaves,
Arching a flow'ry carpet o'er,
Thou mayst list to lutes on summer eves
Their lays of rustic freshness pour;
While upon the grassy floor
Light footsteps, in the hour of calm,
Ruffle the shadow of the palm.

THE FAY.

Come to the radiant home of the blest,
Where meadows like fountain in light are drest,
And the grottoes of verdure never decay,
And the glow of the August dies not away.

Come where the autumn winds never can sweep,
 And the streams of the woodland steep thee in sleep,
 Like a fond sister charming the eyes of a brother,
 Or a little lass lulled on the breast of her mother.
 Beautiful ! beautiful ! hasten to me !
 Coloured with crimson thy wings shall be ;
 Flowers that fade not thy forehead shall twine,
 Over thee sunlight that sets not shall shine.

The infant listened to the strain,
 Now here, now there, its thoughts were driven—
 But the Fay and the Peri waited in vain,
 The soul soared above such a sensual gain—
 The child rose to Heaven.

Asiatic Journal.

THE VEIL.

“Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona ?”

THE SISTER.

WHAT has happened, my brothers ? Your spirits to-day
 Some secret sorrow damps :
 There's a cloud on your brow. What has happened ? Oh, say,
 For your eyeballs glare out with a sinister ray
 Like the light of funeral lamps.
 And the blades of your poniards are half unsheathed
 In your belt—and ye frown on me !
 There's a woe untold, there's a pang unbreathed
 In your bosom, my brothers three !

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer ! Hast thou, since the dawn,
 To the eye of a stranger thy veil withdrawn ?

THE SISTER.

As I came, oh, my brother ! at noon—from the bath—
As I came—it was noon, my lords—
And your sister had then, as she constantly hath,
Drawn her veil close around her, aware that the path
Is beset by these foreign hordes.
But the weight of the noonday's sultry hour
Near the mosque was so oppressive
That—forgetting a moment the eye of the Giaour—
I yielded to th' heat excessive.

SECOND BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer ! Whom, then, hast thou seen,
In a turban of white and a caftan of green ?

THE SISTER.

Nay, *he* might have been there ; but I muffled me so,
He could scarcely have seen my figure—
But why to your sister thus dark do you grow ?
What words to yourselves do you mutter thus low,
Of “ blood ” and “ an intriguer ” ?
Oh ! ye cannot of murder bring down the red guilt
On your souls, my brothers, surely !
Though I fear—from the hands that are chafing the hilt,
And the hints you give obscurely.

THIRD BROTHER.

Gulnara, this evening when sank the red sun,
Didst thou mark how like blood in descending it shone ?

THE SISTER.

Mercy ! Allah ! have pity ! oh, spare !
See ! I cling to your knees repenting !
Kind brothers, forgive me ! for mercy, forbear !
Be appeased at the cry of a sister's despair,
For our mother's sake relenting.

O God ! must I die ? They are deaf to my cries !
 Their sister's life-blood shedding ;
 They have stabbed me each one—I faint—o'er my eyes
 A *veil of Death* is spreading !

THE BROTHERS.

Gulnara, farewell ! take *that* veil ; 'tis the gift
 Of thy brothers—a veil thou wilt never lift !

“FATHER PROUT” (FRANK S. MAHONY).

ENVY AND AVARICE.

ENVY and Avarice, one summer day,
 Sauntering abroad
 In quest of the abode
 Of some poor wretch or fool who lived that way—
 You—or myself, perhaps—I cannot say—
 Along the road, scarce heeding where it tended,
 Their way in sullen, sulky silence wended ;
 For, though twin sisters, these two charming creatures,
 Rivals in hideousness of form and features,
 Wasted no love between them as they went.
 Pale Avarice,
 With gloating eyes,
 And back and shoulders almost double bent,
 Was hugging close that fatal box,
 For which she's ever on the watch
 Some glance to catch
 Suspiciously directed to its locks ;
 And Envy, too, no doubt with silent winking
 At her green, greedy orbs, no single minute
 Withdrawn from it, was hard a-thinking
 Of all the shining dollars in it.

The only words that Avarice could utter,
Her constant doom, in a low, frightened mutter,
 " There's not enough, enough, yet in my store ! "

While Envy, as she scanned the glittering sight,
Groaned as she gnashed her yellow teeth with spite,

 " She's more than I, more, still forever more ! "
Thus, each in her own fashion, as they wandered,
Upon the coffer's precious contents pondered,

 When suddenly, to their surprise,
 The God Desire stood before their eyes.

Desire, that courteous deity who grants
All wishes, prayers, and wants ;
Said he to the two sisters : " Beauteous ladies,
As I'm a gentleman, my task and trade is

 To be the slave of your behest—
Choose therefore at your own sweet will and pleasure,
Honours or treasure !

 Or in one word, whatever you'd like best.
But, let us understand each other—she
Who speaks the first, her prayer shall certainly
 Receive—the other, the same boon *redoubled* ! "

Imagine how our amiable pair,
At this proposal, all so frank and fair,
 Were mutually troubled !

Misers and enviers, of our human race,
Say, what would you have done in such a case ?
Each of the sisters murmured sad and low :

 " What boots it, oh, Desire, to me, to have
 Crowns, treasures, all the goods that heart can crave,
Or power divine bestow,
Since still another must have always more ? "

So each, lest she should speak before
The other, hesitating slow and long
Till the god lost all patience, held her tongue.

 He was enraged, in such a way
 To be kept waiting there all day,

With two such beauties in the public road ;
Scarce able to be civil even,
He wished them both—well, not in heaven.

Envy at last the silence broke,
And smiling, with malignant sneer,
Upon her sister dear,
Who stood in expectation by,
Ever implacable and cruel, spoke :
“I would be blinded of *one* eye !”

American Keepsake.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE LAST SONG.

AND thou, throw down thy lyre,
What, though the gods inspire,
Care mortals gross and vain ?
They seorn the ineensing hand ;
Break then this powerless band,
Resign the steedless rein.

O ! the joys of the poet are pure, without guile,
When he lives on in hope, braving death with a smile,
For his glory returns with the on-march of time.
In the far future years from the heavenly height,
He bends himself listening to memories sublime ;
And his name, like a stone through th' abyss in its flight,
Re-echoes in depths of the future his rhyme.

Not mine that joy divine,
The ages are not mine,
Nor poet's high renown.
My muse, by tempests whirled,
Falls level with the world,
Like flower by stream borne down.

Yet my innocent muse is both gentle and fair,
And Bethlehem's sweet star shines tenderly there ;
I have followed that star like the shepherds of old.
My God has endowed me with gift of brave speech,
For a cowardly sleep doth His people enfold,
And whether my harp may weep, threaten, or teach,
My songs upward fly, as the eagle's flight bold.

My soul from kindling source
Runs on from course to course,

As precious brooklet flies,
 Where travellers slake their thirst ;
 Brooks into rivers burst,
 And thence to sea and skies.

But, O flowers without perfume, O fires that are dead,
 O men, space is wanting my wings to outspread !
 Your breath is but mortal, your world is too small.
 My songs are to you like vague sounds of the night ;
 You drink of the sweet and I drink of the gall.
 Good ! go on with your loves, and your battles go fight !
 You, whose dead eyes the whole light of heaven would enthrall.

I raised my still weak voice ;
 The echoes made no noise.
 My harp with cords of steel
 Has passed o'er these vile souls,
 As streets when traffic rolls
 Re-echo horse and wheel.

In vain have I threatened with God's vengeful darts,
 In vain have I spoken, to bend their hard hearts,
 Of the pardon that cometh through penitent tears.
 My thoughts, from the thundering heavens of fire,
 Fall on soil that is sterile, 'mid silence or jeers,
 Like dew, sometimes propitious and sometimes in ire,
 Which one day destroys and the next day uprears.

The grave is all folks' gate !
 Man strives in vain 'gainst fate,
 Man whom Time bears away.
 All wait the wakening blast,
 To rouse from sleep at last,
 And join the battle's fray.

Remember, sad mortals, your souls who forget,
 The cup is not filled up for all of us yet.
 Let them pass on in peace 'neath the dark heavens' frown,
 And enjoy in frail dwellings the sweets and the flowers.
 When their lot to Eternity's depths is cast down
 The madmen in vain will then grasp at the hours,
 As grasp at the wreckage the sailors who drown.

Farewell, lamenting lute,
 For evermore be mute.
 Avoid the crowd who gaze,
 Hush the immortal strain,
 And close the veiled fane,
 Let shadows shroud the place !

O Lord ! I will bring to Thee emblems of hope,
 The sword and the lance, with thy foemen to cope.
 I have hardly attained that for which I was sent ;
 I have oft been the plaything of wavering winds ;
 The eaglets cease flight in their giddy ascent,
 And seek for the earth which they scarcely can find,
 And the lightning returns without being spent.

DAVID TOLMIE.

THE GIRL OF OTAHEITE.

FORGET ? Can I forget the scented breath
 Of breezes, sighing of thee, in mine ear ;
 The strange awaking from a dream of death,
 The sudden thrill to find thee coming near ?
 Our huts were desolate, and far away
 I heard thee calling me throughout the day.
 No one had seen thee pass.
 Trembling I came. Alas !
 Can I forget ?

Once I was beautiful ; my maiden charms
 Died with the grief that from my bosom fell.
 Ah ! weary traveller ! rest in my loving arms !
 Let there be no regrets and no farewell !
 Here of thy mother sweet, where waters flow,
 Here of thy fatherland we whispered low ;
 Here, music, praise, and prayer
 Filled the glad summer air.
 Can I forget ?

Forget ? My dear old home must I forget ?
And wander forth and hear my people weep,
Far from the woods where, when the sun has set,
Fearless but weary to thy arms I creep ;
Far from lush flow'rets and the palm-tree's moan
I could not live. Here let me rest alone !
Go ! I must follow nigh,
With thee I'm doomed to die,
Never forget !

CLEMENT SCOTT.

THE HAPPY MAN.

GODS, I detest you ! Youthful though I still be,
Dowered, alas ! with everything I wish for,
Why do you seek to gratify each whim, and
Load me with favours ?

Into my palace yawning to receive it,
City and desert pour out their abundance,
Brought by my ships from Calpe, or the distant
Straits of Leander.

Fountains I hear, and music in the distance ;
Stretched on my soft couch painted with vermilion,
Girls from the Indus fanning my burning brow,
Watch o'er my slumbers.

Parasites daily feeding at my banquets,
Eat, upon golden dishes, what I leave them ;
Nought moves my appetite, ev'n fish disdaining,
Nourished on slaves' blood.

Gardens I have along the banks of Tiber,
Vineyards which clothe the heights above Pompeii,
O'er my land driving wearily I gaze on
Slaves without number.

Cæsar smiles blandly, but the great men fear me ;
Clients and suppliants crowd around my chariot ;
Baths lined with porphyry, staircase of white marble,
Vie with each other.

Sick of the forum, weary of the circus,
Vainly I ask of every one, What's doing ?
E'en Cato's game of throwing slaves to lampreys
Fails to amuse me.

Eastern or western beauty cannot move me,
Weariness lurking e'en in a golden goblet ;
Yet the poor beggar, weeping in his sorrow,
Envies my fortune.

Favours I want not ceaselessly pursue me,
Still in my prime, like flowers I am fading.
Gods, all your gifts I'll give back if you'll only
Happiness grant me.

Thus spake indolent Celsus ; within the gates of the temple,
Languidly stretched on his couch, he peevishly blamed his good
fortune,

Thus he blasphemed his gods ; while blessing the mercy of heaven,
Lo ! a martyr lay dying, before that impious altar.

CHARLES MATTHEW, M.A.

THE LAY OF THE LISTS.

LARGESS, most gallant chevaliers,
Give largess to the kings at arms,
Whether in mimic fight your spears
You wield, or in real wars' alarms ;
Knights who on shield the wyvern bear,
The wyvern green with spiral curls ;
Or you who Agra's mantle wear,
Its sable hue relieved by pearls.

Some place the lilies on their crest,
Whilst others knightly surtout don,
On which shines out in 'broidered gold
The haughty cross of Amazon.

See, the lists are thrown open,
The heralds ride round,
And the green and white banners
O'er each tower are found.
Hark, the crowd shouts the loudest,
The light pennons dance,
As the Lord of the tourney
Does proudly advance.
See, he hangs on his surtout,
Half hid in its folds,
The white griffin, the badge
Of the office he holds.

Each view point is crowded ;
Afar off the bell
Of the grey minster echoes
With resonant swell.
All is beauty and splendour,
And worthy the eye
Of the monarch who sits
On his throne raised on high.
And our queen, too, has given,
With generous hand,
And captives has ransomed
From paynim's dark-land.

Listen, knights of blood royal,
To these rules attend,
And to what the law orders
Attentive ears lend.

He who uses his weapon
E'er trumpets' shrill blast,
Is a felon, that weapon
Is banned and outeast.

'Twas the law of our fathers,
Long ages ago,
And which God sent for guidance
To brave knights below.
First we'll make with our homage
The universe ring,
The Evangelists praising,
And Jesus our king.
Then invoke brave Saint Denis,
The patron of France,
Who will look to your honour,
Tho' feeble your lance.
And as truly as you give
Your sword to the king,
Trust your soul to your master,
Whose praises you sing.
You must next on the relics
Of martyrs aver
That no foul tarnish clings to
The gold of your spur.
That no serf in your dungeons,
In darkness and gloom,
Sits awaiting the headsman
By your cruel doom.
That you always are ready
The widow to aid,
And to succour the orphan,
With heart and with blade.
Knights who cherish your honour,
Recall bygone years,
And the valorous deeds of
King Charlemagne's peers,
And of chivalrous Arthur,
So widely renowned,
With his bold Cavaliers
The famed Table Round.

Shame on the false warrior
Who uses foul spell ;
And who fights loyal foe
With the magic of hell.
From a gibbet raised high on
The battlements grey,
That false knight's bleeding body
Shall quiver and sway ;
And shall suffer long anguish,
Till merciful death
Shall bear off in sad triumph
The last fleeting breath.
Whilst enchanter and wizard,
His comrades in crime,
O'er his bones shall low murmur
The magical rhyme.
But all hail to the knight who
Keeps true to his fame.
On their scarves the fair ladies
Embroider his name.
For his glory and honour
From earth cannot fade,
Whilst the troubadours sing of
His valorous blade.
His good angel shall watch o'er
His last resting-place,
Whilst his trophies of valour
The altar shall grace.
Then brave knights and fair ladies,
All listen, I pray,
To the rules and the laws of
The jousts of to-day.
The Lord of the tourney is
Sovereign supreme,
And may punish each knight
He a felon may deem ;

And if anyone ventures
 His words to deride,
 He may call on the ladies
 The case to decide.

Largess, most gallant chevaliers,
 Give largess to the kings at arms ;
 Whether in mimic fight your spears
 You wield, or in real wars' alarms ;
 Knights who on shield the wyvern bear,
 The wyvern green with spiral curls ;
 Or you who Agra's mantle wear,
 Its sable hue relieved by pearls.
 Some place the lilies on their crest,
 Whilst others knightly surtout don,
 On which shines out in 'broidered gold
 The haughty Cross of Amazon.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

REGRET.

YES, Happiness hath left me soon behind !
 Alas ! we all pursue its steps ! and when
 We've sunk to rest within its arms entwined,
 Like the Phœnician virgin, wake, and find
 Ourselves alone again.

Then, through the distant future's boundless space,
 We seek the lost companion of our days :
 "Return, return !" we cry, and lo, apace
 Pleasure appears ! but not to fill the place
 Of that we mourn always.

I, should unhallowed Pleasure woo me now,
 Will to the wanton sorceress say, "Begone !
 Respect the cypress on my mournful brow.
 Lost Happiness hath left regret—but *thou*
 Leavest remorse, alone."

Yet, haply lest I check the mounting fire,
O friends, that in your revelry appears !
With you I'll breathe the air which ye respire,
And, smiling, hide my melancholy lyre
When it is wet with tears.

Each in his secret heart perchance doth own
Some fond regret 'neath passing smiles concealed ;—
Sufferers alike together and alone
Are we ; with many a grief to others known,
How many unrevealed !

Alas ! for natural tears and simple pains,
For tender recollections, cherished long,
For guileless griefs, which no compunction stains,
We blush ; as if we wore these earthly chains
Only for sport and song !

Yes, my blest hours have fled without a trace :
In vain I strove their parting to delay ;
Brightly they beamed, then left a cheerless space,
Like an o'erelouded smile, that on the face
Lightens, and fades away.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE JOURNEY.

THE harness, as the horse moves onward, rings,
And the wheel sparks from the rough pavement flings.
Well, I must go, drive from your heart all cares.
Good-bye once more, think of me in your prayers.
The cart drives off, *I* go, and *you* remain ;
Strange feelings seize me, I cannot explain.

Long time to catch the echoes bend your ear,
Till with sad heart the sound no more you hear.

The clatter of the horse soon dies away ;
Even now my form grows indistinct and grey.
Alas ! your snowy gown I cannot trace,
Nor you the wheels that roll in rapid race.

What, no more sign of you ? I'm all alone,
And dreary absence claims me for its own.
Each step I drive, the deeper grows the gloom,
Peopled with fiends and spectres from the tomb ;
My soul becomes a hell of bitter pain,
In which I sink, nor can I rise again.

What shall I do with every vagrant thought,
Where turn again to seek your fond support ?
What care I for the things I hear and see,
Knowing that you are far away from me ?
What use my eyes except to gaze in thine ?
What use your voice except to answer mine ?

Thrice happy is the man whose peaceful lot
Is cast in tranquil vale and humble cot ;
Where he was born he makes his constant home,
And nothing knows of earth save heaven's dome.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

TEARS IN SOLITUDE.

OH ! why in solitude art fain to weep ?
From dreamy eyes what bids the bright drops keep
 Falling, what shadow of soul ?
Regret for the dear dead past, or some dark fear
Of what the future bringeth, is't that here
 Hath o'er thy tears control ?
Love with his charms already seest thou fleet ?
Life's bright illusions, all those sisters sweet
 Who, ere dawn well awaken,
From out our gates, in springtide's loveliest hour,
Dance hand in hand, flower-crowned ; but, ere night lower,
 Drop dead by the way, forsaken ?

Or doth some shadowy form, of old loved well,
From out the quiet grave steal forth to tell
How few life's fleeting hours?
Bidding thee mark, when thou in tears dost pray
Before some lonely cross at death of day,
How sere the votive flowers!

But nay! for these things searee thy tears could flow.
Most bitterly to weep one needs but know
Earth's dark 'neath sombre heaven;
That the soul fain would fly, and hath not wings;
That hope's as false as fair, life's sweetest things
But to be lost are given!

Ever, when bathed in sunbeams we behold
Bright flitting pinions, purple, sapphire, gold,
In chase our hearts beat higher—
But unto gaily-glittering wing "Good-bye,"
What time the child hath caught the butterfly,
Fond man his soul's desire!

Weep. For thy sobs wake sweeter melodies
Than merriest laughter, and those tender eyes
Beam bright for pity's dew.
In summer, after showers green fields are fairer,
While to a sun more glorious heaven doth bare her
Most radiant spirit of blue.

As Rachel, or as Sarah, weep; for lo!
Tender as theirs thy heart, and tears o'erflow,
Thou knowing sorrow as they.
God weeps with them that weep for others' woes,
Regarding with more love and pity those
That mourn than those that pray.

Weep also that thy spirit be made strong.
Tears often, after bitterness and wrong,
Our shattered strengths renew:

Often the soul, that feels through pain's dark night
Hope's gently-gleaming dawn, for dear delight
Pours forth its thanks in dew.

Weep ; but as now thou dost, in solitude.
Build thee a bower for grief, where dare intrude
None, in thine heart of heart !
Though on the world thou scatter smiles all day,
The richest fountain of thy soul alway
Springs sweetliest thus, apart !

The flower, which wakens bathed in dawn's bright dew,
What time the glowing smiles of noontide woo,
Gold petals doth unfurl :
But 'neath their glory, all day, from loveless eyes,
Deep in its chalice brimmed with odorous sighs,
Hides oft one liquid pearl !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE DANCE OF DEMONS.

SEE, before the dark walls of this black cloistered hall
The moon veils her face with a mystical pall ;
The spirit of night hovers, fear spreads her wings,
And twelve from the belfry in solemn tone rings ;
In the air the sound vibrates and echoes around,
As if 'neath the bell were imprisoned the sound.
The silence returns with the shadows. But hark !
Who utters those cries ? whence those lights through the dark ?
The vaults, and the gates, and the tower, and the spire,
All seem to be covered with network of fire ;
And we hear in the porch the blest water begin
To boil and to bubble, its stone font within !
Our souls to our patrons in Heaven we commend.
Amid the blue rays which with red flames contend
With cries and with howls, and with sighings profound,
See from waters and mountains, and woods all around,

The spectres, the dragons, the vampires, the ghouls,
Monsters such as in nightmares of hell one beholds !
The sorceress flying from fresh emptied tomb,
On broomstick which hisses through midnight of gloom ;
The wizards arrayed in their mystic attire,
On their crowns words of sorcery written in fire ;
The grim-looking demons and mischievous gnomes,
All, by broken-down gateways, by old ruined domes,
And by windows all shattered, pour into the fane,
Like a thousand of meteors, and swell the mad train !
Upright in their midst their Prince Lucifer stands,
His horn'd brow concealed 'neath the crown's iron bands ;
His chasuble hides his diaphanous wings,
On the altar with foot sacrilegious he springs.
O horror ! behold those who shout in this place,
Where eternally fixed is the light of God's face.
Now hands embrace hands, and with leap and with bound,
Like a whirlwind destructive the wild dance goes round,
Till the eye can no longer its movements discern.
Each hideous goblin appears in its turn ;
One imagines that hell is let loose in the night.
With funereal signs the dread zodiac is dight ;
All in unison moving with swift-circling feet ;
While Satan keeps time with his crozier's beat,
And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

We are forced to unite
With the eddying ring ;
Round the altar they swing,
Round Satan their King,
In their fiendish delight.
'Tis a moment of dread ;
A flame seems to spread
On his wings, like the red
Of a King's raiment bright ;
And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Yes, in triumph we leap !
Come, brothers, draw near,
From all points of the sphere,
From the grave and the bier,
And tombs dark and deep,
From the cave's gloomy cell,
Come, our armies to swell ;
See ! escorted by hell
The cars, griffin-drawn, sweep !

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Come, banish all dread,
Come, dwarfs with goats' feet,
Ghouls and vampires replete
With unsanctified meat,
With the blood of the dead.
Women, lost and condemned,
Press forward, contend !
Your steeds eager bend
The bridleless head.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Jews, under God's blight,
Gypsies, vagrants accurst,
Ghosts from Hades out-thrust,
Maniacs who have burst
Their bonds in the night.
And the crest they bestride
Of the walls, on whose side
They fly up and alight.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Come, he-goats profane,
Come, lizards and snails,
Come, serpents with scales,
So fragile and frail,

Burst into the fane !
Let discord take wing,
With melodious swing,
Come, enter the ring,
And repeat the refrain.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

At this moment of dread
The sorcerers seem
To glitter and gleam,
Their reddened beards stream
With the blood of the dead.
Let every one throw
Some gift to the glow,
Crush the bones of the foe
'Neath our furious tread.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

With loud sneering voice,
From the steps of the shrine,
Hear the fiend jeering whine,
Singing psalm-tunes divine,
In which martyrs rejoice !
In the chapel we see,
By Satanic decree,
An imp spelling with glee
The book of God's choice.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

From his tomb with sad moans
Each false monk to his stall
Glides, concealed in his pall,
That robe fatal to all,
Which burns into his bones.

Now a black priest draws nigh,
With a flame he doth fly,
On the altar on high
He the curst fire enthrones.
And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Satan sees you, aha !
With your coarse hands out-thrust,
In the midst of the dust,
Write then, witches accurst :
Abracadabra !
Fly, foul birds of dread,
With moulting wings spread,
Through the alcoves o'erhead,
Sustaining Smarra.
And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

See, the signal appear !
And hell urges our flight.
May each soul in its plight
One day have no light
But this dim beacon here !
May our carnival sound
Through the shadows profound,
And the whole world surround
In an impious sphere.
The dawn whitens the arches colossal and grey,
And drives all the devilish revellers away ;
The dead monks retire to their graves 'neath the halls,
And veil their cold faces behind their dark palls.

DAVID TOLMIE.

SONGS OF YOUTH.

ERE yet my youthful songs beloved,
Tender and true, keen pangs had proved

Of the base world's ingratitude,
Far from the bitter blasts of reason,
How bloomed they in how bright a season,
With sweetest scent and rays endued !

From singing branches of life's tree,
With a weird ghostly melody,
Now, ere wild winter's come, they're riven.
East, South, North, West, they're whirled and scattered,
Each petal pure with mud bespattered,
By wind or water drown'd or driven.

Whilst I, whose brow, methought, should be
With leaf and bloom perpetually
Adorn'd, watch their wild dance i' the air ;
Till lo, I'm turned from looking after,
Hearing the dull world's mocking laughter
Around the sighing branches bare !

N. R. TYERMAN.

"TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY."

AH ! to see my Jeanne's Jeanne,—that is ever my dream !
In the distance of heaven full often I seem
To behold a fair land made for heavenly eyes,
Though I see not its sun, nor can tell where it lies.
There the souls of the future, awaiting new life,
Are guarded by God from all trouble and strife.
In Empyrean blue they are cradled on high,
And of what shall befall them unthinking they lie—
Yet there stretches for each in eternity's womb
On this side a cradle, on that side a tomb.
I muse on that sphere differing widely from ours,
I gaze on that life, with its slumbering powers.
Like a swarm from a bee-hive, in joyous surprise,
A wave of young souls ope their wondering eyes.

Then I turn to my Jeanne with God's light on her face—
 A cheer from the window, my boy's in a race.
 I rejoice in beholding life's happiest hour,
 All these embryo lovers, all these spouses in flower.

CHARLES MATTHEW, M.A.

INVOCATION.

SAY, Lord ! for Thou alone canst tell
 Where lurks the good invisible
 Amidst the depths of discord's sea—
 That seem, alas ! so dark to me !
 Oppressive to a mighty state,
 Contentions, feuds, the people's hate—
 But who dare question that which fate
 Has ordered to have been ?
 Haply the earthquake may unfold
 The resting-place of purest gold,
 And haply surges up have rolled
 The pearls that were unsewn !

G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

INSULT NOT THE FALLEN.

I TELL you, hush ! no word of sneering scorn—
 True, fallen ; but God knows how deep her sorrow.
 Poor girl ! too many like her only born
 To love one day—to sin—and die the morrow.
 What know you of her struggles or her grief ?
 Or what wild storms of want and woe and pain
 Tore down her soul from honour ? As a leaf
 From autumn branches, or a drop of rain
 That hung in frailest splendour from a bough—
 Bright, glistening in the sunlight of God's day—
 So had she clung to virtue once. But now—
 See Heaven's clear pearl polluted with earth's clay !
 The sin is yours—with your accursed gold—

Man's wealth is master—woman's soul the slave !
Some purest water still the mire may hold.

Is there no hope for her—no power to save ?
Yea, once again to draw up from the clay
The fallen rain-drop, till it shine above,
Or save a fallen soul, needs but one ray
Of Heaven's sunshine, or of human love.

W. C. K. WILDE.

I WAS ALWAYS A LOVER.

I was always a lover of soft-winged things.
When a child, allured by bird-murmurings,
I sought them, and took the small sweets from the leaves.
And at first my timid delight in them weaves
Reed-cages, and lo ! they got plumes 'mong green moss.
Later I threw wide the lattisee, but loss
Sustained not ; they flew not,—or, if they *did* fly,
But went to the woods and came back at my cry.
A fond dove and I eooed together love's name. . . .
Now I have knowledge, men's spirits to tame.

N. R. TYERMAN.

A LAMENT.

O PATHS whercon wild grasses wave !
O valleys ! hillsides ! forests hoar !
Why are ye silent as the grave ?
For One, who came, and comes no more !

Why is thy window closed of late ?
And why thy garden in its sere ?
O house ! where doth thy master wait ?
I only know he is not here.

Good dog ! thou watehest ; yet no hand
Will feed thee. In the house is none.
Whom weapest thou, child ? My father. And
O wife, whom weapest thou ? The Gone.

Where is he gone ? Into the dark.—
 • O sad, and ever-plaining surge !
 Whence art thou ? From the conviet-bark.
 And why thy mournful voice ? A dirge.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

THE BLACK HUNTSMAN.

“WHAT art thou, wanderer ? The wood is eerie,
 The far rooks fly, and their flight grows weary,
 Near rides the raek !”
 “I am he that hunts through darkness dreary,—
 The Huntsman Black !”

The faint forest-leaves, by the sharp wind rifted,
 Shriek . . . one had said
 That a witch's revel, with wild eries drifted,
 Through the wood was spread ;
 In a clear cloud-way, with pale locks uplifted,
 The moon smiles dread.

Cleave to the buck, cleave to the hind,
 Scour the dark woods, scour wastes yet lined
 With eve's wan track.
 Cleave to the Czar, cleave to Austria blind,
 O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves

Girth thy garb, let thy blast ring not least,
 Cleave to the deer that wend slowly to feast
 On the rich grass track.
 Cleave to the king, cleave to the priest,
 O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves

It thunders, the rain blinds, the river-floods rise !
 No rest for the fearful fox under the skies,—

Thou'rt still on his track !
Cleave to the judge, cleave to the spies,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves

The myriad imps of St. Anthony leap
'Mong oats which wild dance i' the wind aye keep,
But can turn thee not back—
Cleave to the monk, goad him from sleep,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves

Cleave to the bears, thy hounds in full cry !
The wild boar knowing no shelter shall die :
On, on with thy pack !
Cleave to the crowned, to the mitred Lie,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves

The dastard wolf from thy following has turned ;
Round with thy hounds for the death he hath earned,
Quick, follow him back !
Crush the foul beast that all pity hath spurned,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves, by the sharp wind rifted,
Fall . . . one had said
That the darkling revel with hoarse cries drifted
Through the wood was sped ;
The clarion of dawn through the cloud is uplifted,—
Sweet sunlight's spread !

The world reneweth its old-world might ;
Our France art thou that of yore brake night
In splendid attack ;
Our fair Archangel clothed round with light,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves, by the sharp wind rifted,
 Fall . . . one had said
 That the darkling revel with hoarse cries drifted
 Through the wood was sped ;
 The clarion of dawn through the cloud is uplifted,—
 Sweet sunlight's spread !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE FOUNTAIN.

ANIGH a desert-spring a lion dwelt ; an eagle
 Drank from the same clear flow.
 One morn it chanced two warrior-chiefs of aspect regal—
 Often fate suffers so—
 Drew nigh this spring which with its broad and shadowy palms
 Allures the traveller,
 And, recognizing each his foe, flashed sudden arms,
 Fought,—and fell bleeding there.
 Then, while they breathed their last, the eagle, hovering
 O'er lowly heads, shrilled loud :
 “ Ye found the whole wide earth for you too small a thing,
 That are less than a little cloud !
 “ O Princes ! and your bones, strong yesternight with youth,
 Will be, to-morrow morn,
 Stones mingled with the stones o' the track, but sooner in sooth
 By travellers' footing worn.
 “ Ye fools ! for what great end was this bright-flashing strife,
 Your duel fierce and rude ! . . .
 I, th' Eagle, and yon lion, lead a peaceful life
 In this vast solitude.
 “ Both come to quench our thirst at the same crystal fount,
 Kings in the same dominions ;
 He roams in lordly wise the prairie, forest, mount—
 The air's swept by my pinions ! ”

N. R. TYERMAN.

SONG OF THE PROW-GILDERS.

WE are the gilders of the prows.
Wheel-like awhirl, strong winds arouse
The verdant sea's rotundity,
Mingling the shadows and the gleams,
And 'mid the folds of sombre streams
Drawing slant vessels steadfastly.

The shrilling squall close-circling flies,
The tortuous winds deep guiles devise,
The Archer black in his horn doth blow ;
These sounds bode death's dark mystery,
And through these prodigies 'tis we
That make the golden spectres go.

For the ship's prow is like a ghost,
Still wave-engirdled, tempest-tossed ;
Proudly from our bazaars she sails
To serve the lightnings with a mark,
And midst the hazards of the dark
To be an eye that never fails.

King 'neath the plane-trees pleasure thee ;
Sultan to the Sultanas see,
And hide beneath long veils the grace
Of myriad girls with names untold,
Who yestermorn stark-bare were sold
By auction on the market-place.

What cares the wave ! What cares the air !
This girl is dark and that is fair,
Of Halep she, or Ispahan ;
Before thy face they all may quake ;
What heed thereof forsooth should take
The vast mysterious ocean !

Ye have each one your revelry.
Be thou the prince, the tempest he.
He lightning hath, the yataghan

Thou, to ehastise your multitudes ;
Beneath its lord the people broods,
The wave beneath the hurricane.

For one and the other do we strive.
This double task is ours alive ;—
And thus we sing : O stern Emir,
Thine eyes of steel, thy heart of ice
Keep not the little swallow's eyes
From trustful sleep when night is near.

For holy Nature is eterne
And tranquil ; living souls that yearn
God sheltereth beneath His wing ;
Amid the all-serene sweet shade,
With hearts for ever undismayed
By spectral terrors, do we sing.

Unto our lords we leave the palm
And statelier laurel ! We are calm
And steadfast while within their hand
They have not ta'en the minished stars,
And the swift flight of the cloud-ears
Depends not on a king's command.

The summer glows, the flowers bloom bright,
Small rose-buds tip the bosoms white ;
One hunts, one laughs ; the craftsmen still
Sing, and the priests still sigh and sleep ;
Slight shadowy fawns through copses deep
Fleeing, make greyhounds strain and thrill.

If soothly, Sultan, thou hadst quaffed
All proffered pleasures, the sweet draught
Would surely quickly poison thee !
Live thou and reign,—thy life is sweet.
Couched on the moss the roebuck fleet
In forest slumbers dreamfully.

Who mounts aloft must needs descend ;
 The hours are flame, dust is their end ;
 The tomb saith unto man : " Behold ! "
 Times echange, blithe birds not alway sing,
 Waves lisp, and straight are thundering,
 While aye around are omens rolled :
 The hour is sultry ; women bare
 Lave lovely limbs nigh blooms less fair ;
 All lightest sorrows now repose ;
 O'er blue traned lakes white elouds are driven ;
 With the most golden star of heaven
 Crowneth itself earth's reddest rose.
 Thy galley, we have gold-arrayed,
 By sixty pair of oars is swayed,
 Which from Lepanto, 'mid the surge,
 Subdue the tempest and the tide,
 And each of which is hotly plied
 By four slaves shackled, 'neath the scourge.

N. R. TYERMAN.

SOUL-STRESS.

A LOFTY spirit on mareh his rumours hath, his floods,
 His shoeks, and makes profoundly quake earth's multitudes,
 Moving the world around him as ever he walks right on.
 One who is made not bright with joy, for fear is wan ;
 Man like an ever-echanging cloud still travelleth ;
 Not one, how small soe'er, eseapes that mighty breath ;
 The humblest, while he speaks, thrill through their inmost being.
 Thus when the strong North-wind from out the horizon fleeing,
 Hastening on venturous quest athwart the sea and land,
 Thiek rain and lightning twists, even as a girl the band
 That girds her slender frame with arehest smile unbinds—
 When the vast blast deep-muttering passeth, shelter finds
 No blade of grass in valley's depth from the awful might
 And fiery speed of the hurricane's formidable flight.

N. R. TYERMAN.

LONGUS.

CHLOE bare-bosomed dazzles the dim woods ;
She archly smiles, bright innocence being her garb ;
Naked she is, and loves it ; lovely, nor knows.
To all dreams most adored she is most like ;
The snowy lily sees her and is not vexed ;
Night thinks she's Venus, Psyche, the rapt dawn.
A tender and fearful mystery is Spring !
Afloat in the air some sweet unwitting fault
One feels, which, to soft sounds of wind and stream,
In the soul alights, as in thrilled woods the bird.
To Hymen ! Springtide comes,—by sweet surprise
Takes nature,—the divine adventure bears
Of love to the woods, to flowers, to hearts, to all !
The nymph web-fingered from the fountain springs,
In the tree the dryad, and the faun in man ;
The wingèd kiss at every mouth seeks alms !

N. R. TYERMAN.

ORDER OF DAY FOR FLOREAL.

VICTORY, friends ! I give wing
In haste, in the full-breathed morn,
To strophes that gleefully sing
The night by the light o'erborne.

I blow a blast on the hills,
A blast of rapturous night :
Know all, that the fair spring fills
With lilies the footprints of night.

Jane slippers her soft white feet,
Her feet that no longer are frail.
Lo, how the sun's pulses beat,
Fulfilling yon heaven's blue vale !

The plumed birds sing, lambs bleat ;
 May, mocking with cries night-powers,
 Puts winter in full retreat
 With a mitrailleuse of flowers.

N. R. TYERMAN.

BRUTE WAR.

TOILER sans eyes, dull-brained Penelope,
 Cradler of chaos, powerless to create,
 War, whom the clash of iron fires to glee,
 The furious blast of elarions makes elate,—
 Quaffer of blood, foul hag that to thy feast
 Lur'st men and madden'st them with vile delight,—
 Cloud, swollen with thunder North, South, West and East,
 Fulfilled with rays darker than darkest night,—
 Vast Madness, that for swords keen lightnings wieldest,
 What is thy use, dire birth of hellish race,
 If while thou ruinnest sin, *crime* thou upbuildest,
 Setting the monster i' the beast's pride of place ;
 If with thine awful darkness thou dost smother
 One Emperor, but to yield earth thence another ?

N. R. TYERMAN.

WHAT DICTATES THE BOOK.

My soul seems, in this frightful season of time
 Thronged by the monstrous justling the sublime,
 A plain given up to every wandering tread,
 Ceaselessly trampled by deeds grand or dread.
 This book of mine's dictated day by day
 By the hour that roars, then moans its life away.
 The weeks of the *Awful Year* are hydras dire,
 Hell-born of fire to be consumed by fire ;
 Onward with blazing eyes they all must roll,
 Leaving their burning grip upon my soul ;

Upon my verse, wan, wild for pity or wrath,
Th' imprint one sees upon a serpent's path.
Should one regard my spirit now, he'd see
Dark signs thereon engraven countlessly
Of all these days of horror, doubt, defiance,—
As 'twere a desert trampled o'er by lions.

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE CONTENTED EXILE.

I.

THE solitude and silence tempt me forth
To desert places. There the soul is calm
And sternly satisfied ; one knows not there
What is that shadow which he shall illumine.
I go into the forests seeking there
Vague awe ; the tangled thickness of the boughs
Informs me with a joy and terror dim ;
And there I find oblivion akin
To that within the silence of the tomb.
But I am not extinguished ; one can be
A torch in darkness, and beneath the sky,
Beneath the sacred crypt, alone, remain
To shiver in the deep and windy breath
Of the empyrean. Nought is lost to man
For having sounded duty's depths obscure.
Who looks from high sees well : who looks from far
Sees rightly. Conscience knows a sacred faith
Is possible for her, and goes to high
And lonely places, there to shine and grow,
Remote from the forgetful, callous world.
And therefore I too go forth to the waste,
But do not quit the world which I forsake.

Because a dreamer comes, in forests' depths,
Or on the craggy cliffs, to sit and muse

In silence on the vastness of the night ;
He does not isolate himself from earth
And earth's inhabitants. And think you not
That, having seen the throng of men, one needs
To flee beneath the thick and shady trees,
And that the thirst for truth, for peace, for right,
For justice, and for light, grows in the soul,
After so many false and lying things ?
My brothers have for ever all my heart,
And far from them in body, I am near
In spirit, looking at and judging fate ;
And to complete the rough-hewn human soul,
I hold above the people, downward bent,
The urn of pity ; ceaselessly I pour,
Yet constantly refill it. But I take
For cover the pine woods—with heavy shades.
Oh I have seen the wretched crowds so near,
Have known the cries, the blows, the insults heaped
On venerable heads, and cowards grown
To power through civil broils, and judges fit
For others' judgment only, and vile priests
Serving God and defiling, preaching for
And witnessing against Him. I have seen
The want of beauty that our beauty shows ;
The evil in our good, and in our truth
The falsehood, and have watched mere nothingness,
Beneath the proud, triumphal arches pass.
Ah, I have seen enough him who corrodes,
And him who flees, and him who yields, till now,
Old, spent, and conquered, I have this for joy,
To dream in quietude in some dark spot.
There while I bleed, I muse ; and if perchance
A god should offer me, youth, glory, love,
Strength, victory—would I return to towns,
Yet do I find it good to have a lair
Within the forests, for by no means sure
Am I, that even then I would consent.

II.

What is this earth of ours? A storm of souls.
In this gloom where we wandering pilots reach
No shore but rocks, mistaking them for ports;
Amid the tempest of desires, of cries,
Of transports, loves, vows, sorrows,—heaps of clouds,—
The fleeting kisses of those prostitutes
We call ambition, fortune and success;
Before the suffering Job's: "What do I know?"
The trembling Pascal's: "What then do I think?"
In this preposterous and fierce expense
Of popes, of kings, of Cæsars, Satan-made;
In presence of the fate which turns and turns
His capstan from which ever flow—and hence
The terror of the poor philosophers—
The same waves and the same catastrophes;
In this corroding nothingness, and false
And lying chaos, what at last man sees
Clearly is this: Above our sorrows, falls,
And failures due, the reign of innocence,
And sovereignty of innocent things and pure.
Being given the human heart, the human mind
Our yesterday in gloom, our morrow dark,
All the disasters, all the hatreds, wars,
Our progress checked by heavy, dragging chains,
All round us, even among the best, remorse,
And all the throng of living things o'erwhelmed
By winds, which blow from out the skies in tears.
In truth, 'tis salutary for the mind
And good, among the interwoven boughs,
So many and so black, to contemplate
Sometimes, athwart the ills which seem to spread
Betwixt the heavens and us like veils, a peace
Deep and profound and made of shining stars;
It is of this God thought, what time He placed
The poets near the cradles made for sleep.

IDA J. LEMON.

THE SPOIL-SPORT.

THE pretty girls are all in flight,
And, trembling, know not where to cower.
Blue-eyed as morn, black-eyed as night,
They danced a-near the old church tower.

One sang to keep the footing true :
The lads, with faces brightening
For joy o' the sound of dancing, flew,
Their caps aflower with blooms of spring.

Laughing and flushed with summer-glee,
They tripped beneath the steeple-clock.
"I love Jane !" quoth the old oak-tree ;
" Ah, Susan, I ! " sighed the amorous rock.

But the black fiend o' the sombre tower
Yelled loud to them : " Wretches ! Away ! "
His harsh breath brake the sweet dance-bower,
Scattering the tiny feet from play.

Black eyes, blue eyes, all are fled ;
E'en as at dawn beneath the rain
A flock of birds plies wing o'erhead,
Of the fickle April sunshine fain.

And this fell rout hath made, alas !
The mighty wood-lords dumb with care ;
For maidens tripping on green grass
Make carol birds in the blue air.

" Who is this black man ? " murmur they.
No note is heard ; for that harsh cry
Hath scared the pretty ones far away,
And farther yet bird-melody.

" Who is this black man ? "—" I care not,"
A sparrow chirps, light-hearted thief.
They weep as dawn to weep has taught ;
But a white daisy whispereth :

"I am about to explain these things.

You mark not how the dull world goes :
Butterflies love all blossomings,
But the owls love not even the rose !"

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE SOULS THAT HAVE GONE.

THOSE souls to memory dear,
Do ne'er return again,
But in some blissful sphere
For aye, alas ! remain.

In those bright worlds above,
Of azure and of light,
Far, far from those they love,
Is theirs contentment quite ?

We had, with arbours round,
A dwelling near Saint Leu !
How fair the flower-decked ground !
The sky above how blue !

Amid the fallen leaves,
We'd rove the forest o'er,
And oft on summer eves
Old ruined walls explore.

Our laughter was as gay
As rang through Eden's glade,
With something still to say
That had before been said.

We fairy tales reheard,
And happy were, God knows !
At sight of passing bird
Our joyous voices rose.

DAVID TOLMIE.

HERNANI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HERNANI.	A Mountaineer.
DON CARLOS.	First Conspirator.
DON RUY GOMEZ DE SILVA.	Second Conspirator.
DUKE OF GOTH.	Third Conspirator.
DON SANCHEZ.	
DON MATHIAS.	DONNA SOL DE SILVA.
DON RICARDO.	DONNA JOSEFA (<i>Duenna</i>).
DON GARCIA SUAREZ.	German and Spanish Conspirators,
DON FRANCISCO.	Lords, Soldiers.

SCENE—*Saragossa during the First, Second and Fifth Acts ; the environs of Saragossa during the Third ; and at Aix-la-Chapelle in the Fourth.*

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—DUENNA, DON CARLOS—*Bedroom. A lamp on the table. Night. Duenna shuts the crimson window-curtains and arranges several arm-chairs. A knock is heard at a concealed door on the right. She listens. A second knock is heard—then a third.*

Duenna. That step upon the secret stair to hear
So soon ! (*A fourth knock.*)
I come. Good-morrow, cavalier. (*She opens the door.*)

Enter DON CARLOS.

Duenna. Not you, Hernani ! Murder ! raise the cry
Of thieves, of fire !

Don Carlos (seizing her arm).

Two words more and you die.

Is this the house of Donna Sol, the dame
Who, yielding to an amorous uncle's flame,
Jealous and old, accepts Pastrana's name
And ducal honours ? If report speaks truth,
The affianced lady loves a beardless youth,
And sees by night, whose shades such meetings cover,

To her old lover's beard, her beardless lover ;

Is't true ? *(She is silent, he shakes her arm.)*

You'll have the goodness to reply.

Duenna. Two words, and then I thought I was to die.

Don Carlos. I want but one. Yes—No. Choose from the two.
Is this the house ?

Duenna. Yes. Why ?

Don Carlos. What's that to you ?

From her old lover's presence is she free ?

Duenna. Yes.

Don Carlos. And she waits the young ?

Duenna. Yes.

Don Carlos. Death to me.

Duenna. Yes.

Don Carlos. Is this room the place where met the two ?

Duenna. Yes.

Don Carlos. Hide me.

Duenna. You ?

Don Carlos. Me.

Duenna. Why ?

Don Carlos. What's that to you ?

Duenna. Hide you ?

Don Carlos. Here.

Duenna. Never.

Don Carlos *(drawing a dagger and showing a purse).*

Deign, if you refuse,

Between this weapon and this purse to choose.

Duenna *(taking the purse).* The devil !

Don Carlos. I am.

Duenna. Then enter and be still.

(Opens a recess in the wall.)

Don Carlos *(looking into the recess).* This box ?

Duenna. Oh, if you will not, hence.

Don Carlos *(looking back as he enters).* I will.

Is this, by chanee, the stable where you hide

The broomstick which at night you love to ride ? *(Gets in.)*

Duenna *(clasping her hands).* A man !

Don Carlos. Your mistress doubtless waits to hear
A female footstep?

Duenna. Hers salutes my ear.
Quick, shut the door. I hear the lady's tread.

Don Carlos (from within). Duenna—hark!—one word and you
are dead!

Duenna. Who can this man be? If for help I call
Through the whole house, they slumber one and all.
Well, one is near to whom belongs alone
The affair. Who wears a sword can keep his own.

(*Weighing the money.*)

The stranger was no robber after all.

Enter DONNA SOL.

Donna Sol. Josefa!

Duenna. Yes.

Donna Sol. I fear lest ill befall.

Hernani should be here. He mounts the stair.

Ope ere he knocks. Quick, to your post repair!

[*JOSEFA opens the secret door.*]

Enter HERNANI.

Hernani!

Hernani. 'Tis your form which meets my eye
At last. Your accents which to mine reply.
Ah, why must fate my days from yours divide?
I need you, to forget the world beside.

Donna Sol. Alas! your cloak is drenched. It pours to-night.

Hernani. I know not.

Donna Sol. You are frozen.

Hernani. For my plight

I care not.

Donna Sol. Quit this mantle.

Hernani. Dearest, say,

When slumber wiles your hours of night away,
When calm, and pure, and innocent, it bids
Half-ope that mouth and close those drooping lids,
Does not some angel in thy dreaming ear
Whisper, to tell thee how intensely dear,

How madly prized, to one those charms must be—
The wretch, the exile, and the outcast—me?

Donna Sol. Oh, you are late to-night. But tell me true,
Are you not chilled?

Hernani. I burn when near to you.
Alas! when jealous passion fires the brain,
And swells the bosom with its stormy train,
What can the feeble tempests of the sky
To aid that storm of heart and brain supply?

Donna Sol (undoing his cloak). I'll take this cloak and sword.

Hernani. The first you may.
The last, my second friend, in many a fray
Tried and found faithful, none may take away.
Your uncle, spouse, he of the ducal line,
Is absent?

Donna Sol. Yes, this hour is love's and thine.

Hernani. One hour alone. Yet all that hour can give,
For which the wise could die, or wish to live;
The rest is but to die, or to forget
That e'er we parted, or that e'er we met.

Donna Sol. Hernani!

Hernani (bitterly). He is absent, thanks to fate.
Like a thief, trembling at a miser's gate,
I enter—I behold you—I beguile
The dotard of your accents and your smile,
And I am blessed; and he will grudge the hour
Of bliss, and kill me—when he has the power.

Donna Sol. Be calm. Josefa, take this cloak away.

(To HERNANI). Approach.

Hernani (not hearing her). The Duke is really absent? Say.

Donna Sol. How tall you are!

Hernani. Where is he?

Donna Sol. Dearest, choose
Some other subject.

Hernani. I cannot refuse
To think of him. He loves you, for his bliss
Would wed you, and has snatched a privileged kiss.

Some other subject !

Donna Sol. And that kiss inspires
Mistrust. An uncle's kiss ! almost a sire's !

Hernani. A lover's, husband's, of your liberty,
And you, the jealous lord that is to be.
The dotard, soon whose palsied head must bend
In drivelling weakness to his journey's end,
To cheer his frozen life-blood, by his side,
Senseless old man ! must place a youthful bride ;
And sees not death in pale array prepare
The other plighted hand to claim and share.
Take, meddler in my joys, the meddler's meed—
Be measured for the grave to which you speed.—
What makes this monstrous marriage ? Force, I trust.

Donna Sol. They tell me 'tis the King.

Hernani. 'Tis just, 'tis just :

His father doomed of old my sire to die
The traitor's death. Though years have glided by,
Still to his regal shade, his wife, his son,
My hate is fresh, as if the account begun
This morn. I swore it with my infant breath
His son should quit me for my father's death.
King of Castile, I sought thee far and wide ;
Our debt of hate is still unsatisfied ;
For thirty years the parent's strife endured :
Could that long contest by their death be cured ?
In vain those fathers died, the sons survive.
Peace is unborn, but hate and vengeance thrive ;
Thine, Carlos, is the deed. 'Tis well that when
I tracked thee, thou hast sought me in my den.

Donna Sol. You fright me.

Hernani. I must speak, and you must hear,
Things which almost reduce myself to fear.
Listen—Long since, they pledged your youthful charms
To your proud uncle, Ruy de Silva's arms.
Pastrana's duke, Castile's grandee, he weighs
Ingots and rank against his length of days :

Pearls from the deep, and red gold from the mine,
Shall be thy dower ; no royal brow shall shine
In Europe's courts more starred with gems than thine ;
For blood, for wealth, for titles, and for pride,
Such as his wife may boast of, queens have sighed—
Such is Pastrana. I am poor, and own
Woods where I wandered barefoot and unknown—
These are my heritage. I might make good
Perhaps a scutcheon, now defaced with blood—
Some sights, perhaps, to be one day revealed,
Beneath a scaffold cloth's dark folds concealed,
Which yet may be displayed, if fate accord,
And issue from this scabbard with my sword ;
But Heaven avouches, while I wait my hour,
Nought but its light, its air, man's common dower.
Such are we both. I come to set you free
From one. Now choose—wed him or follow me.

Donna Sol. I follow you.

Hernani. To my associate band,
Whose names already in the hangman's hand
Are written ? Men of iron mood and blade,
Each with some deed of vengeance unpaid—
Such will you rule ! Till now you knew me not—
Wed me, to wed a bandit is your lot ;
Hunted from plain to rock, from rock to plain.
Alone in all inhospitable Spain,
Where nought but eagles eye me from their nest,
Old Catalonia took me to her breast.
Amid her mountain-sons, poor, grave, and free,
I flourished—and to-morrow thousands three,
If thrice this horn I sound, obey the strain
And me. You tremble, Lady. Think again.—
To follow me o'er mountains, woods, and streams ;
My comrades like the demons of your dreams ;
All to suspect, eye, voice, and step and sound—
Quaff the rough torrent—sleep upon the ground—
E'en while allaying infant hunger's call,

Start to the music of the whistling ball.
 All this endured, to see the traitor's death
 Close, as I saw my sire's, the outlaw's, breath.

Donna Sol. I follow you.

Hernani. The Duke has wealth and fame—
 No spot upon his lineage or his name.
 Has power; can offer with his hand and heart
 Wealth, titles, rank.

Donna Sol. To-morrow we depart.

Hernani, think me not, alas! too bold;
 Demon or angel, to whiche'er I'm sold,
 Whate'er thou art, I am thy slave. Away!
 Go where thou wilt,—I follow. Stay,—I stay.
 Why do I this? I know not, guess in vain;
 I pine to see you, and to see again,
 Early and late to see you. When your tread
 Dies on my ear, my heart's pulse, too, seems dead;
 When you are absent I am absent too;
 But when the sound I long for wakes anew,
 Your step, back to myself that sound can give
 Myself, and I remember that I live.

Hernani. Angel!

Donna Sol. To-morrow, mid-night, bring your band
 Beneath my window; firm my faith shall stand.
 Three strokes the signal.

Hernani. Will not you reflect?

Donna Sol. On what? I follow, and can you suspect?

Hernani. No, feeble woman! since you choose to share
 My fate, my fortunes, I must now declare
 My utmost destiny to one so true.
 Know that the bandit is an exile too.

Don Carlos (bursting from the recess.)

I cannot listen till this tale be done,
 And in a clothes-press! Has it long to run?

(*HERNANI steps back in astonishment. DONNA SOL takes refuge
 in his arms, fixing her eyes on DON CARLOS.*)

Hernani (his hands on his sword). What man is this?

Donna Sol. Help ! mercy !

Hernani. Check that cry,
 'Twill wake the glance of many a jealous eye.
 When I am near you, deign, whate'er befall,
 Upon no other aid than mine to call.
 Your business ?

(To CARLOS.)

Don Carlos. Not my leisure to amuse,
 By walking in the woods without my shoes.

Hernani. The man who joins an insult to a jest
 Bids fair to make his heirs laugh with the rest.

Don Carlos. Each in his turn, fair sir. To speak my mind—
 You love this lady, and your pastime find
 To come each evening and admire alone,
 Reflected in her dark black eyes, your own.
 'Tis well. I also love her, and would know
 Who by the window enters, while below
 I at the door amuse myself.

Hernani. I doubt
 By where I entered, you will soon go out.

Don Carlos. That we shall see. I offer her my flame.
 Say, shall we share her ? In that gentle dame
 Such store of love and kindness I discover,
 [She surely has too much for one poor lover.]
 This evening then, alone, and in disguise,
 Taken for you, I enter by surprise ;
 Hide, listen, but in such a stifling nest
 I heard but little, though I did my best.
 Besides, I tore a vest and doublet new
 From France. So out I come.

Hernani. This blade, like you,
 Dislikes its sheath's confinement.

Don Carlos (*bowing*). As you will.

Hernani (*draws his sword*). On guard then !

Donna Sol. Madmen !

Don Carlos. Lady, pray be still.

Hernani. Tell me your name.

Don Carlos. Disclose me first your own.

Hernani. I store that secret up for one alone—
 For him who one day in his heart shall feel,
 Borne to the ground beneath my knee, the steel,
 And, writhing in his agony, shall hear
 That name of vengeance thunder'd in his ear.

Don Carlos. That other's name, then?

Hernani. Close we the debate.

On guard. Defend yourself.

(They cross swords. DONNA SOL falls into a chair.

Knocks are heard at the door.)

Donna Sol (rising). The gate! the gate!

Hernani. Who knocks thus?

Duenna (entering). One we little looked to face.

The Duke!

Donna Sol. The Duke here! Ruin and disgrace!

Wretched.

Duenna (looking around her). My God! the stranger! weapons bare!

They have crossed swords! fine doings, I declare!

Voice from without. Open the door there, quick.

Hernani (stopping the Duenna). Let none obey.

Duenna (taking out her beads). St. James, our patron, be our aid to-day.

(Knocking again.)

Hernani. Quick, let us hide.

Don Carlos. Where?

Hernani. Where you hid before;

'Twill hold us.

Don Carlos. Thanks; perhaps it may, and more.

Hernani. Then fly this way.

Don Carlos. Good evening. I stay here.

Hernani. Death of my body! you shall pay this dear.

(To DONNA SOL.)

What, if I fight it?

Don Carlos (to Duenna). Open and stand by.

Hernani. What says he?

Don Carlos (to Duenna). Open, do you hear?

Donna Sol.

I die.

Enter DON RUY GOMEZ DE SILVA, and valets with torches.

Don Ruy. Men with my niece, and at this hour of night !
Draw near ! This case is one for noise and light.

(To DONNA SOL.

St. John of Avila ! your guests are three,
Just two too many, madam, counting me.

(To the young men.

What business brings you here, young cavaliers ?
Men like the Cid, the knights of bye-gone years,
Rode out the battle of the weak to wage,
Protecting beauty and revering age :
Their armour sat on them, strong men as true,
Much lighter than your velvet sits on you :
Not in a lady's room by stealth they knelt ;
In church, by day, they spoke the love they felt.
They kept their house's honour bright from rust,
They told no secret, and betrayed no trust :
And if a wife they wanted, bold and gay,
With lance or axe, or sword-point, and by day,
Bravely they won and wore her. As for those
Who walk the streets when honest men repose,
With eyes turned to the ground, and in night's shade,
The rights of trusting husbands to invade ;
I say the Cid would force such knaves as these
To beg the city's pardon on their knees.
And with the flat of his all-conquering blade
Their rank usurped, and scuteheon, would degrade.
Thus would the men of former days, I say,
Treat the degenerate minions of to-day.
Why came ye here ? with fools of younger birth,
Of reverend age and me to make your mirth ?
Yes, they will mock my age, and at the sight
Of these grey hairs forget Zamora's fight.
At least *you* shall not laugh.

Hernani.

Duke—

Don Ruy.

You must hear ;

You have the sword, the ring, the tilting spear,
 The feast, the chase, the jennet, hawk, and hound,
 And nightly music's serenading sound,
 The silken doublet and the dancing plume,
 Day without care, and night without its gloom.
 Sated with these, to novelty you fly
 For some fresh plaything. That new toy am I.
 'Tis broken now.

Hernani.

Sir Duke—

Don Ruy.

Who dares reply ?

Follow me, gentlemen. You'll find at best,
 My name a sorry subject for a jest,
 How now ? There is a treasure in the place—
 A lady's honour—that of all her race.
 That lady is my niece—will be my bride
 I love her—in her honour place my pride ;
 I think her chaste, and pure from stain and shame.
 One hour I leave her ; I, who bear the name
 Of Ruy de Silva, must return to find
 A robber of the pledge I leave behind.
 Are these your exploits ? Hence ! your noble freak
 Would call up blushes in a bastard's cheek.
 Is there aught else to trample ? See, I wear
 The Golden Fleece. (*Throws down the Order*).

Tread on it, seize and tear

These white locks, to the vile dust bear them down,
 And boast to-morrow, through the listening town,
 That never brawlers fixed disgrace and shame
 On whiter hairs, or on a nobler name.

Donna Sol. My Lord ! my Lord !

Don Ruy.

My squires come to my aid,

Fetch me my poniard, my Toledo blade.

(*To the young men.*

You follow me.

Don Carlos. Duke, we have nought to do
 With all you speak of, or with following you.

The emperor's dead. (*Takes off his hat and cloak*).

Don Ruy. Young men, you mock me still.
The King !

Donna Sol. The King here !

Hernani. Carlos of Castile !

Don Carlos. You speak my name, sir. Gomez, are you mad ?
I learnt the news this evening. Good or bad,
At least 'tis true. I came in haste to tell
The tidings to a subject loved so well,
By night, disguised, the matter to debate.
The affair is simple, but the noise is great.

(*DON RUY dismisses his attendants.*)

Don Ruy. But why delay so long to let me in ?

Don Carlos. Fine question, when you come with such a din ?
I come to speak the secrets of the crown,
And must your footmen talk them through the town ?

Don Ruy. Your pardon, sir, the appearance—

Don Carlos. Say no more.

The Emperor's dead.

Don Ruy. Your Highness must deplore
A kinsman.

Don Carlos. I must grieve to lose a friend.

Don Ruy. Who claims the vacant sceptre ?

Don Carlos. Two contend ;

France and a Saxon.

Don Ruy. If we look around,
Could not a third more fit than these be found ?
Might not our King, whom Heaven defend, aspire
To that succession ?

Don Carlos. 'Tis that King's desire.

Don Ruy. Archducal rank your royal father held
In Austria ; and the electors, uncompell'd,
Will make the title of your lineage good,
And ratify in you the ties of blood.

Don Carlos. A burgess, too, of Ghent.

Don Ruy. While others die,
Sole witness I remain of years gone by.
I knew your uncle once ; but since we met,

Like Maximilian, many a sun has set.

Don Carlos. Rome is for me.

Don Ruy. In truth, that head became
The old Germanic body's powerful frame.

Don Carlos. This Francis is a galliard, and will lose
No instant of his time before he woos.

The empire. Has he not his own domains?
Ah! but the prize is great and worth the pains.
And yet what chance? The golden bull denies
To strangers like himself, the glorious prize.

Don Ruy. Might not that rule exclude a king of Spain?

Don Carlos. Burgess of Ghent! my friend.

Don Ruy. The last campaign
Has made King Francis soar.

Don Carlos. My eagle crest
May spread its wings to soar above the rest.
For Flanders I depart; I go a king,
Return an emperor. Trust me, France will bring
All efforts to her aid, and I must strain
My own best nerve the foremost step to gain.

Don Ruy. To distant regions you transfer your sway,
And leave your Aragon the bandit's prey?

Don Carlos. D'Arcos has charge to root them from the land.

Don Ruy. And will their chief obey that same command?

Don Carlos. That chief, who is he?

Don Ruy. No one knows his name;
But many a sturdy exploit stamps his fame.

Don Carlos. Galicia holds him now; small force will drive
The swarm of hornets from their northern hive.

Don Ruy. Then the reports were false which spoke him near
This place?

Don Carlos. They were. To show how much I fear,
I am your guest to-night, sir.

Don Ruy. On my knee
I thank your Highness.

Donna Sol (aside to HERNANI). Midnight; signals three.

Hernani (aside to her). Yes, without fail; and with my band.

Don Carlos (aside).

His band !

(To DONNA SOL.

Madam, permit me to propose my hand.

DON CARLOS *conducts DONNA SOL to the door ; she goes out. As he returns (aside).*

My friend here looks amazed. *(Taking HERNANI apart).*

That blade will shine,

Not without honour, which was crossed with mine.

Sir, I suspect you—might command your stay

But kings may be betrayed—cannot betray.

Hence I will sanction and protect your flight.

(To DON RUY who looks inquiringly.)

One of my suite ; he leaves this place to-night.

(Exeunt—DON RUY, DON CARLOS, and attendants.)

Hernani (alone). One of thy suite, King CARLOS! you speak true.

By day, by night, your footsteps I pursue ;

My hand upon this, and on thy trace

My eye. My race in me pursues thy race.

My rival too ! One instant of debate,

Dubious I balanced between love and hate

My heart, not quite capacious for the two,

Forgot in love for her its hate of you.

But if you choose it, if you come to whet

My blunted memory, I shall not forget.

To make the balance on one side prevail,

Love throws its influence into hatred's scale.

Yes, I am of thy suite ! Thine was the word ;

And never minion, courtier, squire, or lord,

Groom, page, or chamberlain—the tribe that run,

Creep, crawl, or flutter in the royal sun ;

No palace spaniel, trained to crouch, shall be

Assiduous on the royal path like me.

Some hollow title or some plaything still,

Is what they seek, these grandees of Castile—

Some bauble hanging from the neck their joy ;

I risk no neck of mine for such a toy.

Thy spirit's breath, the blood-drops from thy veins,

Are all I ask—the rest my soul disdains.
 Away ! I follow. Vengeance, ever near,
 Speaks busy words of warning in my ear ;
 Noiseless my step, no sound betrays the wrath
 Which follows close on thy devoted path.
 Carlos ! by day thou shalt not turn thy head,
 But mine shalt meet thy gaze, pale as the dead.
 Carlos ! thou shalt not raise thy eyes by night,
 But mine shall blast them with their lurid light.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open court. On the left, the walls of the house of Silva with a balcony ; on the right, houses and streets. Here and there an occasional light in the windows.*

Enter DON CARLOS, DON SANCHEZ, DON MATHIAS, and DON RICARDO, *wrapped in long cloaks.*

Don Carlos. This is the place. My heart beats high. No light
 Yet in her lattice—all beside are bright.
 All but the one in which I wish, in vain,
 To see her taper.

Don Sanchez. Let us speak again
 Of that same traitor who deserved to die
 And yet your Highness suffered him to fly,
 And thereby cheat the hangman.

Don Carlos. As you say.

Don Mathias. Maybe the bandit's chief?

Don Carlos. Perhaps he may.

Their chief or not, no leader e'er was seen,
 No king, of prouder gait or lordlier mien.

Don Sanchez. His name?

Don Carlos. Er—er— some name which ends in *i*.

Don Sanchez. Perhaps Hernani?

Don Carlos. Yes.

Don Sanchez. 'Tis he!

Don Mathias. 'Tis he!

Don Sanchez. And can your Highness what he said recall?

Don Carlos (still looking up at the window). How in that closet could I? Not at all.

Don Sanchez. But why release him, with such power to strike?

Don Carlos. Sir Count, you question me, which I dislike:

And this is not the point which makes the strife;

I want the gallant's mistress—not his life.

Two windows dark. With what a lingering gait

Old Time can shuffle on to those who wait!

The moment we enjoy, his step is fleet.

(The last light is extinguished.)

The last is out, and darkness rules the street.

(Turning to DONNA SOL'S window.)

Accursed lattice, when will you be bright?

Shine out, fair star, and dissipate the night.

Has it struck twelve?

Don Ricardo. 'Twill soon.

Don Carlos. We must proceed

To work, or others may prevent the deed.

(A light appears in DONNA SOL'S window.)

Look, see, her shadow crossed the glass but now.

Day never dawned upon the mountain's brow

More gladly welcome. Let us make her hear

The expected signal. Yet the fair may fear

Our numbers. Gentlemen, retire aside,

And watch the other. Thus shall we divide

The lovers. Yours the robber, mine the bride.

Don Ricardo. A fair arrangement!

Don Carlos. If he comes, one thrust;—

Lunge out and lay the hero in the dust.

While he lies bleeding, I shall seize the fair,

And carry off. Thus we dispose the pair.

And yet the man is brave: so thrust with skill,

Give him enough to quiet, not to kill.

(The Lords disperse. When they are gone DON CARLOS claps his hands three times. At the third time the window opens, and DONNA SOL appears at the balcony.)

Donna Sol (on the balcony). Hernani!

Don Carlos. I am lost if I reply.

Donna Sol. I come.

(She shuts the window, and presently comes out of the door, with a lamp in her hand. DON CARLOS advances precipitately towards her; DONNA SOL drops her lamp.)

Oh Heavens! another's step; I fly.

Don Carlos (detaining her). Lady—

Donna Sol. That voice too—

Don Carlos. Can that voice appear

Less amorous than the one you wish to hear?

That voice is but a lover's and a king's.

Donna Sol. The King.

Don Carlos. Command him. At your feet he flings

His wealth, his crown, his power to smite and save:

The King commands, but Carlos is your slave.

Donna Sol. Hernani, help!

Don Carlos. How justly she complains;

The hand is not a bandit's who detains!

Donna Sol. The bandit is yourself. That royal brow,

Does it not blush as mine for you does now?

Are these the exploits which enhance your name,

At midnight to invade a lady's fame?

Yield to the bandit, king; if men were graced,

Not as their birth, but as their virtues placed

Their separate rank—if honour drew the line—

His were the sceptre, and the poniard thine.

Don Carlos. Madam—

Donna Sol. My father's lineage you forget;

He was a count.

Don Carlos. He was; and I can set

On that fair brow a dueal coronet.

Donna Sol. Hence, Carlos There is nought between us two—

My aged father shed his blood for you,

And jealous of that blood, his daughter's pride
The favourite scorns—aspires not to the bride.

Don Carlos. Come, bright attraction, then, my throne to share
—My queen, my empress.

Donna Sol. No. I see the snare.
Besides, to speak the truth, were you apart,
Another is the sovereign of my heart.
Hernani reigns there ; gladly I withdraw
With him far from the world and the world's law,
To share his destiny where'er he goes—
Privation, hunger, thirst, pursuit of foes ;
Preferring, while I cling to him alone,
His love, his toils, his miseries, to a throne.

Don Carlos. I envy him.

Donna Sol. Him, whom your law through Spain pursues ?

Don Carlos. He loves and is beloved again.
I am alone. An angel shares his lot.
You hate me then ?

Donna Sol. My lord, I love you not.

Don Carlos (*seizing her with violence*). What matters, then ?

Donna Sol. My Lord, my Lord, beware !
Reflect on what I am, and what you are.
Think that contending beauty swells the throng
Which through your palaces chambers files along ;
Whate'er their rank, their title, or their name,
When the King woos, they find a mutual flame.
What has my love, my exile, got from Heaven ?
To you Castile and Aragon were given,
With Murcia, Leon, and ten kingdoms more ;
Flanders' rich fields, the Indies' golden shore—
An empire so expansive, on its breast
The sun descending never sinks to rest.
Having all this, you fain would tear his bride,
His one possession, from Hernani's side.

[*Throws herself on her knees before him.*]

Don Carlos. I'll hear no more. Forego to strive in vain,
My Indies are all yours. I'll give my Spain

To win that hand !

[*Still keeping his hold of her.*]

Donna Sol (*snatches the dagger from his belt*).—Of all you have to grant,

This poniard is the only gift I want.

Advance one step, I kill myself and you.

Help !

Don Carlos. Silence !

Donna Sol. Help ! the deed is short to do.

Don Carlos. You trifle with my weakness. No delay ;
I have three friends can force you to obey.

Enter HERNANI suddenly.

Hernani (*appearing behind the King*). One you forgot ; and one who will pursue

Your steps much closer than these three can do.

(*The King turns round and discovers HERNANI motionless behind him. DONNA SOL rushes into his arms.*)

Donna Sol. Hernani, save me from him.

Hernani. Never fear.

Don Carlos. Monterey !—Are my friends too far to hear ?
How could they let this chief of gipsies by ?
Sanchez ! my friend !

Hernani. All at my mercy lie.

Expect no succour from their powerless swords ;
With sixty bandits I can match your lords,
Each of the sixty worth the three and you.
The quarrel now remains between us two.
With violent hand to force a lady's will
Was not a wise man's deed, King of Castile ;—
It was a coward's !

Don Carlos. Can I stoop so low
A bandit's taunt to answer ?

Hernani. Well I know

My rank ; but insult joined to injury brings
The subjects to a level with their king's.
Know ye the man before whose haughty brow
Your own must quail, whose grasp detains ye now

My father earned a traitor's doom from thine—
 I hate ye. You disgraced my name and line—
 I hate ye—In my love you cross my path—
 I hate ye—Hate ye with a rival's wrath :
 And yet this evening hate had found repose—
 I sought but her, and would have fled my foes.
 Don Carlos, 'tis in vain to rail or fret,
 I hold ye in the very snare you set :
 Powerless to stir, surrounded and at bay,
 What will you do ?

Don Carlos. You question me ? Away !

Hernani. None of ignoble rank will raise the sword
 To snatch the task of vengeance from their Lord ;
 No blade but mine that royal blood shall spill.
 Defend yourself ! (*Draws his sword.*)

Don Carlos. I am your sovereign ; kill,
 Strike, but no duel.

Hernani. If I think aright,
 That blade was crossed with mine but yesternight.

Don Carlos. It was. Your name I knew not, and my own
 You guessed not. But at present both are known.
 I know the robber—you, the King, to-day.

Hernani. Perhaps—

Don Carlos. No duel ; murder me, you may.

Hernani. With men like us, can names be sacred made ?
 Defend yourself !

Don Carlos. Assassin, to your trade !

(*HERNANI retreats, DON CARLOS eyeing him.*)

You think, then, bandits, that your cut-throat bands
 Can spread, unchecked, their rapine o'er my lands ;
 And stained, with murder, be allowed to start
 On a new course, the generous victor's part ?
 That we, betrayed, will deign to save our lives,
 With our good swords to cross your butcher knives ?
 Your crimes pursue ye, fly them how ye will.
 Duels with you ! Assassin ! strike, and kill.

(HERNANI *gloomily fingers the hilt of his sword for a moment; then turning suddenly towards the King, shivers the blade against the pavement.*)

Hernani. Depart. We meet upon a future day
On fairer terms.

Don Carlos. 'Tis well—I must away.
The judge, the fiscal, and the hangman too,
Ere night return, may have their work to do;
Then shall you feel my vengeance for the past.

Hernani. Vengeance is lame; but she arrives at last.

Don Carlos. Oh, that such waist a bandit's arm should clasp.

Hernani. Remember, thou art in the bandit's grasp.
The future Cæsar of a subject land
Is small and weak, and trembling in this hand;
And I can crush, if close that hand be prest,
The eagle's egg in its imperial nest.

Don Carlos. Do so.

Hernani. Away! And for your safety's sake,
From rovers of my band, this mantle take.

(*He throws his cloak over the King's shoulders.*)

No vengeance shall anticipate my own.

Away! I keep thee for myself alone. (Exit DON CARLOS.)

Donna Sol. Now let us fly.

Hernani. The task befits thee well,
To gather firmness as the tempests swell;
Around me still, companion, wife, and friend,
To cling in fond endurance to the end:
'Tis worthy of that firm and trusting heart.
But, heaven above! for me to play that part!—
To drag her on, without regret or fear!
My time is past, the scaffold frowns too near.

Donna Sol. How say you?

Hernani. This great monarch, whom I braved,
Will seek his life by whom his own was saved;
He flies. Already at his palace-gates
He calls around the minions of his state—
His guards, his lords, his hangmen.

Donna Sol.

Thou wilt die.

Despatch ! despatch ! Together let us fly.

Hernani. Together ? No ! that hour is past for flight.

Dearest, when first thy beauty met my sight,
I offered, for the love which bade me live,
Wretch that I was, what misery had to give—
My wood, my stream, my mountain. Bolder grown,
By thy compassion to an outlaw shown,
The outlaw's meal beneath the forest shade,
The outlaw's couch far in the greenwood glade,
I offered. Though to both that couch be free,
I keep the scaffold's couch reserved for me.

Donna Sol. And yet you promised !

Hernani (*falling on his knees*). Angel ! in this hour,
Pursued by vengeance, and oppressed by power—
Even in this hour, when death prepares to close
In shame and pain a destiny of woes—
Yes, I, who from the world proscribed and cast,
Have nursed one dark remembrance of the past,
Ev'n from my birth in sorrow's garment clad,
Have cause to smite and reason to be glad :
For you have loved the outlaw, and have shed
Your whispered blessings on his forfeit head.

Donna Sol. Let me go with you.

Hernani. No : I will not bend

From its fair stem the flower as I descend.
Go—I have smelt its perfume. Go—resume
All that this grasp has brushed away of bloom.
Wed the old man,—believe that ne'er we met ;
I seek my shade—Be happy, and forget !

Donna Sol. No—I go with you. What can e'er atone
For your destruction ?

Hernani. Let me fly alone.

Donna Sol (*despairingly on the threshold*). You fly me ? Was
it then for this I cast
All at your feet, to be repulsed at last ?
Can he for whom I braved my fate, deny

All that remains,—the bliss with him to die ?

Hernani. Banished—proscribed—contagious.

Donna Sol.

Rather say,

Ungrateful, thankless !

Hernani.

No—not that. I stay—

You wish it. Let me seek these arms again ;

And till these arms release me, I remain.

Forget our fortune and our foes to-night ;

Sit on this stone above me, bend thy sight

On mine, and flood me with its dazzling light.

Speak, and enchant me. Dearest, is't not sweet

To love, and see the loved one at thy feet ;

Thus to be two where not a third is nigh ;

To the night air, while others sleep, to sigh ?

Here on thy breast, let my repose be found,

My love, my beauty ! *[The sound of the distant tocsin is heard.]*

Donna Sol (rising).

'Tis the tocsin's sound.

Hear'st thou the tocsin ?

Hernani.

'Tis our marriage-bell ;

And these are notes of bridal joy, which swell

On the night breeze.

Donna Sol.

Rise ! fly ! the town is bright

Like sudden day.

Hernani.

The marriage-torches' light ;

Come to these arms.

[Enter a MOUNTAINEER, sword in hand.]

Mountaineer. My lord ! my lord ! the foe

Musters his force ; whole squadrons make a show

Already in the place.

Hernani (rising).

What cause to fear ?

[Shouts without.]

Death to the chief !

Hernani.

Thy sword ! the chief is here. *[To DONNA SOL.]*

Adieu, then !

Donna Sol.

By the open wicket fly.

Adieu ! Remember, if you fall, I die.

Hernani. One kiss.

Donna Sol. Be quick, then, ere your time be past.

Hernani (*kissing her forehead*). Alas ! it is my first.

Donna Sol. Perhaps your last.

[*Exit HERNANI. DONNA SOL falls upon a bench*

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*The Castle of Silva in Aragon. A gallery of portraits of the Silva family ; armour hung up between each portrait. DONNA SOL, dressed in white, standing by a table. DON RUY GOMEZ DE SILVA seated in an arm-chair.*

Don Ruy. To-day, my niece that name with one supplies
Which speaks of loftier rank and dearer ties.
But am I pardoned ? I was much to blame
To tinge that forehead with one blush of shame :
Too quickly I suspected ; and I erred
To censure rashly, and condemn unheard.
Appearance leads to judgments most unfair.
'Tis true those two young men—a goodly pair—
Were in the room. I should have disbelieved
My sight ; but age, my child, is quickly grieved.

Donna Sol. Who blames you, sir ? You harp upon this strain.

Don Ruy. Nay, I was wrong. The oldest blood of Spain,
De Silva's blood, will keep its channels pure.
I should have thought of this, and been secure.

Donna Sol. It shortly may be seen, my Lord, that mine
Is pure and good, as fits the ancient line
From which I spring.

Don Ruy. The love that warms my soul
Defies the power of reason's just control.
When love like mine an aged heart affects,
It burns, yet doubts ; it dotes, but it suspects :
Jealous of others, of ourselves ashamed,
The form for grace, the face for beauty famed,

To us are hideous. Oh, that this desire,
 Which fills the heart of frozen age with fire,
 This love which re-invigorates the mind,
 Should leave the body cold and dull behind !
 When, as I muse my garden glades along,
 Some shepherd youth disturbs me with his song,
 Whose sound from the green field can reach my bowers,
 Thus I apostrophise my crumbling towers,
 My ducal donjon keep, my loop-holed wall,
 My woods, my harvests—I would give ye all ;
 Would give the fields my swarm of vassals tills—
 Would give my flocks upon a thousand hills—
 Would give the ancestors, who watch intent,
 Chiding my slowness, for a son's descent
 Among them, and expect him even now—
 For that same peasant's hut and youthful brow.
 For round that brow unscored by age's lines
 The dark locks cluster, and beneath it shines
 An eye like thine ; and thou may'st well behold,
 And say, that man is young, and this is old.
 Thus to myself I speak, and speak it true :
 All, to be young and fair and gay as you,
 All would I give. I dream ! *I* young and gay,
 Who to the tomb am doomed to lead the way !

Donna Sol. Who knows ?

Don Ruy. Yet trust not that the youthful tribe
 Can feel the constant love their words describe.
 Let but a lady listen and believe,
 They laugh to see her die, or live to grieve.
 These birds of amorous note and gaudy wing
 Can moult their passions like their plumes in spring ;
 The old, whose notes are tuneless, hues less bright,
 Are steadier to their nest and in their flight.
 Time on our furrowed brow the graver's part
 May play—he writes no wrinkles on the heart.
 Give to the old the mercy which they need—
 The heart is always young enough to bleed.

With all a bridegroom's love, a father's pride,
 I love thee, and a hundred ways beside :
 I love thee as we love the flowers—the skies—
 Earth's breathing perfumes, heaven's enchanting dyes ;
 And when thy step, so graceful yet so free,
 The aspect of that stainless brow, I see,
 That heaven seems opening as I gaze on thee.

Donna Sol. Alas !

Don Ruy. And mark the reasoning world approves,
 When towards an honoured grave an old man moves,
 If woman deign his uscless age to tend,
 And smooth his progress to his journey's end.
 It is an angel's task, and thou shalt be
 That angel, in a woman's form, to me.

Donna Sol. You may survive, and I the example give
 To die. Youth has no privilege to live.

Don Ruy. Truce to such dark discussions ! I must chide
 My child. This day is one of joy and pride ;
 E'en to the altar now this hour invites,
 And you not ready for the sacred rites.
 I count the tedious moments : quick, prepare
 Your marriage toilet.

Donna Sol. There is time to spare.

Enter PAGE.

Don Ruy. Not so. (*To the Page.*) What now ?

Page. A stranger at your door
 Is waiting, your roof's shelter to implore ;
 'A pilgrim.

Don Ruy. Give him shelter, food and rest ;
 Good fortune ever enters with a guest.
 Brings he no news ? What say they of the band
 Of lawless robbers who infest the land
 With their rebellious crew ?

Page. Their end is near.

Donna Sol (aside). Heavens !

Don Ruy. How say you ?

Page. They have fled.

The rumour has it that the chief is dead—
 If not, a thousand crowns are on his head ;
 The King himself pursues him if he flies.

Donna Sol (aside). And without me !

Don Ruy. 'Tis well : the traitor dies.

We may rejoice, my fair one ; quick, array
 That form. A double festival to-day
 Invites us, and thy joy should be avowed
 In bridal white.

Donna Sol (aside). Say rather in my shroud. [Exit.

Don Ruy (to the Page). Take her those jewels. I would see
 her shine

Bright as Our Lady's image in its shrine. [Seating himself.

Thus, thanks to her dark eyes, and thanks to these,

Her charms shall force a pilgrim on his knees.

A pilgrim !—that reminds me—I am slow—

Admit him, quick !—the one that waits below.

'Twas wrong.

[Exit Page.

Enter HERNANI disguised as a pilgrim.

Hernani. To all beneath this roof who rest,
 Welfare and peace !

Don Ruy. The same attend my guest.

A pilgrim ?

Hernani. Yes.

Don Ruy. Then I presume your way

Led by Armillas ?

Hernani. Rumour of a fray

Deterred me.

Don Ruy. With the routed robber's band ?

Hernani. I know not.

Don Ruy. He who holds their chief command,

Know'st thou his fate ? Hernani's ?

Hernani. Who is he ?

Don Ruy. Thou know'st him not ? For others then shall be
 The thousand crowns, his forfeit head shall bring
 This long unpunished rebel to his king ;
 And if towards Madrid your steps you bend,

You yet may see the hangman make his end.

Hernani. I do not go there.

Don Ruy. He is doomed to die.

He takes his head who chooses.

Hernani (aside). Let him try.

Don Ruy. Where leads thy path ?

Hernani. My Lord, it leads me now

To Saragossa's town.

Don Ruy. Perhaps a vow.

And to what Saint ? Our Lady ?

Hernani. To the last,

Our Lady of the Pillar.

Don Ruy. He is past

All hope of good who falters, or who faints,

Ere he redeems his pledges to the Saints.

Thy vow accomplished, hast thou no desire

But just to see the Pillar and retire ?

Hernani. Yes ; I would see the altar torches shine

Around Our Lady's image in her shrine ;

The golden lamps which light with fitful flame

The solemn vault.

Don Ruy. 'Tis well, my friend. Your name ?

Ruy de Silva's mine. Oh, you may spare

The pains to hide what you would not declare ;

None in De Silva's house shall claim the right

To drag a stranger's secret into light.

You ask a refuge ?

Hernani. Yes.

Don Ruy. No thanks from you :

To him who trusts mine honour, mine are due.

Rest, and be welcome ; I would do the same

For Satan, if God sent him here by name.

(*Enter DONNA SOL in bridal array, with Pages, Valets and Ladies ; before her is borne, on a cushion, a casket of diamonds, which is then deposited on the table. HERNANI, thunderstruck, gazes on DONNA SOL.*)

Don Ruy. Come, kneel to my Madonna ; for to-day

She sheds good fortune round on all who pray.

No ring, my careless bride? No marriage crown?

Hernani (in a voice of thunder). A crown! Who wants a thousand crowns paid down?

(*He tears off his pilgrim's gown, and appears in his original costume.*)

I am Hernani!

Donna Sol. Heavens! Alive?

Hernani. 'Tis true!

I am the man your bloodhounds all pursue;

I own no common title, but am proud

To speak Hernani's dreaded name aloud—

The convict! Take this forfeit head; 'twill pay

More than your marriage feast shall cost to-day.

Bind me!—But no, 'twere useless; for a chain

Is round me which I cannot break.

Don Ruy. 'Tis plain

My guest is mad.

Hernani. A price is on his head.

Donna Sol. Oh! heed him not.

Hernani. What I have said, is said.

Don Ruy. A thousand crowns! My friend, the sum is great;

My people may be tempted.

Hernani. Why debate?

Yield me.

Don Ruy. Be silent.

Donna Sol (*aside to HERNANI*). For my sake, restrain
This madness.

Hernani. I must join the bridal train.

A bride, Lord Duke, waits me, as well as you—

Not quite so fair as yours, but quite as true—

Death! Do none stir?

Donna Sol. Hernani! for my sake—

Hernani. A thousand crowns, my masters. Come and take
A thousand crowns! Come, gain it while you can;
Remember, riches make the slave a man.

You shrink!

Don Ruy. Some cause for shrinking may be shown;

For he who touched your head would risk his own.
 Wert thou Hernani—wert thou, in his stead,
 The incarnate fiend—if empires for thy head
 Were offered, in the place of paltry gold—
 If for such price as this thy life were sold,
 Here thou wert safe as in the court of Heaven,
 By which the charge to guard thee has been given :
 And let me perish if the hand of power
 Shall harm one hair of yours ! Within an hour
 My nieee we marry. To your room ! I go
 To close my castle gates against a foe. [Exit.

*(DONNA SOL goes towards the door as if to follow her attendants ;
 then, when the Duke has disappeared, returns anxiously to
 HERNANI.)*

Hernani. Accept my compliments on your array ;
 Your toilet charms me more than I can say—
 No foil, no tinsel here—all fair and brave.

[Examining the casket.

He dare not play you false, so near his grave.
 Nought missing ? Necklace—ear-rings—everything—
 The ducal coronet—the golden ring !
 How like his love—so faithful, deep and true—
 This casket seems.

Donna Sol (taking a dagger from the casket).

You have not searched it through.

Behold this dagger which I chose alone
 Of all the gifts—among the rest, a throne—
 Which the King offered, which for you I spurned—
 You my accuser !

Hernani (at her feet). Reason has returned.

Oh, let me wipe these bitter tears away—
 Tears which my folly caused, my blood shall pay !

Donna Sol. Hernani ! Still I love you ; and forgive,
 Because I love you.

Hernani. That pardon bids me live ;
 But e'en thy love and thy forgiveness bring
 No balm to soothe my self-reproaches' sting.

Oh, I could watch thee, were it but to trace
The spot thy footstep pressed, and kiss the place.

Donna Sol. To think the memory of my love so frail,
That force could bend, or misery make me quail,
And narrow this free bosom to a cell,
Where any image but thine own might dwell!

Hernani. Oh! I blasphemed and raved! Alas! were I
The object of a madman's blasphemy,
I should discard the wretch, whose passion takes
Its life and spirit from the wounds it makes.

Donna Sol. Oh, you have ceased to love!

Hernani. My soul, my heart,
Are thine. Then blame me not that I depart.
'Tis for thy sake alone I wish to fly.

Donna Sol. I shall not blame thee—I shall only die.

Hernani. Die? and for me?

Donna Sol. For whom, if not for you?

Hernani. Again you weep—and who shall make *me* rue
Who cause those tears? You will forgive again.
And who my depth of anguish can explain;
To see the tear-drop dim that eye, whose blaze
Is all on which I love, and live to gaze?
Oh! had I worlds, these worlds were all for you.

Donna Sol. You are my master, generous, brave and true.

Hernani. Could we but love too much, how could I bless
My fate to perish of that love's excess.

Donna Sol. Thine, and for ever. Heaven attest my vow!

Hernani. Oh! that my poniard could but strike me now!

Donna Sol. Heaven will be angry with these words of ill.

Hernani. Let it unite, if it refuse to kill.
Come to these arms, I yield me to its will.

Enter DON RUY GOMEZ.

Don Ruy. And this is hospitality's reward?
And this the guest whose life I went to guard?
Foolish old man! for this array thy power—
Up drawbridge, bolt the portal, man the tower—
Select a harness fit for age to wear,

Such as the strength of sixty years can bear—
 Prepare to fight, to die, to starve, to burn—
 Brave all the worst, to meet with this return !
 Yes, I have walked for sixty years of time,
 No dull observer in a world of crime—
 Have seen men live accursed, and die unblest,
 Sin unrestrained, and perish unconfessed—
 Sforza and Borgia both, the world's disgrace,
 Have seen, and Luther, who now holds their place,
 But never saw the criminal who dared
 Insult the roof whose very rights he shared ;—
 This is not of my time. We live to view
 Crimes which no former ages ever knew ;
 Moors and Castilians, sprung this man from you ?

(Appealing to the portraits.)

Lords of De Silva, fathers of my race,
 Listen, and hear me ; if my rage embrace
 Rash counsels,—if with vice's name I brand
 The virtue of this open heart and hand,
 Forgive me.

Hernani. If to man was ever given
 To meet with noble brow the glance of heaven ;
 If ever heart betrayed the noble line
 From which it sprung, that brow and heart are thine.
 I stand a culprit here, with nought to say
 Or do, but face my judgment as I may.
 I shared the shelter of your roof—I tried
 To spoil your treasure—to seduce your bride.
 I have my blood to offer. When 'tis shed,
 Wipe but your blade, and think not of the dead.

Donna Sol. De Silva, hold ! The crime was mine alone.

Hernani. Wait, lady, wait. This hour I claim my own.
 I would employ the moments which remain—
 My last—not to extenuate, but to explain :
 Believe a dying culprit. Be secure,
 De Silva ; I am guilty, she is pure.

Donna Sol. Mine was the crime ; I love him.—Yes, 'twas I—

I love him.

Don Ruy (furious). Woman, you shall see him die !

(Trumpets without.)

Enter PAGE.

Don Ruy. What noise was that ?

Page. A herald, sir, demands

Admission for King Carlos and his bands

Within your gates.

Don Ruy. Obey the King's commands.

[Exit PAGE.]

Donna Sol. He's lost.

(DON RUY goes to one of the portraits (his own), and pressing a secret spring, a concealed door is discovered in the wall.)

Don Ruy. You enter here.

Hernani. I hold my life

At your disposal, and, to close our strife,

Strike when you will.

(He enters the secret door. DON RUY presses the spring, and the portrait resumes its natural position.)

Donna Sol. Oh, spare that life to-day.

PAGE, entering.

My Lord, the King.

(Enter DON CARLOS, followed by numerous armed men : DONNA SOL lowers her veil.)

Don Carlos. How comes it, cousin, pray,
That when your Sovereign seeks De Silva's hall,
Your bolts are drawn, your archers on the wall,
To hear my herald waste his breath beneath ?
I thought your sword was rusting in its sheath,
And find it ready from that sheath to start—
'Tis somewhat late to play this youthful part—
Wear I the turban ?—Answer, do I spring
From Moorish race ?—am I a Christian King,
Carlos ? or do I bear a Pagan name,
Mahom, Boabdil, that I bear this shame ?

Don Ruy. My Lord—

Don Carlos (to his attendants). Seize all the castle gates, and
take

The keys. Is this the fashion you would wake
 The ghost of dead rebellions, and renew
 Old treasons? Know the King is waking too,
 Ready rebellion's progress to arrest,
 And crush its leaders in their mountain nest.

Don Ruy. None of De Silva's line was ever found
 A traitor.

Don Carlos. Speak me out! or to the ground
 Each stone of your eleven towers I raze.
 There lives one spark of old rebellion's blaze—
 The bandit chief survives! Who hides him now?
 Who guards the rebel? Rebel duke, 'tis thou!

Don Ruy. It is.

Don Carlos. 'Tis well. His head or thine must fall—
 Or his, or thine, shall grace the castle wall.
 Hear'st thou, my cousin?

Don Ruy. You shall be content,
 My lord, if that be all.

Don Carlos. Oh, you repent;
 Produce the rebel.

Don Ruy (leads the King to the most ancient of the portraits).
 In that reverend face
 Behold the father of De Silva's race,
 Silvius; in Rome filled the consul's place
 Three times. (Your patience for such honoured names.)
 This second was grand master of St. James
 And Calatrava; his strong limbs sustained
 Armour which ours would sink beneath. He gained
 Thirty pitched fields, and took, as legends tell,
 Three hundred standards from the Infidel;
 And from the Moorish King Motril, in war
 Won Antiquera, Suez, and Nijar,
 And then died poor. Next to him Juan stands,
 His son; his plighted hand was worth the hands
 Of kings. Next Gaspar, of Mendoça's line—
 Few noble stems but chose to join with mine:
 Sandoval sometimes fears, and some woos

Our smiles ; Manriquez envies ; Lara sues ;
 And Alencastre hates. Our ranks we know.
 Kings are but just above us—dukes below.
 Vasquez, who kept for sixty years his vow—
 Greater than he I pass. This reverend brow,
 This was my sire's—the greatest though the last :
 The Moors his friend had taken and made fast—
 Alvar Giron. What did my father then ?
 He went to seek him with three hundred men ;—
 He cut in stone an image of Alvar,
 Cunningly carved, and dragged it to the war ;
 He vowed a vow to yield no inch of ground
 Until that image of itself turned round :
 He reached Alvar—he saved him—and his line
 Was old De Silva's, and his name was mine,
 Ruy Gomez.

Don Carlos. Drag me from his lurking place
 The traitor !

*Don Ruy (leads the King to the portrait behind which HERNANI
 is concealed).*

Sir, your Highness does me grace ;
 This, the last portrait, bears my form and name,
 And you would write this motto on its frame :—

“ This last, sprung from the noblest and the best,
 “ Betrayed his plighted faith, and sold his guest.”

Don Carlos (retiring somewhat disconcerted).

I shall abate your house. Strongholds like these
 I hate.

Don Ruy. Your Highness can afford to please
 Your fancy.

Don Carlos. I shall raze its towers, and sow
 Their place with flax-seed.

Don Ruy. Better that should grow,
 And mark and stain the desolated spot,
 Than falsehood's stain should be De Silva's lot ;
 Is it not true, sirs ?—I appeal to you. (*Appealing to the portraits.*)

Don Carlos. His head is mine ; you promised—

Don Ruy. One of two—

Take this.

Don Carlos. You wear my long indulgence out ;
Produce the wretch you shelter.

Don Ruy. Can you doubt
My word ?

Don Carlos (to his men). Explore each tower, cave, and cell.

Don Ruy. My Lord, my dungeon keeps a secret well,
Like me ; and it may pass your power to bring
To light our mysteries.

Don Carlos. I am your King.

Don Ruy. Until these towers are levelled to the plain,
Just as you threatened, and their master slain,
Your Highness can learn nothing.

Don Carlos. All is vain,
Menace and prayer alike. Give me his head,
The bandit, or your castle.

Don Ruy. I have said.

Don Carlos. Two heads instead of one, then. 'Tis my will.
Arrest the Duke there !

Donna Sol (tearing off her veil, rushes between the King, the Duke, and Guards). Carlos of Castile,
You are a wicked King !

Don Carlos. This lady here !

Donna Sol. You bear no Spanish heart.

Don Carlos. You are severe

Upon your Sovereign. 'Tis to you I owe
This rage—from you, the faults you censure flow,
Where'er your power extends, you rule our fate—
You make a demon of the man you hate ;
Had'st thou been kind enchantress, I were great.
The tiger now, whose angry roar can thrill
Your ear, had been the lion of Castile.
Yet I obey.—(*To the Duke*) My cousin, I respect
Your scruples, and permit you to protect
Your castle's inmate. Set yourself at rest—
Betray your sovereign, and defend your guest.

I take one hostage only from your hall—

Your niece.

Don Ruy. One only ?

Donna Sol. Me !

Don Ruy. And this is all !

The generous victor ! Boon without compare !

The heart to torture and the head to spare.

Great grace !

Don Carlos. The traitor or the lady. Choose—

One I must have.

Don Ruy. But one you can. Then use

Your pleasure.

(The King approaches DONNA SOL ; she takes refuge with DON RUY.)

Donna Sol. Save me !—Wretched, it must be—

Me or my uncle. Let it fall on me.

I follow, sir.

Don Carlos. I triumph in the thought ;

This fair one to her senses must be brought.

(DONNA SOL goes to the casket, and taking from it the dagger, hides it in her girdle.)

What hides she there ?

Donna Sol. A jewel which I prize.

Don Carlos. Shew it.

Donna Sol. Another time, sir.

(DONNA SOL gives her hand to DON CARLOS, and prepares to follow him ; DON RUY, having stood some moments overwhelmed in grief, turns round suddenly.)

Don Ruy. Earth and skies !

Since honour nor compassion can prevail—

Ye trophied chambers, walls hung round with mail—

Ye banners, seamed with tears of conflict, fall

And crush the oppressor in my father's hall !

Leave me my child, my last, my only good.

Don Carlos. My prisoner then !

Don Ruy. Respect De Silva's blood.

(Going towards the concealed door, he turns again to the portraits.)

Hide me from these ! They stop me on my path !

(Again he advances towards the secret door, then turning to the King.)

You will ?

Don Carlos. Yes.

(The Duke raises his trembling hand to the secret spring, then falls at the King's feet.)

Don Ruy. Let my life assuage your wrath.

Don Carlos. Your niece shall.

Don Ruy (rising). Take her ; let my honour live

Stainless.

Don Carlos. Farewell.

Don Ruy. God keep you, and forgive.

(Exit the King, with DONNA SOL and attendants. As soon as they are gone, DON RUY seizes two swords, measures them, and lays them on the table ; then goes to the portrait, presses the secret spring, and the door opens.)

Come forth.

[Enter HERNANI.]

Don Carlos is beyond my walls ;

Vengeance remains, and separation calls.

Choose—and choose quickly. Can it be with fright

Your young hand shakes ?

Hernani. Old man, we may not fight.

Don Ruy. Why ? Are you frightened ? Is your rank and grade
Too humble ? For a wrong received, my blade
Shall cross a slave's.

Hernani. Old man—

Don Ruy. You cannot fly,

Young man ; prepare to kill me, or to die.

Hernani. Granted—to die ! My life I owe to you ;
Spite of myself you saved it—take your due.

Don Ruy. Blame but yourself alone then. Time runs fast—
Pronounce your prayer.

Hernani. To you I make my last.

Don Ruy. Make it to Heaven.

Hernani. To thee, to thee, old man.

Kill by what mode you please—strike how you can—

But do not, while the blow impends, deny
The last sole boon—to see her ere I die.

Don Ruy. To see her!

Hernani. Let me hear her voice's tone;
At least that voice but once, and once alone.
You shall be there; I will not speak nor move;
Then strike me as I listen.

Don Ruy. Saints above!
Is that retreat so deep that he has heard
Nothing of what was spoken?

Hernani. Not a word.

Don Ruy. To save your life I was compelled to bring
A hostage in my niece, to—

Hernani. Whom?

Don Ruy. The King.

Hernani. The King! He loves her! and obtains by force
All she refused his prayer.

Don Ruy. My horse! my horse!
Gather my vassals for pursuit!

Hernani. Attend!
Slow vengeance is the surest to its end.
I am your property; but you may still
Employ the man you have a right to kill—
To grant my share of vengeance were but just,
For this one boon I bow me to the dust,
And kiss your feet. When he whom both pursue
Has died for us, then I will die for you.

Don Ruy. Will you submit as now your blood to shed?

Hernani. I swear it.

Don Ruy. By what oath?

Hernani. My father's head.

Don Ruy. Will you remember this some future day?

Hernani. Listen. Accept this horn. Betide what may,
When'er it please you to exert your power,
Whate'er the time or place, to name my hour—
Come and be welcome. Sound this horn, and then
'Tis done.

Don Ruy. Your hand. (*Addressing the portraits.*) Bear witness, ancient men ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*The Tomb of CHARLEMAGNE, in Aix-la-Chapelle.*

Night.

DON CARLOS and DON RICARDO, *wrapped in cloaks.*

Don Ricardo (with a lantern in his hand). This is the place.

Don Carlos. 'Tis here the traitor-band
Mect, to be crushed at once beneath this hand.
My friend the Elector lends the appropriate stage
For treason's foul designs and faction's rage ;
Murder breathes freely in a catacomb,
And loves to whet her dagger on a tomb.
These gallants, still so ready with their knives,
Are playing somewhat high—they stake their lives.
Faith ! They do well in these sepulchral caves
To hatch their crimes ;—the journey to their graves
Will be the shorter. Do these caves extend
Far under the ground ?

Don Ricardo. My lord, before they end
They reach the fort.

Don Carlos. Too distant to explore.
Read me the list of traitors' names once more.

Don Ricardo (reads). Gotha.

Don Carlos. The valiant Duke conspires alone
To place a German on the German throne.

Don Ricardo. Tellez Giron.

Don Carlos. Our Lady and Castile !
Revolts against his King ?

Don Ricardo. Your royal will
Made him a baron ; and 'tis said he found

Your sacred person on forbidden ground—

His lady's room.

Don Carlos.

And must revenge on Spain

His private wrong.

Don Ricardo.

Next in the traitor's train,

Vasquez, the bishop, comes.

Don Carlos.

'Tis rather hard :

At least, his reverence has no wife to guard

Or to revenge. The rest may well be missed—

Our time is short—I have them on my list.

Don Ricardo. There are two still remaining to be told—

New converts both—one young, the other old.

Don Carlos. Their names ?

(DON RICARDO *shakes his head in ignorance.*)

Their age ?

Don Ricardo.

One twenty at the most ;

Sixty the next.

Don Carlos.

Both useless for their post—

Too young and old. No matter. Am I sure ?

The College meets, but is their choice secure ?

And when it fixes the imperial crown,

What signal speaks the election to the town ?

Don Ricardo. The cannon's thunder : one for Saxony—

Two for the Frenchman—for your Highness three.

Don Carlos. This is the hour the traitors meet. Away !

Give me the key. Three cannon shots, you say.

(DON RICARDO *bows assent and retires.*)

Don Carlos (alone). Great Charlemagne's shade, the mighty
and the just !

I sue for pardon to thy hallowed dust,

That human aims and passion's voice presume

To pierce the sacred silence of the tomb.

Sure 'tis a sight to fill and fire the breast,

This Europe, thy creation and bequest ;

This edifice, upon whose dizzy height

Two mortals stand, to whose superior might

Submissive monarchs bend. From sire to son

In lazy stream all minor titles run ;
Thrones, duchies, fiefs, hereditary all,
By blood descend, on fix'd successors fall.
But chance and change affect these two alone,—
The Cæsar's sceptre, and the Papal throne.
Thus chance, and change, and motion, all redress
The balance, as they raise it or depress ;
Heaven over all asserts a watchful sway,
Controls the mass, and order springs to-day.
As the times need it, an idea we find,
Some nascent birth of man's mysterious mind ;
It grows, walks, runs, and as it grows imparts
Its secret influence to surrounding hearts ;
Kings gag or trample, but in vain suppress't,
If once the Diet or the Conclave's guest,
Arm'd with their sanction the enfranchised slave
Confounds the powerful, and confronts the brave ;
Round his bold brow wreathes the tiara's band,
Or, with the globe imperial in his hand,
Steers his bold flight, and on unwearied wings
Looks down superior on the heads of kings.
Emperor and Pope ! Within those mighty sounds
A mystery dwells. On these the wide earth grounds
Her system and her concord. Heaven, which lends
To these her privilege, subdues and bends
People and kings to these. Their thrones below
A world lies marshall'd. One with fingers slow
Unravels all—the other cuts in twain :
Thus truth and force in them their rights maintain.
And when in equal pomp to sight displayed,
One in his purple, one in white arrayed,
Forth from the Temple's innermost recess
They pass, the nations, while to gaze they press,
The delegated powers of Heaven confess.
The Emperor—to attain that height—prevail
O'er rivals, foes, succeed. Perhaps to fail.
Thou dweller in this tomb, thy empire's sway

How blest, how great, how glorious in thy day !
Wider than now ; and yet this tomb is thine.
Is it to this such greatness must decline ?
Prince, Emperor, King, those titles to combine ;
Europe to measure with colossal stride ;
To prove the German Empire not too wide
To be thy statue's pedestal ; to run
Before the Carthaginian and the Hun
In warlike glory's race ; to wed the fame
Of greatness to thine own baptismal name,—
Cæsar and Charles the Great at once. Severe
The doom which to such space confines thee here.
Yes, seek the Empire ; but survey the cell
Which holds an Emperor's dust. Bid nations swell
Your train, and leave no barrier to be past,
No space unmeasured ; here to end at last !
What then ? The Cæsar's throne attracts me still ;
Ambition whispers—reach and take : I will.
Oh Heaven ! Upon that summit of command,
That pinnacle, alone erect to stand,
Keystone and centre of that arch, to see
States ranged beneath in order and degree ;
To feel my sandals press the heads of kings,
Which still transmit the weight to humbler things ;
To all the long gradations which exist
In Europe's church, or on the temporal list
Of her proud feudal titles, and to scan,
Deep roll'd in shade beneath, the tide of man ;
That sea, whose ever-ceaseless ebb and flow
Chafes, murmurs, breaks upon the shore below
With plaint and wailing, and at times a sound
Of bitter laughter from the deep profound.
Thou people ! Ocean, whose expansive breast
Each thing that falls, or floats on, wakes from rest ;
Mirror where kings survey their faults alone,
Of power to rock a tomb, but dash a throne
To fragments. It were well for one, whose ear

Is filled with thy deep music, to draw near
 To trace the records of thy power, and tell
 Thy trophies ; wrecks of empire, which thy swell
 Rolls over now ; things which awhile were buoyed
 Upon thy wave, chafed it, and were destroyed.

To rule all this, to heights like these to fly,
 Yet feel the sense of weak humanity
 Cling to us as we mount. Presumptuous thing !
 An Emperor thou ! 'Thou wast too great—a king !
 'Tis sure he springs not of ignoble race,
 Who with his greatness makes his soul keep pace :
 But me—what guide or ruler can endow
 My heart with wisdom ?

Charlemagne, 'tis thou.

Shade of the wise and great, since Heaven has led
 Me here to oral converse with the dead
 Pour from that tomb thy wisdom Oh impart
 Some of thy greatness to thy suppliant's heart ;
 In all its various aspects make me see
 That world so great to others—small to thee :
 Teach me the secret of thy rule, and tell
 The mighty magic of thy sceptre's spell ;
 Speak, though the voice which gives thy counsel vent
 Should burst the portals of thy monument,
 And overwhelm me in its ruin. Silent still.
 Here let me study then thy deeds, and fill
 My soul with thy great memory, till I find,
 E'en in the dust, thy spirit left behind—
 Strength to the weak, and guidance to the blind.
 Here let me enter.

(He places the key in the door of the tomb.)

Heavens ! if he should rise,
 And glare upon me with his lifeless eyes !—
 If this sepulchral cell disclose the dead
 Erect, and walking with a measured tread !—
 If I should enter there—to reappear
 The strong limb palsied, dark locks blanched with fear !

I brave it.

[*Noise of footsteps.*

Whence that noise ? Who dare invade—
Who but myself, the rest of such a shade ?

[*The noise approaches.*

I had forgot—my murderers seek their prey.

[*He enters the tomb, and closes the door after him.*

Enter several of the Conspirators, muffled in long cloaks and slouched hats ; each takes the hand of his neighbour.

First Conspirator.—Who's there ?

Second Con. A Friend.

Third Con. The saints direct our way.

First Con. 'Tis well ; we all are gathered. But the night
Is round and o'er us—darkness waits the light.

[*The Conspirators seat themselves in a semi-circle ; they then light their torches.*]

Duke of Gotha. Carlos of Spain, my friends, seeks to assume
The imperial purple.

First Con.

Carlos seeks his tomb.

Duke of Gotha (*throws down his torch and stamps upon it.*)

Quenched be his light, as I now quench this fire ;
And as this torch expires let him expire.

First Con. How many daggers shall the sentence need ?

Second Con. One arm, one blade, one blow to do the deed.

Third Con. Who strikes it ?

All.

I.

First Con.

All will—one only may.

Let us decide by lot, and pray—

[*The Conspirators write their names on their tablets, and having rolled up the paper, throw it into an urn.*]

May the elect have faith on high !

Strike a Gentile—like a Hebrew die !

Let him be fit to strive with fire and steel,

Sing at the stake, and laugh upon the wheel—

Resigned alike to perish and to kill. (*Draws a name from the urn.*)

All. What name ?

First Con. Hernani !

Hernani (*appearing from the crowd*). Fortune aids my will !

Aim of my soul, and object of my vow,
Pursued and won, Revenge ! I hold thee now.

Don Ruy (*aside to Hernani*). Grant me this office.

Hernani. No, upon my life,

Fortune and I have been too long at strife ;
'Tis the first time I learn her smiles to know.

Don Ruy. My lands, my fortune, for this single blow !

Hernani. I will not.

Duke of Gotha. Aged man ! your arm might fail.

Don Ruy. Away ! the soul and spirit may prevail
Where the flesh falters ; judge not by the sheath,
Rusted and worn, the blade which lies beneath.

(*To HERNANI.*)

Remember, thou art mine, whose wish you scorn ;
Grant me but this, and I return the horn.

Hernani. My life ? old man, and what have I to prize
In life ? My father's blood for vengeance cries.
No ; I prefer revenge ! would'st thou restore
Her ?

Don Ruy. Here take this horn.

Hernani. No more, no more ;

My chase is done. Lord Duke, leave me my prey.

Don Ruy. Cursed be the man who bears the prize away.

First Con. Brother ! this very evening it were well—

Hernani. Fear not. I know to do the work of hell
Without a tutor, sir.

First Con. Let treason fall

Upon the traitor. Counts and barons, all !

If this man perish ere he do the deed,

We swear in turn to die or to succeed ?

All. We swear.

Duke of Gotha. On what ?

Don Ruy (*holds up the hilt of his sword*).

The cross I hold on high.

All. Unshrived and unrepenting let him die.

(*The distant sound of a cannon-shot is heard ; all remain
silent. The door of the tomb opens and Don Carlos ap-*

pears upon the threshold—a second shot is heard—and then a third.)

Don Carlos. Back, gentlemen! An Emperor's tomb is near!
Your words have reached a living Emperor's ear.

(The Conspirators extinguish their torches.)

Silence and night! How soon my voice can drive
The swarm to the recesses of its hive!
Strike, if you dare! an Emperor's blood shall flow;
F ward! an Emperor's breast invites the blow;
But now your torches gleamed with bloody light;
My breath had quenched the murderous glare in night.
Yet let your failing eyes in fear confess
That I can kindle more than I suppress.

(He strikes the iron door with a key: on which signal the dark subterranean passages are immediately filled with soldiers bearing torches and arms.)

Mount now, my falcons; mount, and strike your prey;
Light up the cave, and drag the tribe to day;
Surround and seize, for treason to the State!

Hernani. 'Tis Charles the Fifth. I thought 'twas Charles the Great.

Alone he looked it; circled with that ring
Of guards, he stands an ordinary King.

(The Conspirators are surrounded and disarmed.)

Enter DONNA SOL.

The Emperor, soldiers! And are we two met,
Hernani?

Hernani. Well.

Don Ruy. I am not noticed yet.

(DONNA SOL approaches HERNANI; he retires.)

Hernani. Madam?

Donna Sol (showing the dagger). I have it still.

Hernani. My love, my bride.

Don Carlos. Be silent all the rest, and stand aside.

Gotha the Saxon, Lara of Castile,
What came ye here to practise? Good or ill

Hernani (*stepping forward*). A simple errand. To achieve
your fall ;

To write Belshazzar's sentence on the wall,
And give to Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.

Don Carlos. You traitor, Silva !

Don Ruy. Which, sir, of us two
Is traitor ?

Hernani. Well, his proud ambition thrives ;
He has his wish—the empire and our lives.
He wears the purple in good time. Its train
Will drink the blood-drop in without a stain.

Don Carlos. Cousin De Silva, facts have been revealed
Which dim the ancient blazon on your shield :
Bethink thee, treason is a fearful thing.

Don Ruy. Crime follows crime. From Rodricks Julians spring.

Don Carlos. Seize all the nobles ! I would strike the crest.

(*The nobles step out from the cave, and are immediately surrounded.*)

Donna Sol. He's safe.

Hernani (*coming forward*). I claim my rank among the rest ;
And since precedence to the scaffold leads,
The serf eludes the axe, the noble bleeds ;
And since the outlaw's head is now too low
To meet the blade, I lift it to the blow,
Duke of Segovia and Cordova too ;
The God who gives the crown and gave it you
Made me Count Albatera and De Gor,
Marquess Monroy, and many a title more,
Grand Master of Avis ; men call me John
The exile, the proscribed of Aragon.
Thy sire pronounced on mine the traitor's doom,
And wrapt the annals of our race in gloom ;
You have the scaffold, and the poniard we ;
Heaven made me Duke, but exile set me free
To roam the mountains with a bandit train :
Sinee I have sharpened there my blade in vain,
And bathed its temper in the mountain spring,

Thus I assume my rank. *(Puts on his hat.)*

Our heads, oh King,
 E'en when about to fall, may claim their right
 Thus to be covered in their sovereign's sight.
 Grandees of Spain ! whate'er your name and race,
 'Tis John of Aragon who claims his place ;
 And if your scaffolds have not room for all,
 Enlarge them, let our heads have space to fall.

Don Carlos. I heard this story once, but had forgot.

Hernani. Kings may forget ; but 'tis the sufferer's lot
 To bear through life the dark offence in mind,
 Which on the offenders leaves no trace behind.

Donna Sol (kneeling to Carlos). Oh ! pardon, gracious

Sire ! Forgive, or strike

Both with one blow, and punish both alike—
 My love, my lord, my husband—I but live
 In him—die with him. Pity and forgive.
 Oh ! turn not with a dark design those eyes
 Towards me.

Don Carlos. Duchess of Segovia, rise.
 Countess of Albatera. *(To HERNANI.)* You must string
 Your other titles.

Hernani. Who speaks thus ? The King ?

Don Carlos. No, 'tis the Emperor !

Donna Sol. Heavens !

Don Carlos (to HERNANI). Behold your bride !

Hernani. Just God !

Don Carlos (to DON RUY). Our cousin looks dissatisfied ;
 But Aragon with Silva well may wed.

Don Ruy. It is not that.

Hernani. How all my hate has fled !

(Throws away his dagger.)

Donna Sol. My Lord !

Hernani. My bride ! This heart, with love untold,
 Burns to thy beauty !

Don Carlos. Mine henceforth be cold.
 Suffer the spirit you have vexed in vain

So long, to be itself once more, and reign—
 Thy love the empire, and thy mistress Spain.
 Don John, thy heart is worthy of the line
 From which it springs ; (To DONNA SOL.)
 And worthy too of thine.

(Placing the Order of the Golden Fleece round HERNANI'S neck.)

Receive this gift, to rank and virtue due ;
 Knight of the Fleece, be faithful, brave, and true :
 But round your neck a nobler chain you bear,
 Which Kings bestow not—which I cannot wear—
 The two arms of a loved and loving bride.
 Away ! Be thine the bliss to Kings denied.
 For your associates here I know them not ;
 Their crimes are pardoned, and their names forgot.
 I give this lesson from an infant throne.

Conspirators (kneeling to him). Long may he live !

Don Ruy. I stand condemned alone.

Don Carlos. And I !

Don Ruy (aside). But I, like him, have not forgiven.

Hernani. Who thus can change our hearts ?

All. Protect him, Heaven !

Honour to Charles the Fifth !

Don Carlos (turning to the tomb). To Charles the Great !
 Leave alone with him. *(All retire : DON CARLOS alone.)*

Guide of my fate !

My great example ! wilt thou shed thy grace
 On him who seeks but to pursue thy trace ?
 I stood alone against an empire, tost
 On faction's wildest waves and almost lost ;
 The Dane to punish, and the Pope to pay—
 The Turk and Luther barred alike my way—
 The Doge and Francis marked me for their prey,
 A thousand poniards, half-concealed in night,
 Devise to snare, and menace to affright ;
 For counsel and for aid to thee I cried,
 And not in vain—thy regal voice replied,

How I might brave the threat, avoid the snare,—
Thy word was mercy—thy advice, to spare.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Saragossa. A Terrace and Garden in the Palace, with a balustrade, and steps leading down into the Garden. Sound of music in the distance. Here and there Masks walking about.*

Night.

Enter DON SANCHEZ, DON MATHIAS, and DON RICARDO.

Don Ricardo. Joy to the happy pair who wed to-night!
Each casement in the town is thronged and bright.

Don Sanchez. 'Tis well; for never for a feast more gay
Did marriage-torches imitate the day;
And never yet did summer's midnight air
Play in the tresses of a bride more fair.

Don Mathias. How fares the ancient duke? Does he not bid
His last attendants nail his coffin lid?

Don Sanchez. Nay; jest not on that subject, nor deride
That stern old man—he doted on the bride:
His hairs, which sixty years had turned to gray,
Were blanched to snowy whiteness in a day.

Don Ricardo. He has not since been seen, as is declared,
In Saragossa.

Don Mathias. He may well be spared:
Pastrana, in his coffin and his shroud,
Would match but poorly with this gaudy crowd.

Don Ricardo. Marked ye, but now, amid the fair array
Of dress, and dancing plumes, and colours gay,
A spectre, which by yonder balustrade
Looked darkly down and marred the masquerade?

Don Sanchez. I saw it well.

Don Ricardo. What was it?

Don Sanchez. I could trace
Prancatio's shape.

Don Ricardo. Not so. It hides its face,
Still with its mask.

Don Mathias. 'Twas Soma's frowning brow !

Don Sanchez. Not so ; for Soma spoke to me but now.

Don Ricardo. It comes again ! What can the spectre be ?

(Enter a black Domino, who slowly crosses the stage. All turn and look on him.)

If e'er the grave can set its inmates free,
Such is their step.

Don Mathias (addressing the Mask). Fair Masquer— *(the Mask turns round)*. By my soul,
His eyes are kindled like a living coal !

Don Sanchez. If 'tis the devil, or the devil's sire,
He meets his match. *(The Mask stops and looks fixedly on him.)*
His eyes are balls of fire !

(The Mask slowly descends the staircase, followed by the eyes of the whole company.)

Don Ricardo. In truth, the vision spreads a gloom around.

Don Mathias. Faith, it might fright us in a churchyard ground.

Don Sanchez. It comes obedient to some wizard's spell,
To see our revels, and return to hell.

Don Mathias. Well, we shall know to-morrow.

Don Sanchez. Look, I pray,
It moves.

Don Ricardo. The gloomy phantom stalks away.

Don Mathias. Where glides it ?

Don Sanchez. Through the portal down the stair.
'Tis strange !

Don Mathias. No more—here come the bridal pair.

(Enter HERNANI and DONNA SOL, hand in hand, followed by MASKS, LORDS and LADIES, PAGES, &c.)

Don Sanchez. 'Tis midnight ; and 'tis fit that we pursue
The example of the ghost, and vanish too.

[Exeunt all but HERNANI and DONNA SOL.]

Donna Sol. Dearest! at length they leave us. By yon moon
It should be late.

Hernani. And can it come too soon,
The hour that frees us from the listening crowd,
To breathe our sighs, so long suppressed, aloud?

Donna Sol. The noise disturbed me. Must we not confess,
Rejoicing thins the sense of happiness?

Hernani. 'Tis true; for happiness is kin to rest;
And writes its lessons slowly on the breast.
When busy pleasure strews its path with flowers,
Or breaks the silence of its quiet bowers,
It flies; and if it smile, its smile appears
Far less allied to laughter than to tears.

Donna Sol. Yet in your eyes its smile is sunny day.

(*He motions her to follow him.*)

Remain awhile.

Hernani. I am your slave—delay—
Do as thou wilt—all that thou dost is well;
My soul is all obedience to thy spell.
It burns; yet bid the fierce volcano still
Its fires—they sink subservient to thy will.
Its gulfs shall close, its lavas check their tide,
And spring's young verdure clothe the crater's side.

Donna Sol. Your kindness brings my woman's heart to shame,
Hernani of my heart!

Hernani. Forbear that name!

O be that sound forbidden and forgot,
Which wakes the memory of an exile's lot!
I knew him once. Hernani! 'twas a dream—
His eye glared fiercely, like a poniard's gleam—
Son of the mountain and the night! a vow
Of blood and vengeance written on his brow—
Proscribed, I cannot recognise him now!
I mix in festivals—I join the king—
I walk with nobles—am a noble's son—
Thy love! thy husband! John of Aragon!—
Am blest!

Donna Sol.

And I !

Hernani.

Why should I bear in mind

The tatter'd garments that I leave behind ?

In mourning to my palace I repair,

An angel of the Lord awaits me there.

I bid the fallen column's shaft aspire—

On my ancestral hearth I light its fire—

I open its casements to the wind which sports

'Mid the rank herbage of its grass-grown courts—

I weed that herbage from the creviced stone,

And seat my house's honour on its throne :

My king restores me to each ancient right—

My seat in council, and my crest in fight.

Come, then, in blushing beauty, come, my bride,

Lay the sad memory of the past aside—

That past is all unsaid, unseen, undone ;

I start afresh, a glorious course to run.

I know not if 'tis madness fires my breast—

I love you—I possess you and am blest !

Donna Sol. How well, upon the glossy velvet's shade,
This collar looks !*Hernani.* The king was so arrayed.*Donna Sol.* I marked *him* not. 'Tis not the velvet's fold,
'Tis you that give its lustre to the gold.

Oh, you are fit to be the Order's chief !

One moment yet—I weep, but not with grief—

One little moment, to indulge the sight

With the rich beauty of the summer night.

The harp is silent and the torch is dim—

Night and ourselves together. To the brim

The cup of our felicity is filled.

Each sound is mute—each harsh sensation stilled.

Dost thou not think, that c'en while Nature sleeps

Some power its amorous vigils o'er us keeps ?

No cloud in heaven ;—while all around repose,

Come taste with me the fragrance of the rose,

Which loads the night air with its musky breath,

While all around is still as Nature's death.
 E'en as you spoke—and gentle words were those
 Spoken by you—the silver moon uprose.
 How that mysterious union of her ray,
 With your impassioned accents, made its way
 Straight to my heart ! I could have wished to die
 In that pale moonlight, and whilst thou wert by.

Hernani. Thy words are music, and thy strain of love
 Is borrowed from the choir of heaven above.

Donna Sol. Night is too silent, darkness too profound.
 Oh, for a star to shine, a voice to sound—
 To raise some sudden strain of music now,
 Suited to night.

Hernani. Capricious girl ! your vow
 Was poured for silence, and to be released
 From the thronged tumult of the marriage-feast.

Donna Sol. Yes ; but a bird to carol in the field—
 A nightingale, in moss and shade concealed—
 A distant flute—for music's stream can roll
 To soothe the heart, and harmonise the soul—
 O 'twould be bliss to listen ! *(Sound of a horn in the distance.)*

I am heard !

Hernani (shuddering.) Oh, misery !

Donna Sol. Sure some angel caught my word—
 'Twas thy good angel !

Hernani (bitterly.) Surely—Hark, again !

Donna Sol. That was your horn ! How well I know the strain !

Hernani. My horn ?

Donna Sol. Do you, then, share this serenade ?

Hernani. Share it ? I do.

Donna Sol. Thou music of the glade,
 How I prefer the festal sound
 To which the dancers' giddy train goes round !
 Then 'tis your horn, whose voice, like yours, I know.

(Horn sounds again.)

Hernani. The tiger roaring for his prey below.

Donna Sol. Juan, that sound with rapture bids me glow.

Hernani. Call me Hernani ;—I must re-assume
That fatal name of vengeance and of gloom.

Donna Sol. How say you ?

Hernani. That old man.

Donna Sol. Why glares your eye ?

Hernani. How in the darkness he stands laughing by !
Dost thou not mark ?

Donna Sol. What is't you bid me see ?

What man ?

Hernani. The stern old man.

Donna Sol. Upon my knee,

To learn this secret of your soul, I pray.

Hernani. My oath.

Donna Sol. Your oath ?

Hernani. What can I do or say ?

Let me spare *her*. 'Twas nothing, my beloved.

Donna Sol. And yet you spoke.

Hernani. My mind was strangely moved.

I am not well—'twill pass—Be not afraid.

Donna Sol. Shall I not bid my servant to your aid ?

[*Horn sounds again.*]

Hernani. He summons, and will have me ! Hark ! again—
I ought to strike—Alas !

Donna Sol. You writhe with pain.

Hernani. An ancient wound—I thought my strength restored.
It opens. (*Aside.*) She *must* leave me. My adored,
Listen. That casket, which in days less blest,
I bore about me—

Donna Sol. I divine the rest :—

What would you with the casket ?

Hernani. It contains

A phial which will serve to end my pains ;
Go seek it.

Donna Sol. I am gone.

[*Exit.*]

Hernani (alone). And what remains—

Of my young joys ?—He comes to blast them all.
The fatal finger shines upon the wall.

How my fate mocks me with its bitter smile !
 He comes not ;—were I but deceived the while ?

Enter the MASK.

Mask (in a sepulchral tone). Whene'er it please you to exert
 your power—

Whate'er the time and place, to name my hour—
 Come, and be welcome—Sound this horn, and then
 'Tis done. Remember that those ancient men
 Heard and attest the vow. Thy father's head
 The pledge thou gavest—thy witnesses the dead.
 Is't done ?

Hernani. 'Tis he.

Mask. I seek thee in thy bower
 Of bliss, to tell thee 'tis arrived—the hour
 I find thee unabsolved.

Hernani. What would'st thou do ?

Mask. Dagger or poison, choose between the two—
 I have them here. Together we will stray
 On our long path.

Hernani. So be it.

Mask. Let us pray.

Hernani. What matters ?

Mask. Which ?

Hernani. The poison.

Mask (presenting a phial). Reach and take ;
 Drink and leave some for me.

Hernani. For pity's sake,
 To-morrow ! If thou play'st a human part—
 If Heaven with human blood has warmed thy heart—
 If, in its mercy, it delay e'en now
 To write the words "For Ever" on thy brow—
 If e'er on thee the bliss supreme was shed,
 To love in youth, and her you loved to wed—
 If ever woman trembled in thy arms—
 If ever passion's voice, or beauty's charms,
 To soothe thine ear, or glad thine eye, were known—
 Wait till to-morrow—then demand thine own.

Mask. Wait till to-morrow ! Yes, you reason well—
 This hour, this instant, sounds thy funeral knell.
 How shall I speed who may not wait till morn ?
 When I am vanished, who shall sound this horn ?
 Alone to seek my place of refuge ? No.
 Young man, together to the tomb we go.

Hernani. Demon, I free me from the bonds of hell ;
 I will not follow.

Mask. So I thought. 'Tis well—
 No living witness to thy vow. The dead
 Alone record that pledge—thy father's head.
 'Twas little—nothing—reckless youth may slight
 A vow so trivial, and a pledge so light.

Hernani. My father ! How I tremble at that name !

Mask. 'Tis only treason, perjury and shame.

Hernani. Pastrana !

Mask. Since the elder sons of Spain
 Can sport with oaths, and make their promise vain,
 Farewell.

Hernani. Remain. Remorseless in thy wrath,
 Thus at the gate of heaven to cross my path !

[*He takes the phial.*

(*Enter DONNA SOL without seeing the MASK.*)

Donna Sol. I cannot find that casket.

Hernani (aside). Heaven above.

Now to return.

Donna Sol. My presence moves my love.
 There's something in your hand arrests my eye—
 Shines in your grasp. What is it ?—quick reply.

(*The Domino unmasks, and discovers DON RUY.*)

'Tis poison ! some strange secret unrevealed ;—
 I am deceived.

Hernani. Oh ! were it still concealed.
 My life is his who saved it. 'Twas my vow ;
 And Silva comes to claim the forfeit now.

Donna Sol. To me and not to Silva you belong. (*To DON RUY.*)
 Your compact binds not ; passion makes me strong—

I will defend him 'gainst the powers of man.

Don Ruy. Against his oath defend him if you can.

Donna Sol. What oath?

Hernani. I swore it.

Donna Sol. No, it cannot be.

'Twas crime—'twas treason—madness—you are free. |

Don Ruy. Away. (*DONNA SOL seeks to detain HERNANI.*)

Hernani. My father heard, and will attest

The oath he claims. Then leave me to my rest.

Donna Sol. (*To DON RUY.*) Tear him from me? Oh you had better wring

Their young from tigers crouching for their spring.

You know me not. For long the part I tried

Of maiden shame, and innocence, and pride;

And pity for your impotence and age

Restrained me. Dread me now inspired with rage—

See'st thou this poniard? Dread, old man, the steel—

What the eye threatens, know the heart shall feel.

Dread me!

(*She throws away the dagger.*)

Ah, no, misfortune makes me wild.

Hear me, Don Ruy, thy niece, almost thy child—

Oh! Spare her husband! Pity and forgive;

Grant me his life, and suffer both to live.

I am a woman, feeble, weak, and frail—

The spirit rises, but the flesh will fail.

Don Ruy. Lady—

Donna Sol. Forgive us both. You once were kind—

You cannot take him, and leave me behind.

I perish when on him you deal the blow—

I love him so!

Don Ruy. Too much.

Hernani. Your eyes o'erflow.

Donna Sol. You shall not perish. Grant him but a day,
And I will love you too.

Don Ruy. Perhaps you may;

And after him!

(HERNANI raises the phial to his lips—she throws herself on his arm.)

Donna Sol. O hear me ! yet delay.

Don Ruy. The grave is yawning, and his hour will strike—
I cannot wait.

Donna Sol. Have I deserved to die ?

Hernani. Oh ! She distracts my senses with that cry !

Donna Sol. Thou know'st I have a thousand things to say—
When I have said them, then—

Don Ruy. I cannot stay.

(*She seizes the phial.*)

Donna Sol. I have it !

Don Ruy. Since two women here I find,
I must go hence to seek for men, in mind
As well as outward form. You speak us fair.
When by the blood from which you spring you swear ;—
I go to tell your sire how well you keep
Your compacts.

Hernani (to *DONNA SOL*). Stay. Alas ! would'st thou not weep
Tears of more burning anguish e'en than now,
To see dishonour written on my brow ;
To see me through the world a traitor driven,
By its just scorn ? By all our hopes of heaven,
Restore that dark elixir !

Donna Sol (*drinks the poison*). Now I can !

Don Ruy. 'Twas, then, for her ?

Hernani. Behold'st thou, aged man ?

Donna Sol. Blame not my act—I have reserved thy share.

Hernani. Alas !

Donna Sol. Thou would'st not have endured to spare
My portion. Thou, weak man ! can't not divine
How love the daughters of De Silva's line.
I drink the first, and am at rest. Proceed,
Drink if thou wilt.

Hernani. What demon urged the deed ?

Donna Sol. It was thy will.

Hernani. Such dreadful death to have !

Donna Sol. How so?

Hernani. That philtre leads thee to thy grave.

Donna Sol. Was not this head to sleep upon thy breast
To-night? What matters where it sinks to rest?

Hernani. My father, thy revenge is just—that I
Forget. (*He raises the phial again to his lips.*)

Donna Sol (*throws herself on him*).

Forbear! forbear! 'Tis hard to die!

The poison lives, and round the heart it hangs,
Like a fell serpent with a thousand fangs.

Oh, drink it not! Alas! I could not tell

That earthly pain could match the fires of hell—
He drinks!

Hernani (*drinks and throws away the phial*). 'Tis done.

Donna Sol. Come then to meet thy fate —
Come to these arms. Is not the torture great?

Hernani. Not so.

Donna Sol. Behold, our marriage couch is spread!
Am I not pale for one so lately wed?
Be calm. I suffer less. Our wings expand
Towards the blest regions of a happier land—
Together let us seek that world so fair—
One kiss—and one alone.

Don Ruy. Despair! despair!

Hernani. Blest be the Heaven which from my birth pursued
My life with misery, and in blood imbued—
For it permits me, ere I part, to press
My lips to thine, and die on thy caress.

Don Ruy. They still are happy!

Hernani. Donna Sol, 'tis night.
Dost thou still suffer?

Donna Sol. No.

Hernani. See'st thou the light?

Donna Sol. Not yet—

Hernani. I see it.

Don Ruy. Dead!

Donna Sol. Not so; we rest

He sleeps. He's mine—we love, and we are blest.

This is my marriage couch. What happier spot

Can the world show? Lord Duke, disturb us not.

(Her voice gradually sinks.)

Turn thee towards me—nearer yet—'tis well.

Thus let us rest.

(Dies.)

Don Ruy. Both dead!—Receive me, hell!

(Kills himself.)

THE KING'S AMUSEMENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FRANCIS THE FIRST.
 TRIBOULET, *The Court Jester.*
 MONS. ST. VALLIER.
 MONS. DES GORGES.
 MONS. DE PIENNE.
 MONS. DE LA TOUR LANDRY.
 MONS. DE VIC.
 MONS. PARDAILLAN.
 MONS. DE COSSÉ.
 MONS. DE BRION.
 MONS. DE MONTMORENCY.
 MONS. DE MONTCHENÛ.

MAÎTRE CLEMENT MAROT, *The Court Poet.*
 SALTABADIL, *A Bravo.*
 BLANCHE, *Daughter to Triboulet.*
 DAME BERARDE, *A Duenna.*
 MAGUELONNE, *Sister to Saltabadil.*
 MADAME DE COSSÉ.
 A Messenger from the Queen.
 A Servant of the King.
 A Surgeon.
 Courtiers, Ladies, Servants.

ACT I.—MONS. DE ST. VALLIER.

SCENE 1.—*The stage represents a fête at the Louvre. A magnificent suite of apartments crowded with nobles and ladies of the court in full costume. There are lights, music, dancing, and shouts of laughter. Servants hand refreshments in vessels of porcelain and gold. Groups of guests pass and repass across the stage. The fête draws to an end, daylight peeps through the windows. The architecture, the furniture, and the dresses belong to the style of the Renaissance.*

The KING as painted by Titian. MONS. DE LA TOUR LANDRY.

The King. I'll ne'er relinquish the adventurous chase
 Till it give forth the fruit of so much toil.
 Plebeian though she be ! of rank obscure,
 Her birth unknown, her very name concealed :
 What then ? These eyes ne'er gazed on one so fair.

La Tour. And this bright city goddess still you meet
 At holy mass ?

The King. At St. Germain des Près
 As sure as Sunday comes.

La Tour. Your amorous flame
Dates two months since. You've tracked the game to earth.

The King. Near Bussy's Terrace, where De Cossé dwells,
She lives immured.

La Tour. I think I know the spot,
That is, the outside. Not, perchance, so well
As doth your Majesty the heaven within.

The King. Nay, there you flatter ; entrance is denied.
A beldam fierce, who keeps eyes, ears, and tongue
Under her guidance, watches over there.

La Tour. Indeed !

The King. And then, oh mystery most rare !
As evening falls, a strange, unearthly form,
Whose features night conceals, enshrouded close
In mantle dark, as for some guilty deed,
Doth glide within.

La Tour. Then do thou likewise.

The King. Nay.
The house is barred and isolate from all.

La Tour. At least the fair one, with such patience wooed,
Hath shewn some signs of life.

The King. I do confess,
If glances speak the soul, those witching eyes
Proclaim no hatred insurmountable.

La Tour. Knows she a monarch loves ?

The King. Impossible !
A homely garb, a student's woollen dress
Conceals my quality.

La Tour. Oh, virtuous love !
That burns with such a pure undying flame,
I warrant me 'tis some sly Abbé's mistress.

(*Enter TRIBOULET, and a number of Courtiers.*)

The King. Hush ! some one comes !

(*Aloud to TRIBOULET, as he approaches.*)

Silence his lips must seal
Whose love would prosper ! Have I said aright ?

Triboulet. To shade the fragile vase, glass lends its veil ;

Thus flimsy mystery hides love more frail.

SCENE 2.—*The KING, TRIBOULET, M. DE GORDES, and many other Gentlemen, superbly dressed. TRIBOULET is in the dress of the Court Fool, as painted by Bonifacio. The KING turns to admire a group of Ladies.*

La Tour. Madame de Vendome looks, to-night, divine.

De Gordes. Fair D'Albe and Montchevreuil blaze like twin stars.

The King. Now, in my eyes, De Cossé's charming wife
Outshines all three.

De Gordes (*pointing to M. DE COSSÉ, surnamed LE BRANTOME, one of the four fattest gentlemen of France*).

Hush ! hush, your majesty !

Unless you mean this for a husband's ear.

The King. Why, for that matter, Count, i'faith I care not.

De Gordes. He'll tell the fair Diana.

The King. What care I ?

[*The KING retires to speak to some ladies at the back of the stage.*

Triboulet (*to M. DE GORDES*). The King will anger Dian of
Poitiers.

For eight long days he holds not converse with her.

De Gordes. Will he restore her to her husband's arms ?

Triboulet. Indeed, I hope not.

De Gordes. She hath paid in full

A guilty ransom for her father's life.

Triboulet. Ah ! apropos, now, of St. Vallier.—

'Tis a most strange and singular old man :

How could he think to join in nuptial bond

His daughter Dian, radiant as the light,

(An angel sent by Heaven to bless this earth),

With an ill-favoured, hunch-backed seneschal ?

De Gordes. 'Tis an old fool—a pale and grave old man.

When pardon came, I stood beside the block,—

Aye, nearer much than now I do to thee,—

Yet said he nothing, but "God bless the King !"

And now he's quite distraught !

The King (passing across with MADAME DE COSSÉ). Unkind !
so soon ?

Madame de Cossé. My husband takes me with him to Soissons.

The King. Oh ! 'tis a sin ! Paris forbids thy flight—
Paris, where wits and courtiers languish all
With melting tenderness and fond desires—
Where duellists and poets ever keep
Their keenest thrusts, their brightest thoughts for thee ;
For thee, whose glances, winning every heart,
Warn each fair dame to watch her lover well ;
Dazzling our court with such a flood of light,
Thy sun once set, we ne'er shall think 'tis day.
Canst thou abandon kings and emperors,
Dukes, princes, peers, and condescend to shine
(Thou star of town !) in a vile country heaven ?

Madame de Cossé. Be calm.

The King. As though some sacrilegious hand,
Amidst the brightest splendour of the dance,
Had from the ball-room torn the chandelier.

Madame de Cossé. My jealous lord !

(*She points to her husband approaching and runs away.*)

The King. The devil claim his soul !

(*Turning to TRIBOULET.*)

But I have penned a sonnet to his wife.
Has Marot shewn thee those last rhymes of mine ?

Triboulet. I never read your verses,—royal strains
Are always vile.

The King.

Oh, bravo !

Triboulet.

Let the herd

Rhyme love with dove—'tis their vocation thus ;
Monarchs, with beauty, take a different course ;
Make love, oh sire, and let Marot make verse—
It but degrades a king.

The King (Sees MADAME DE COSLIN, to whom he turns, leaving
TRIBOULET). (*To TRIBOULET.*) I'd have thee whipped,

If fair de Coslin did not tempt me hence.

Triboulet (*aside*). Another still ! Oh, fickle as the wind

That blows thee to her.

De Gordes (*approaching TRIBOULET*). By the other door
Madame de Cossé comes ! I pledge my faith
She drops some token, that the amorous king
May turn to raise it.

Triboulet. Let's observe awhile.

(MADAME DE COSSÉ *drops her bouquet*.)

De Gordes. I said so !

Triboulet. Excellent !

[*The KING leaves MADAME DE COSLIN, picks up the bouquet, and presents it to MADAME DE COSSÉ, with whom he enters into a lively conversation, apparently of a tender nature.*

De Gordes. The bird's re-snared !

Triboulet. Woman's a devil of most rare perfection !

[*The KING whispers MADAME DE COSSÉ—she laughs. Suddenly, M. DE COSSÉ draws near, coming from the back of the stage.*

DE GORGES *remarks it to TRIBOULET*.

De Gordes. Her husband !

[MADAME DE COSSÉ *sees her husband—disengages herself from the KING, and runs off.*

Madame De Cossé. Leave me !

Triboulet. What a jealous fright

Shakes his fat side, and wrinkles o'er his brow.

(*The KING, who has been helped to wine, comes forward.*)

The King. Oh happy hours ! Why, Jupiter himself,
And Hercules, were two poor senseless fools,
Compared to me ! 'Tis woman gilds this earth.
I am all happiness !—and thou ? (*To TRIBOULET.*)

Triboulet. All joy !

I laugh at balls, pomps, follies, guilty loves ;
And sneer whilst you enjoy. Yet both are blest ;
You as a King and as a hunchback I.

The King. De Cossé damps the fête ; but let that pass.
How does he look now, think you ?

(*Pointing to DE COSSÉ, who is leaving the palace.*)

Triboulet. Like an ass !

The King. Nought plagues me save this corpulent old Count ;

Mine is the power to do,—to wish!—to have!

Oh, Triboulet, what pleasure 'tis to live!—

The world's so happy!

Triboulet (aside).

And the King is drunk.

The King. Ah, there again! What arms!—what lips!—what eyes!

Triboulet. Madame de Cossé?

The King (to TRIBOULET). Take thou charge of me.

The King (sings). “Paris, bright and gay,
Nowhere is thy fellow—
All thy girls are ripe—”

Triboulet (sings). “And all thy men are mellow.”

[*Exit KING and TRIBOULET.*]

SCENE 3.—*Enter* MONS. DE GORDES, PARDAILLAN, DE VIC,
MAÎTRE CLEMENT MAROT, *the Poet*; *after them* M. DE PIENNE,
and DE COSSÉ—(*they salute*).

De Pienne. Most noble friends, a novelty I bring—
A riddle that would cheat the shrewdest brain;
A something comic, wonderful, sublime;
A tale of love! a thing impossible!

De Gordes. What is't?

Marot. What would'st thou, noble Sir?

De Pienne. Marot, I tell thee, thou'rt a mighty fool.

Marot. Mighty! I ne'er did think myself in aught.

De Pienne. I read in your last poem of “Peschère”
These lines on Triboulet; “One marked for scorn—
As wise at thirty as the day when born.”
Thou art the fool!

Marot. May Cupid stop my breath,
If I can take you.

De Pienne. Hark, ye now, De Gordes,
And you, De Pardaillan, I pray ye, guess,
Something most strange has chanced to Triboulet.

De Pardaillan. He's become straight.

De Cossé. Or Constable of France.

Marot. Or cooked and served up at the royal table.

De Pienne. No !—droller still, he has—(you ne'er can guess—
The thing's incredible).

De Pardaillan. Perhaps an ape
More ugly than himself.

Marot. His starving purse
Grown plethoric with gold.

De Cossé. The fitting place
Of turnspit dog.

Marot. A billet-doux to meet
The blessed Virgin up in Paradise.

De Gordes. Perhaps a soul !

De Pienne. Ye ne'er will strike the mark.
The buffoon, Triboulet, uncouth, deformed—
Guess what he has ! Come ! something monstrous ! Guess !

Marot. His hump !

De Pienne. Nay ! nay ! ye're dull.—Now listen all !
A mistress ! *(All burst into a fit of laughter.)*

Marot. Duke, your wit o'ershoots its aim.

De Gordes. A scurvy joke !

De Pienne. I'll swear it, by my soul.
I'll bring you even to the lady's door.

Each night he enters, shrouded in his cloak
With air most sombre—like some hungry bard.

By happiest chance I spied the quarry out,
Prowling myself, hard by De Cossé's gate.

Now keep my secret : I've a scheme to plague him.

Marot. A sonnet !—"Triboulet to Cupid changed !"
Yet this much I'll engage ! should ever more
Another Bedford land on France's shore,
The English foes would dare our arms in vain,
The lady's face would fright them back again.

*[All laugh—M. DE VIC drawing near—DE PIENNE puts his
finger to his lips.]*

De Pienne. Silence, my Lords !

De Pardaillan. How comes it that the King
Roams every night alone, as though he sought
Some amorous quest ?

De Pienne (to DE VIC). De Vie will tell us that.

De Vic. Just now the wind of his caprice doth sit
To wander forth, in hood and cloak disguised,
That none can know him ! If the night's so dark,
He doth mistake some window for a door,
Why (not being married) 'tis no care of mine.

De Cossé. Ah ! who would own a sister, child, or wife ?
The King robs others of the joys he takes,
And for his pleasure, makes another's woe.
The laughing mouth has fangs most sharp within.

De Vic (to DE PIENNE and MAROT). He trembles at the King.

De Pienne (aside). His pretty wife
Feels no alarm.

Marot (aside). 'Tis that which frightens him.

De Gordes (aloud). You're wrong, De Cossé ; 'tis a courtier's task
To keep the King kind, liberal and gay.

De Pienne. Amen, say I :—a melancholy king
Is like long mourning or a backward spring.

SCENE 4.—*Enter the KING and TRIBOULET.*

Triboulet. Scholars at court ! Monstrosity most rare !

The King. Go, preach unto my sister of Navarre,
She'd set me round with pedants !

Triboulet. Sire, at least
You'll own I've drunk a somewhat less than you,
And therefore crave I to decide this matter
In all its points, shapes, hues, and qualities.
I've one advantage, nay, I'll reckon two.
First, I am sober, next, I'm not a king.
Rather than summon scholars to the court,
Bring plague and famine !

The King. Yet my sister strives
To fill my court with scholars.

Triboulet. Most unkind
Upon a sister's part.—Believe me, Sire,
There's not in nature's strange menagerie,
Nor hungry wolf, nor erow, nor fox, nor dog,

Nor famished poet, heretic nor Turk,
 Nor hideous owl, nor bear, nor creeping sloth
 One half so hungry, hideous, filthy, foul,
 Puffed with conceits and strange absurdities,
 As that same animal, yeleft a scholar.
 Have you not pleasures, conquests, boundless power,
 And (shedding light and perfume over all)
 Enechanting woman?

The King. Marguerite avers
 That woman's love may tempt me not for long,
 And when it palls—

Triboulet. Oh, medicine most strange!
 Prescribe a pedant, for a heart that's eloyed.
 The Lady Marguerite, 'tis widely known,
 Was ever famed for desperate remedies.

The King. I'll have no scholars,—poets might be borne.

Triboulet. Now, were I king, I'd loathe a poet more
 Than Beelzebub doth sign of holy cross.

The King. But some half dozen!

Triboulet. 'Tis a stable full,—
 A whole menagerie. We've quite enough
 Of Marot here, without being poison'd quite
 With flimsy rhymesters.

Marot. Thank you, good buffoon,—
 (*Aside.*) The fool were wiser, had he held his tongue.

Triboulet. Be beauty still your heaven; 'tis the Sun
 Whose smiles illumine earth. Ne'er clog your brain
 With books.

The King. Nay, by the faith, now, of a gentleman,
 For books care I as much as fish for apples.

[*Shouts of laughter are heard from a group of Courtiers behind.*
 Methinks, good fool, they're merry at thy cost.

Triboulet (*draws near to the group, listens, and returns*).
 Another fool they laugh at!

The King. Aye! whom, then?

Triboulet. The King!

The King. At me?

Triboulet. Yes, Sire, they call you mean :
Say gold and honours fly into Navarre,
Whilst they get nothing.

The King. Now, I note them well !
Montmorency, Brion, and Montchenû.

Triboulet. Exactly so.

The King. Ungrateful, selfish hounds !
One I made admiral—constable the next,
And Montchenû my master of the horse ;—
Yet they complain !

Triboulet. Why, 'tis not quite enough ;
They still deserve something at your hands :—
Best do it quickly, Sire.

The King. Do what ?

Triboulet. Hang up all three.

De Pienne (*pointing to TRIBOULET, and speaking to the three Courtiers*). You heard him ?

De Brion (*to DE PIENNE*). Aye, indeed.

Montmorency (*to DE PIENNE*). He smarts for this.

Triboulet (*to the KING*). Your heart, methinks, must feel a
painful void,

Knowing, amongst these yielding fair, not one
Whose eyes invite not, yet whose soul could love.

The King. What knowest *thou* of this ?

Triboulet. The love of oné,
Whose heart hath lost the bloom of innocence,
Is love no longer.

The King. Art thou then so sure
I have not found one woman who can love ?

Triboulet. Thy rank unknown ?

The King (*assenting*). Unknown ! (*aside*) I'll not betray
My little beauty of De Bussy's Terrace.

Triboulet. Some city belle !

The King. Why not ?

Triboulet (*with agitation*). Oh Sire, beware !
Your love runs hazards that it dreams not of ;
These citizens, in wrath, are fierce as Romans.

Who takes their goods may leave a life in pledge :
 We kings and fools still satisfied should be
 With the fair wives and sisters of our friends.

The King. Methinks De Cossé's wife would suit me well.

Triboulet. Then take her.

The King. Marry, 'tis a hopeless thing ;
 Easy to say,—to do, impossible !!

Triboulet. Command it, Sire, this very night 'tis done.

The King (*pointing to DE COSSÉ*). Her jealous Husband,—

Triboulet. Send to the Bastille !

The King. Oh, no !

Triboulet. Well, then, to balance the account,
 Create him Duke.

The King. His vulgar jealousy
 Might still rebel and trumpet forth his wrongs.

Triboulet. He must be banished then or bought. Yet stay !

[*Whilst TRIBOULET is speaking DE COSSÉ comes up and over-
 hears the rest of the speech.*]

There is one method, simple and concise,—

'Tis strange it stepped not first into my mind ;—

Cut off his head ! [DE COSSÉ *starts back with affright.*]

Involve him in some plot—

Some scheme to help the arms of Spain or Rome.

De Cossé (*coming between*). Infernal villain !

The King (*to TRIBOULET*). Nay, now, think
 again ;

Cut off a head like that,—impossible !

Triboulet. What, be a king, yet foiled in a caprice,—
 A paltry trifle such as this denied.

De Cossé (*to TRIBOULET*). I'll have thee beaten.

Triboulet. Nay, I fear thee not :

A war of words on all around I wage,
 And care for nothing, whilst my neck doth bear
 The sacred head and cap-piece of the fool.
 But one thing fear I,—that my hump might fall
 And plant itself in front, as thou dost wear it :

'Twould quite disfigure !

De Cossé (overcome with rage, draws his sword). Ill-manner'd slave !

The King. Be wiser, Count ! Come hither, fool, with me !

[*Exeunt KING and TRIBOULET laughing.*

(*The COURTIERs assemble after the KING has retired.*)

De Brion. Vengeance on Triboulet !

Marot. He's too well armed ;

How can we strike, or where inflict the blow ?

De Pienne. I have it, gentlemen ; the wrongs of all
Shall be avenged in full. When evening falls
Meet me, well armed, at Bussy's Terrace wall,
Near to De Cossé's gate ; ask naught beside.

Marot. I guess thy scheme.

De Pienne. Be silent all ; he comes !

Triboulet (*aside*). Whom next to trick ?—the King ? By Heaven !
'twere great !

[*Enter a Servant in the KING's livery who whispers to*
TRIBOULET.

Servant. Monsieur St. Vallier (an infirm old man
In deepest mourning) asks to see the King.

Triboulet. (*Aside*) The Devil ! (*Aloud*) Oh, certainly ; most glad
to see

Monsieur St. Vallier.

[*Exit Servant.*

(*Aside*) Excellent, by Jove !

This is a joke that makes all others tame—

(*There is a noise and confusion at the door of entrance.*)

Voice Outside.

I'll see the King !

The King (stopping short in his attentions to a group of ladies.)

Who dares to enter here ?

Voice Outside.

I'll see the King !

The King.

No ! no !

[*An old man in deep mourning, with white hair and beard, bursts
through the crowd at the back of the stage, and confronts the*
KING, gazing steadily upon him.]

SCENE 5.—*The KING, ST. VALLIER, TRIBOULET and the COURTIERs.*

St. Vallier.

I will be heard !

Who dare restrain me ?

The King (*appalled*).

Monsieur St. Vallier !

St. Vallier.

'Tis thus I'm named !

[*The KING advances angrily towards him, but is stopped by*

TRIBOULET.

Triboulet.

Permit me, Sire, to speak.

I will so bravely lecture this good man !

[*Puts himself in a theatrical attitude, and addresses ST. VALLIER.*

Triboulet. Sir ! you once stirred rebellion 'gainst our throne ;

We pardoned, as kind monarchs should ; yet now

A stranger, wilder madness takes your mind,—

You seek for offspring from a son-in-law

As hideous as the vilest dwarf e'er known,

Ill-shaped, ill-bred, pale, ghastly, and deformed,

An odious wart upon his monstrous nose.

A shape like that ! (*pointing to DE COSSÉ*)

An ugly hump like mine !

Who sees your daughter near him, needs must laugh.

(Unless our King had interfered), he might

Have made rare specimens of grandsons for you,

Diseased, unseemly, rickety, misshaped,

Swoll'n like that gentleman,

(*pointing to DE COSSÉ, who writhes with anger.*)

Or humped like me.

Bah ! he's too ugly ;—now, our noble King

Will give you grandsons, that may be your pride,

To climb your knee and pluck your reverend beard !

[*The COURTIERs laugh and applaud TRIBOULET.*

St. Vallier. 'Tis but one insult more ;—now hear me, Sire ;

A king should listen when his subjects speak ;

'Tis true, your mandate led me to the block,

Where pardon came upon me, like a dream ;

I blessed you then, unconscious as I was

That a king's mercy, sharper far than death,

To save a father doomed his child to shame ;

Yes, without pity for the noble race

Of Poitiers, spotless for a thousand years,

You, Francis of Valois, without one spark

Of love or pity, honour or remorse,
Did on that night (thy couch her virtue's tomb),
With cold embraces, foully bring to scorn
My helpless daughter, Dian of Poitiers.
To save her father's life, a knight she sought,
Like Bayard, fearless and without reproach.
She found a heartless king, who sold the boon,
Making cold bargain for his child's dishonour.
Oh ! monstrous traffic, foully hast thou done !
My blood was thine, and justly, tho' it springs
Amongst the best and noblest names of France ;
But to pretend to spare these poor grey locks,
And yet to trample on a weeping woman,
Was basely done ; the father was thine own,
But not the daughter !—thou hast overpassed
The right of monarchs !—yet, 'tis mercy deemed,
And I, perchance, am called ungrateful still.
Oh, hadst thou come within my dungeon walls,
I would have sued upon my knees for death,
But mercy for my child, my name, my race,
Which, once polluted, is my race no more :
Rather than insult, death to them and me.
I come not now to ask her back from thee ;
Nay, let her love thee with insensate love ;
I take back nought that bears the brand of shame.
Keep her !—Yet still amidst thy festivals,
Until some father's, brother's, husband's hand¹
('Twill come to pass) shall rid us of thy yoke,
My pallid face shall ever haunt thee there,
To tell thee, Francis, it was foully done !
And thou shalt listen, and thy guilty pride
Shall shrink abashed before me ; would you now

¹ According to ancient writers, St. Vallier's prophecy was terribly fulfilled. The death of Francis the First affords a melancholy illustration of the morals of the "good old times." Whether the story be the record of history, or the invention of slander, we have only to choose between the malignity of the falsehood, or the infamy of the fact. A sad alternative for the believer in the supremacy of the past.—F. L. S.

Command the headsman's axe to do its office,
 You dare not, lest my spectre should return
 To tell thee——

The King. Madness! (*To DE PIENNE.*)
 Duke! arrest the traitor.

Triboulet (sneering at ST. VALLIER).
 The poor man raves.

St. Vallier. Accursed be ye both!
 Oh, Sire! 'tis wrong upon the dying lion
 To loose thy dog! (*turns to TRIBOULET.*)

And thou, who'er thou art,
 That with a fiendish sneer and viper's tongue,
 Makest my tears a pastime and a sport,
 My curse upon thee!—Sire, thy brow doth bear
 The gems of France!—on mine, old age doth sit;
 Thine decked with jewels, mine with these grey hairs;
 We both are kings, yet bear a different crown;
 And should some impious hand upon thy head
 Heap wrongs and insult, with thine own strong arm
 Thou canst avenge them!—GOD AVENGES MINE!
 [*ST. VALLIER is led off—the curtain falls.*]

ACT II.—SALTABADIL.

SCENE 1.—*The scene represents a deserted corner of De Bussy Terrace. On the right a house of decent appearance, with a court-yard in front (surrounded by a wall), which forms a part of the stage. In the court are some trees, and a stone seat. A door opens from the wall into the street. Above the wall is a terrace, with a roof supported by arches. A door from the first floor of the house opens upon this terrace, which communicates with the court by a flight of steps. On the left are the high walls of the De Cossé Palace, and in the background, distant houses and the steeple of St. Severin.*

TRIBOULET, SALTABADIL; afterwards DE PIENNE and DE GORDES.

TRIBOULET is enveloped in his cloak, but without his buffoon's

dress—he advances cautiously towards the door in the wall. A man dressed in black, and likewise wrapped in a cloak (from beneath which the point of a sword peeps out), follows him stealthily.

Triboulet (lost in thought). The old man cursed me.

Saltabadil (accosting him).

Sir !

Triboulet (starts, turns round, and searching in his pockets, says angrily).

I've nothing for you.

Saltabadil. And nothing asked I : you mistake !

Triboulet (irritated).

Then leave me.

Saltabadil (bowing and touching his long sword). You wrong me, Sir. By my good sword, I live.

Triboulet (drawing back alarmed). A cut-throat !

[*Enter DE PIENNE and DE GORDES, who remain watching at the back of the stage.*

Saltabadil (in an insinuating manner). Something weighs upon your mind :

Night after night, you haunt this lonely spot—

Confess the truth, some woman claims your care !

Triboulet. That which concerns but me, I tell to none.

Saltabadil. But 'tis for your advantage that I speak ; You'd treat me better if you knew me well.

(*Whispers.*) Perhaps your mistress on another smiles,— You're jealous, Sir ?

Triboulet.

By all the fiends, what want ye ?

Saltabadil (in a low voice, speaking softly and quickly). For some broad pieces, by this hand he dies !

Triboulet (aside). I breathe again.

Saltabadil.

I see you deem me now

An honest man.

Triboulet.

At least a useful one !

Saltabadil (with an assumption of modesty). Guard to the honour of our Paris dames.

Triboulet. Name your price to slay a cavalier.

Saltabadil. Why that's according to the man we slay, With some slight guerdon for the skill displayed.

Triboulet. To stab a nobleman ?

Saltabadil. By Beelzebub !

There's too much risk of a slashed doublet there :

Cunning in fence, and armed, your nobleman

Is dear indeed !

Triboulet (laughing). Your nobleman is dear ,

And pray, do citizens by your kind aid

Each other slaughter ?

Saltabadil. Yes ; in truth they do ;

But 'tis a luxury—a taste you know

That's scarcely fit, but for the man well born.

Some upstarts are there (being rich forsooth),

That ape the habits of a gentleman,

And force my service—How I pity them !

I'm paid onc half beforehand, and the rest

When the deed's done !

Triboulet. For this you brave the rack ?

Saltabadil (smiling). Not much ! a tribute paid to the police !

Triboulet. So much per head ?

Saltabadil. Just so ! unless indeed—

(What shall I say ?) unless the king were slain !

Triboulet. And how contrive you ?

Saltabadil. In the street I slay,

Or else at home !

Triboulet. In a most courteous way ?

Saltabadil. If in the street—a sharp keen blade I wear,

And watch my man at night.

Triboulet. And if at home ?

Saltabadil. Why then my sister Maguclonne assists—

A sprightly girl—that in the streets by night

Doth dance for gain, and, with enticing smiles,

Allures our prey, and draws the game to earth.

Triboulet. I see !

Saltabadil. 'Tis managed without noise or stir,

Quite decently ! Nay, most respectably.

Now let me crave your patronage, good sir ;

You'll be contented, tho' I keep no shop,

Nor make parade ; I am not of that race
 Of coward cut-throats, armed from head to heel,
 Who herd in bands to take a single life—
 Wretches ! with courage shorter than their sword.

[*Drawing an enormously long sword.*]

This is my weapon ! (TRIBOULET starts.)

(*Smiling and bowing to TRIBOULET.*) At your service, Sir !

Triboulet. Just now, indeed, I've no occasion for it.

Saltabadil. So much the worse ! You'll find me when you list,
 Before the palace of the Duke of Maine.

At noon each day I take my morning's stroll :

My name's Saltabadil !

Triboulet. Of gipsy race ?

Saltabadil. Burgundian too !

De Gordes (to DE PIENNE, taking out his tablets).

A jewel of a man,

Whose name (lest I forget) at once I write.

Saltabadil. Sir, you'll not think the worse of me for this ?

Triboulet. What for ! why should I ? every one must live.

Saltabadil. I would not be a beggar, idler, rogue !

Then I've four children.

Triboulet. Whom 'twere barbarous

To leave unfed.

[*Trying to get rid of him.*]

Heaven keep you in its love !

De Piennie (to DE GORDES). 'Tis still too light ! Return we
 here anon.

[*Exeunt DE PIENNE and DE GORDES.*]

Triboulet (roughly to SALTABADIL). Good day !

Saltabadil (bowing). Your humble servant, Sir. Adieu ! [*Exit.*]

Triboulet (watching him as he retires). How much alike his
 cruel trade to mine ;—

His sword is sharp, but with a tongue more keen

I stab the heart ! Aye, deeper far than he.

SCENE 2.—TRIBOULET (*alone*).—SALTABADIL *having departed*, TRIBOULET *gently opens the door in the wall. He looks anxiously round, and taking the key out of the lock, carefully shuts the*

door on the inside. He then paces the court with an air of melancholy and abstraction.

Triboulet. The old man cursed me ! even as he spoke
I mocked and taunted him ;—and yet, oh shame !
My lip but smiled. His sorrow touched my soul.
Accurst indeed !— *[He sits down on the stone seat.*

For man with nature leagued
To make me wicked, heartless, and depraved !
Buffoon ! Oh heav'n !—deformed, despised, disgraced ;
Always that thought, or sleeping, or awake,—
It haunts my dreams, and tortures me by day :
The vile buffoon—the wretched fool of court
Who must not, cannot, dare not, for his hire
Do aught but laugh ! Oh grief ! oh misery !
The poorest beggar, or the vilest slave,—
The very galley convict in his chains,
May weep and soothe his anguish with his tears.
Alas, I dare not ! Oh, 'tis hard to feel
Bowed down to earth with sore infirmities ;
Jealous of beauty, strength, or manly grace,—
With splendour circled, making me more sad.
In vain my wretchedness would hide from man,—
In vain my heart would sob its griefs alone.—
My patron comes,—the joyous, laughing king,
Beloved of women ! heedless of the tomb ;
Well shapen, handsome, King of France,—and young,
And with his foot he spurns me as I hide ;
And, yawning, cries, “Come, make me laugh, buffoon.”
Alas, poor fool !—and yet am I a man,
And rancorous hate, and pride, and baffled rage,
Boil in my brain, and make my soul like hell.
Ceaseless I meditate some dark design,
Yet, feeling, nature, thought, must I conceal,
And at my master's sign make sport for all.
Abjection base ! where'er I move to feel
My foot encumbered with its galling chain.
By men avoided, loathed and trampled on ;—

By women treated as a harmless dog.
 Soh ! gallant courtiers and brave gentlemen,
 Oh, how I hate you !—here behold your foe ;
 Your bitter sneers I pay you back with scorn,
 And foil and countermine your proud desires.
 Like the bad spirit, in your master's ear
 I whisper death to each aspiring aim,
 Scatterng, with cruel pleasure, leaf by leaf,
 The bud of hope—long ere it come to flower.
 You made me wicked :—yet what grief to live
 But to drop poison in the cup of joy
 That others drink !—and if within my breast
 One kindly feeling springs, to thrust it forth
 And stun reflection with these jingling bells.
 Amidst the feast, the dance, the glittering show,
 Like a foul demon, seek I to destroy,
 For every sport, the happiness of all,
 Covering with hollow, false, malignant smile
 The venomd hate that festers at my heart.
 Yet am I wretched ! *[He rises from the stone seat.*

No, not wretched here !

This door once passed, existence comes anew :
 Let me forget the world,—no past regret
 Shall dim the happiness that waits me here.

[He falls into a reverie.

The old man cursed me ! Why returns that thought ?
 Forebodes it evil ? Pshaw ! art mad ?—for shame !

[He knocks at the door of the house." A young girl dressed in white rushes out, and throws herself into his arms.

SCENE 3.—BLANCHE—TRIBOULET ; afterwards DAME BERARDE.
 Triboulet. My child !

[He presses her to his bosom with delight.

Ah, place your arms around my neck ;
 Come to my heart, my child ! I'm happy now ;
 Near thee all's joy ! I live, I breathe again.

[He gazes at her with transport.

More beauteous every day. Blanche, art thou well,—
Quite well? Dear Blanche! come kiss me once again.

Blanche. You are so kind, dear father.

Triboulet. No, indeed,

I do but love thee. Thou'rt my life, my blood.

Blanche, if I lost thee!—oh, the thought is death.

Blanche (putting her hand on his forehead). What makes you
sigh so heavily, my father?

Tell me your sorrows; trust your grief with me.

Have we no kindred? Where are all your friends?

Triboulet. Daughter, thou hast none.

Blanche. Then tell me your name.

Triboulet. Why would'st thou know it?

Blanche. When at dear Chinon,

The little village where I lived before,

The neighbours call'd me orphan, till you came.

Triboulet. 'Twere far more prudent to have left thee there;

But I could bear my sad, sad life no longer;

I yearned for thee— I wanted one to love me.

Blanche. Well, if you will not tell me of yourself—

Triboulet (not listening to her). You go not out?

Blanche. Two months have I been here,

And but eight times to mass gone forth.

Triboulet. 'Tis well.

Blanche. At least, you'll tell me of my mother now?

Triboulet. No, no, forbear to wake that chord, my child.

Let me not think upon how much I've lost;

Wert thou not here I'd deem it all a dream:

A woman different from all womankind,

Who knew me poor, deserted, sick, deformed,

Yet loved me, even for my wretchedness.

Dying, she carried to the silent tomb

The blessed secret of her sainted love:

Love fleeter, brighter than the lightning's flash;

A ray from Paradise, illuming Hell.

Oh, earth, press lightly on that angel breast,

Where only did my sorrow find repose.

But thou art here, my child. Oh, God, I thank thee !

[*He bursts into tears.*]

Blanche. Oh, how you weep ! indeed I cannot bear
To see you thus—it makes me wretched too.

Triboulet. Would'st have me laugh ?

Blanche. Dear father, pardon me.
Tell me your name,—confide your grief in me.

Triboulet. I am thy father. Ask me not for more ;
In this great world some hate me—some despise ;
But here, at least, where all is innocence,
I am thy father—loved, revered. No name
Is holier than a father's to his child.

Blanche. Dear father !

Triboulet (again embracing her). Ah, what heart responds like
thine ?

I love thee, as I hate all else beside.
Sit thee down by me. Come, we'll talk of this.
Art sure thou lov'st me ? Now that we are here
Together, and thy hand is elased in mine,
Why should we speak of anything but thee ?
The only joy that Heaven vouchsafes, my child !
Others have parents, brothers, loving friends,
Wives, husbands, vassals, a long pedigree
Of ancestors, and children numerous—
But I have only thee ! Some men are rich,
Thou art my only treasure, Blanche ! my all.
Some trust in Heaven : I trust alone in thee.
What care I now for youth, or woman's love,
For pomp or grandeur, dignities or wealth ?
These are brave things, but thou outweigh'st them all ;
Thou art my country, city, family—
My riches, happiness, religion, hope—
My universe ; I find them all in thee.
From all but thee my soul shrinks, trembling, back.
Oh, if I lost thee ! The distraeting thought
Would kill me, if it lived one instant more !
Smile on me, Blanche ! thy pretty, artless smile,

So like thy mother's ; she was artless too.—
 You press your hand upon your brow, my child,
 Just as she did. My soul leaps forth to thine,
 Even in darkness—I can see thee still—
 For thou art day, and light, and life to me.

Blanche. Would I could make you happy !

Triboulet. Happy ! Blanche !

I am so happy when I gaze on thee—

My very heart seems bursting with delight.

[Passes his hand through her hair, and smiles.]

What fine dark hair ! I recollect it once

So very light ! Who would believe it now ?

Blanche. Some day, before the curfew bell has tolled,
 You'll let me take a walk, and see the town ?

Triboulet. Oh, never, never ! Thou hast not left home
 Unless with Dame Berarde ?

Blanche. Oh, no !

Triboulet. Beware !

Blanche. Forth, but to church, I go !

Triboulet (aside). She may be seen,

Perhaps pursued, torn from me, and disgraced.

Hah ! were it so ! the wretched jester's daughter

There's none would pity. (*Aloud.*) I beseech thee, Blanche,

Stir not abroad.—Thou know'st not how impure,

How poisonous is the Paris air to woman :

How heartless profligates infest the streets,

And courtiers baser still ! (*Aside.*) Oh, Heaven, protect,

Watch o'er, preserve her from the damning snares

And touch impure of libertines, whose breath

Hath blighted flowers pure and fair as she.

Let e'en her dreams be holy !—Here at least

Her hapless father, resting from his woes,

Shall breathe, with grateful heart, the sweet perfume

Of this fair rose of innocence and love !

[He buries his face in his hands and bursts into tears.]

Blanche. I'll think no more of going out, dear father,

But do not weep.

Triboulet.

These tears relieve me, child.

So much I laughed last night :—but I forget,
The hour to bear my hated yoke draws nigh.

Dear Blanche, adieu !

Blanche (embracing him). You'll soon be here again.

Triboulet. Alas, I am not master of my will.

Ho ! Dame Berarde !—Whene'er I visit here

[An old duenna enters.]

None see me enter ?

Berarde.

Nay, of course not, Sir !

This street's deserted !

[It is now nearly dark, the KING appears outside the wall, disguised in a dark-coloured dress. He examines the high wall and closed door with gestures of impatience and disappointment.]

Triboulet.

Dearest Blanche, adieu !

(to DAME BERARDE.)

The door towards the quay is ever closed ?

I know a house more lonely e'en than this,

Near St. Germain ! I'll see to it to-morrow.

Blanche. The terrace, father, is so pleasant here,
Above the gardens.

Triboulet.

Go not there, my child !

[He listens.]

Ha ! footsteps near !

[He goes to the gate, and opens it, and looks out : the KING slips into a recess in the wall near the door, which TRIBOULET leaves open.]

Blanche (pointing to the terrace). But may I not at night
Breathe the pure air ?

Triboulet.

Alas ! you might be seen.

[Whilst he is speaking to BLANCHE, his back towards the door, the KING slips in, unscen by all, and conceals himself behind a tree.]

(To DAME BERARDE.)

You let no lamp from out the casement shine ?

Berarde. Why, gracious powers ! what man could enter here ?

[*She turns and sees the KING behind the tree. Just as she is about to cry out, the KING holds a purse out to her, which she takes, weighs in her hand, and is silent.*

Blanche (to TRIBOULET, who has been to examine the terrace with a lantern)—Why dost thou look?—what fearest thou, my father?

Triboulet. Nought for myself, but everything for thee.

Farewell, my child!

[*He again folds her in his arms; a ray of light from the lantern held by DAME BERARDE falls upon them.*

The King. The Devil!—Triboulet! (*he laughs*).

Triboulet's daughter!—why, the jest's divine.

Triboulet (*returning*). A thought disturbs me:—when from church you come

Has no one followed thee?

[*Blanche is confused and casts down her eyes.*

Berarde.

Oh, never, Sir!

Triboulet. Shriek out for help, if any one molest

Or stop thy path.

Berarde.

I'd scream and call the guard.

Triboulet. Whoever knocks, keep closed to all the door.

Berarde. Tho' 'twere the King?

Triboulet.

Much more if 'twere the King.

[*He embraces BLANCHE again, and goes out, carefully shutting the door after him.*

SCENE 4.—BLANCHE, DAME BERARDE, THE KING.

(*During the first part of this scene the KING still remains behind the tree.*)

Blanche. Yet feels my heart remorse.

Berarde.

Remorse?—for what?

Blanche. How sensitive to every fear he seems!

How every shadow darkens o'er his soul!

Ev'n as he left, his eyes were wet with tears.

Dear, good, kind father! should I not have told

How, every Sunday, when we leave the church,

He follows me!—you know!—that fine young man?

Berarde. Why speak of that?—already, unprovoked,
Your father's humour sets most fierce and strange;

Besides, of course, you hate this gentleman.

Blanche. Hate him!—Ah, no!—Alas! I shame to say,
His image never fades upon my mind;
But from the hour when first his looks met mine,
Where'er I gaze, methinks I see him there.
Would it were so! Oh! 'tis a noble form!
So gentle, yet so bold! so proud his mien!
Methinks upon a fiery courser's back
He'd look right nobly!

[*As DAME BERARDE stands near the KING, he puts a handful of gold into her hand.*]

Berarde. Well, he charms me too;
He's so accomplished.

Blanche. Such a man must be——

Berarde. Discreet and wise!

Blanche. His looks reveal his heart;

'Tis a great heart!

Berarde. Oh, wonderful! immense!

[*At every sentence that BERARDE speaks, she holds out her hand to the KING, who puts money in it.*]

Blanche. Courageous!

Berarde. Formidable!

Blanche. Yet so kind!

Berarde. So tender!

Blanche. Generous!

Berarde. Magnificent!

Blanche. All that can please!

Berarde. His shape without a fault,—

His eyes, his nose, his forehead.

[*Holds out her hand for money at each word.*]

The King (aside). Nay, by Jove,

If she admires in detail, I'm undone:

No purse can long resist; I'm stripped of all.

Blanche. I love to speak of him.

Berarde. I know it, child.

The King (aside, giving more money). Oil upon fire.

Berarde. So tall, kind, handsome, good,

Great-hearted, generous.

King (aside). There ! She's off again.

Berarde. 'Tis some great nobleman, his airs so grand,
His glove I noted, broidered on with gold.

[*The KING makes signs, when she holds out her hand, that he has nothing left.*

Blanche. Oh no ! I would not he were rich or great,
But some poor country student ; for I think
He'd love me better.

Berarde. Well, it may be so,
If you prefer it ! (*Aside.*) Heavens ! what a taste !
These love-sick girls will move by contraries.

[*Again holding out her hand to the KING.*

(*Aloud.*) But this I'm sure, he loves you to despair.

[*The KING gives nothing.*

(*Aside.*) Is he then drained ? No money, Sir ! no praise !

Blanche. How long it seems till Sunday comes again !
Until I see him, sadness with my soul
Dwells night and day ; when on the altar last
My humble gifts I placed, he seemed as though
He would have spoken. How my heart did throb !
Oh, I am sure, love hath possessed him too !
My image never, never quits his mind.
Different from other men, his looks sincere
Tell me no woman fills his heart but me ;
That, shunning pleasure, solitude he seeks
To think on me.

Berarde. [*Making a last effort, holding out her hand to the KING.*
I stake my head 'tis true !

The King (taking off a ring and giving it to BERARDE).
This for thy head.

Blanche. Oh, how I wish, whene'er
I think of him by day, and dream by night,
He were beside me : I would tell him then,
Be happy ; oh be mine, for thee——

[*The KING comes from behind the tree, and stretches out his arms towards her, going on his knee whilst she has her face turned from him. When she looks round again he speaks, finishing her speech.*

The King. I love !

Say on ; oh, cease not ! say thou lov'st me, Blanche :
Love sounds so sweetly from a lip like thine.

Blanche (frightened, looks round for DAME BERARDE, who has purposely disappeared).

Oh ! I'm betrayed, alone, and none to help !

The King. Two happy lovers are themselves a world.

Blanche. Whence come you, Sir ?

The King. From heaven or from hell,

'Tis of no import—angel, man, or fiend,

I love thee !

Blanche. Heavens ! if my father knew

I hope none saw you enter ! Leave me, Sir !

The King. Leave thee, whilst trembling in my arms you rest,
And I am thine, and thou art all to me !

Thou lov'st me !

Blanche (confused). Oh, you listened !

The King. 'Tis most true ;

What sweeter music could I listen to ?

Blanche (supplicating). Well, if you love, leave me for love's
own sake.

The King. Leave thee, when now my fate is linked with thine !

*Two stars, in one horizon, doubly bright,*¹

When heaven itself has chosen me to wake

Within thy virgin breast the dawn of love,

That soon shall blaze like noon ! 'Tis the soul's sun ;

Dost thou not feel its soft and gentle flame ?

¹ Victor Hugo's lines run thus :—

“Quand notre double étoile au même horizon brille !”

But as I cannot find that *double stars* were at all suspected in the days of Francis the First, I have taken the liberty to avoid the anachronism by a slight alteration of the text.

The monarch's crown, that death confers or takes,—
 The cruel glory of inhuman war ;
 The hero's name, the rich man's vast domains,—
 All these are transient, vain and earthly things.
 To this poor world, where all beside doth fade,
 But one pure joy remains,—'tis love ! 'tis love !
 Dear Blanche, such happiness I bring to thee.
 Life is a flower, and love its nectared juice.
 'Tis like the eagle mated with the dove,—
 'Tis trembling innocence with strength allied,—
 'Tis like this little hand, thus lost in mine.

Oh let us love ! *[He embraces her ; she resists.]*

Blanche. No ! leave me !

Berarde (aside, peeping out from the terrace). All goes well !
 She's snared !

The King. Oh, tell me thou dost love !

Berarde (aside). The wretch !

The King. Blanche, say it o'er again.

Blanche (bending down her eyes). You heard me once.

You know it.

The King. Then I'm happy !

Blanche. I'm undone !

The King. No, blest with me !

Blanche. Alas ! I know you not !

Tell me your name.

Berarde (aside). High time to think of that.

Blanche. You are no nobleman, no courtier, sure ;
 My father fears them.

The King. No, by heaven !—*(Aside.)* Let's see *(he deliberates).*
 Godfrey Melune I'm called, a student poor,
 So poor !

*Berarde (who is just counting the money he has given her,
 holds up her hand).*

(Aside.) The liar !

*[Enter DE PIENNE and PARDAILLAN ; they carry a dark lantern,
 and are concealed in cloaks.]*

De Piemme (to PARDAILLAN).

Here 'tis, chevalier !

Berarde (runs down from the terrace). Voices outside I hear.

Blanche. Oh, heaven! my father.

Dame Berarde (to the KING). Leave us!—away!

The King. What traitor mars my bliss?

Would that my hands were grasping at his throat!

Blanche (to BERARDE). Quick! quick!—Oh, save him! Ope the little gate

That leads towards the quay.

The King. Leave thee so soon!

Wilt love to-morrow, Blanche?

Blanche. And thou?

The King. For ever!

Blanche. Thou may'st deceive; for I've deceived my father.

The King. Never!—One kiss on those bright eyes!

Blanche. No! No!

[*The KING, in spite of her resistance, seizes her in his arms and kisses her several times.*]

Berarde. A most infuriate lover, by my soul!

[*Exit the KING, with BERARDE.*]

[*BLANCHE remains for some time with her eyes fixed on the door through which the KING has passed; she then enters the house. Meanwhile the street is filled with COURTIERS, armed and wearing mantles and masques. DE GORDES, DE COSSÉ, DE BRION, DE MONTMORENCY, DE MONTCHENÛ, and CLEMENT MAROT, join DE PIENNE and PARDAILLAN. The night is very dark—the lanterns they carry are closed. They make signals of recognition, and point out TRIBOULET'S house. A servant attends them bearing a scaling ladder.*]

SCENE 5.—*BLANCHE—the COURTIERS. Afterwards TRIBOULET.*

BLANCHE comes out on the terrace; she holds a flambeau in her hand which throws its light upon her countenance.

Blanche. Godfrey Melune! Oh, name that I adore,
Be graven on my heart!

De Pienne (to the COURTIERS). Messieurs, 'tis she!

De Gordes. Some bourgeois beauty; how I pity you,

Who cast your nets amongst the vulgar throng.

[*As he speaks, BLANCHE turns round, and the light falls full on her features.*

De Piemme. What think you now?

Marot. I own the jade is fair.

De Gordes. An angel, fairy,—an accomplished grace.

Pardaillan. Is this the mistress of our Triboulet?

The rascal!

De Gordes. Scoundrel!

Marot. Beauty and the Beast!

'Tis just! Old Jupiter would cross the breed.

De Piemme. Enough! we came to punish Triboulet;

We are all here, determined, well prepared,

With hatred armed,—aye, and a ladder too,—

Scale we the walls, and having seized the fair,

Convey her to the Louvre! Our good king

Shall greet the beauty at his morning's levée.

De Cossé. And straightway seize her, as most lawful prey.

Marot. Oh, leave the Devil and Fate to settle that.

De Gordes. 'Tis a bright jewel, worthy of a crown.

[*Enter TRIBOULET absorbed in thought.*

Triboulet. Still I return,—and yet I know not why.

The old man cursed me!

[*In the dark he runs against DE GORDES.*

Who goes there?

De Gordes (runs back to the conspirators, and whispers).

Messieurs,

'Tis Triboulet!

De Cossé. Oh, double victory!

Let's slay the traitor!

De Piemme. Nay, good Count,—not so:—

Pray, how, to-morrow, could we laugh at him?

De Gordes. Oh, if he's killed, the joke's not half so droll.

De Cossé. He'll spoil our plans.

Marot. No! leave you that to me,—

I'll manage all.

Triboulet (aside). Some whispering I hear.

Marot (going up to TRIBOULET).

What ! Triboulet !

Triboulet (fiercely). Who's there ?

Marot. Don't eat me up !

'Tis I.

Triboulet. What I ?

Marot. Marot.

Triboulet. The night's so dark.

Marot. Satan has made an inkstand of the sky.

Triboulet. Why are you here ?

Marot. We come (you surely guess) ; *(he laughs).*

De Cossé's wife we aim at, for the King.

Triboulet. Ah, excellent !

De Cossé (aside). Would I could break his bones !

Triboulet. How would you enter,—not by open force ?

Marot (to DE COSSÉ). Give me your key. *(DE COSSÉ passes him the key.) (To TRIBOULET.)* This will ensure success.

Feel you De Cossé's arms engraved thereon ?

Triboulet (aside, feeling the key). Three leaves serrate ; I know the seuteheon well,—

There stands his house. What silly fears were mine !

(returning the key to MAROT.)

If all you purpose be to steal the wife

Of fat De Cossé—'faith, I'm with you too.

Marot. We are all masqued.

Triboulet. Give me a mask as well.

[Marot puts on a mask, and ties it with a thick handkerchief, or bandage, covering both TRIBOULET'S eyes and ears.]

Marot (to TRIBOULET). You guard the ladder.

Triboulet. Are there many here ?

I can see nothing.

Marot. 'Tis so dark a night *(to the COURTIERS).*

Walk as you will, and talk without disguise,

The trusty bandage blinds and deafens him.

[The COURTIERS mount the ladder, burst open the door of the terrace and enter the house. Soon afterwards one returns, and opens the door of the court-yard from within. Then the whole body

rush out, bearing BLANCHE, half senseless. After they have left the stage, her voice is heard in the distance.

Blanche (in the distance). Help ! help me, father !

Courtiers (in the distance). Victory ! she's ours !

Triboulet (at the bottom of the ladder). How long must I stand doing penance here ?

Will they never finish ? Soh ! I'll wait no more.

(He tears off the mask, and discovers the bandage.) Hah ! my eyes bandaged !

[He tears off the mask and bandage. By the light of a lanthorn left behind, on the ground, he sees something white, which he takes up, and discovers to be his daughter's veil. He looks round—the ladder is against his own wall—the wall-door is open. He rushes into his house like a madman, and returns dragging out DAME BERARDE, half dressed and scarcely awake. He looks round in a state of bewilderment and stupor, tears his hair, and utters some inarticulate sounds of agony. At last his voice returns—he breaks forth into a cry of despair.

Oh, the curse !—the curse !

[He falls down in a swoon.

ACT III.—THE KING.

SCENE 1.—Royal antechamber at the Louvre, furnished in the style of the Renaissance. Near the front of the stage, a table, chair, and footstool. At the back of the scene, a large door richly gilt. On the left, the door of the KING's sleeping apartment, covered with a tapestry hanging. On the right, a buffet, with vessels of porcelain and gold. The door at the back opens on to a terrace with garden behind.

THE COURTIER.

De Gordes. 'Tis fit we plan the end of this adventure,

De Piemme. Not so ; let Triboulet still writhe and groan,

Ne'er dreaming that his love lies hidden here !

De Cossé. Aye, let him search the world. Yet, hold, my lords !

The palace guard our secret might betray.

De Montchenû. Throughout the Louvre all are ordered well :
They'll swear no woman came last night within.

Pardaillan. Besides, to make the matter darker still,
A knave of mine, well versed in strategy,
Called at the poor fool's house and told he saw,
At dead of night, a struggling woman borne
To Hautefort's palace.

Marot (takes out a letter). This last night sent I :
(*He reads.*) " Your mistress, Triboulet, I stole ;
If her fair image dwells with thee,
Long may that image fill thy soul ;
But her sweet self leaves France with me."

Signed with a flourish, John de Nivelles.

(*COURTIERS all laugh vociferously.*)

Pardaillan. Gods ! what a chase !

De Cossé. His grief is joy to me.

De Gordes. Aye, let the slave, in agony and tears,
With clenching hands, and teeth that gnash with rage,
Pay in one day our long arrears of hate.

[*The door of the Royal apartment opens, and the KING enters, dressed in a magnificent morning dress ; he is accompanied by DE PIENNE ; the COURTIERS draw near. The KING and DE PIENNE laugh immoderately.*

The King (pointing to the distant door). She's there !

De Pienne (laughing). The loved one of our Triboulet.

The King (laughing). Steal my Fool's mistress !—Excellent,
i'faith !

De Pienne. Mistress or wife ?

The King (aside). A wife and daughter too !
So fond a fool I ne'er imagined him !

De Pienne. Shall I produce her now ?

The King. Of course, Pardieu !

[*DE PIENNE leaves the room, and returns immediately, leading in BLANCHE, closely veiled and trembling. The KING sits down in his chair, in a careless attitude.*

De Pienne. Enter, fair dame ; then tremble as you will.

Behold the King!

Blanche (still veiled). So young!—is that the King?

[She throws herself at his feet. At the first sound of BLANCHE'S voice, the KING starts, and then signs the COURTIERs to retire.]

SCENE 2.—THE KING—BLANCHE. *The KING, when left alone with BLANCHE, takes the veil from her face.*

The King. Blanche!

Blanche. Godfrey Melune! Oh, Heav'n!

The King (bursting into a fit of laughter). Now, by my faith!
Whether 'tis chance or planned, the gain is mine.
My Blanche! my beautiful, my heart's delight,
Come to my arms!

Blanche (rising and shrinking back). The King!—forgive me,
Sire;

Indeed, I know not what to say.—Good Sire,
Godfrey Melune;—but no! you are the King.

(She falls on her knees again.)

Whoe'er thou art, alas! have mercy on me!

The King. Mercy on thee! my Blanche, whom I adore!
Francis confirms the love that Godfrey gave.
I love, thou lovest, and we both are blest.
The name of King dims not the lover's flame.
You deemed me, once, a scholar, clerk,
Lowly in rank, in all but learning poor;
And now that chance hath made me nobler born,
And crowned me King, is that sufficient cause
To hold me suddenly in such abhorrence?
I've not the luck to be a serf—what then?

(The KING laughs heartily.)

Blanche (aside). Oh, how he laughs!—and I with shame could
die!

The King. What fêtes, what sports and pageants, shall be
ours!

What whispered love in garden and in grove!
A thousand pleasures that the night conceals

Thy happy future grafted on mine own—
 We'll be two lovers wedded in delight.
 Age must steal on, and what is human life?
 A paltry stuff, of mingled toil and care,
 Which love with starry light doth spangle o'er;
 Without it, trust me, 'tis a sorry rag—
 Blanche, 'tis a theme I've oft reflected on,
 And this is wisdom :—Honour Heaven above,
 Eat, drink, be merry, crowning all with love !

Blanche (confounded and shuddering). Oh, how unlike the picture fancy drew !

The King. What, did you think me, then, a solemn fool,
 A trembling lover, spiritless and tame,
 Who thinks all women ready to expire
 With melting sympathy, because he sighs
 And wears a sad and melancholy face ?

Blanche. Oh, leave me !—(*Aside.*) Wretched girl !

The King. Know'st who I am ?—
 Why, France—a nation—fifteen million souls—
 Gold, honour, pleasures, power uncurbed by law,
 All, all are mine :—I reign and rule o'er all.
 I am *their* sovereign, Blanche, but thou art *mine*—
 I am their *King*, Blanche, wilt not be my *Queen* ?

Blanche. The Queen ! Your wife !

The King (laughing heartily). No ! virtuous innocence ;
 The Queen, my mistress : 'tis the fairer name.

Blanche. Thy mistress ! Shame upon thee !

The King. Hah ! so proud ?

Blanche (indignantly). I'll ne'er be such ! My father can protect me !

The King. My poor Buffoon ! my Fool ! my Triboulet !
 Thy father's mine !—my property ! my slave !
 His will's mine own !

Blanche (weeping). Is he, too, yours ? [*She sobs out.*]

The King (falling on his knees). Dear Blanche ! too dear to me !
 Oh, weep not thus ! but, pressed against my heart—

[*He endeavours to embrace her.*]

Blanche. Forbear !

The King. Say but again, thou lov'st me, *Blanche* !

Blanche. No ! no !—'tis passed.

The King. I've pained thee thoughtlessly.

Nay, do not sob ! Rather than force from thee

Those precious drops, my *Blanche*, I'd die with shame,

Or pass before my Kingdom and my court

For one unknown to gallantry and fame.

A King,—and make a woman weep ! Ye gods !

Blanche. 'Tis all a cheat ! I know you jest with me !
If you be King, let me be taken home.

My father weeps for me. I live hard by

De Cossé's palace ; but you know it well.

Alas ! who are you ? I'm bewildered !—lost !

Dragg'd like a victim here 'midst cries of joy ;

My brain whirls round. 'Tis but a frightful dream !

You, that I thought so kind. (*Weeping.*) Alas ! I think

I love you not ! (*suddenly starting back.*)

I do but fear you now !

The King (trying to take her in his arms). You fear me, *Blanche* !

Blanche (resisting). Have pity !

The King (seizing her in his arms). Well, at least
One pardoning kiss !

Blanche (struggling). No ! no !

The King (laughing). (*Aside*) How strange a girl !

Blanche (forces herself away). Help ! Ah ! that door !

[*She sees the door of the KING's own room, rushes in, and
closes it violently.*]

The King (taking out a little key from his girdle).

'Tis lucky I've the key !

[*He opens the door, rushes in, and locks it behind him.*

*Marot (who has been watching for some time at the door at the
back of the stage).* She flies for safety to the King's own chamber !

Alas ! poor lamb ! (*He calls to DE GORDES, who is outside.*)

Hey, count !

De Gordes (peeping in). May we return ?

SCENE 3.—MAROT—THE COURTIER—TRIBOULET. *All the COURTIERs come in except DE PIENNE, who remains watching at the door.*

Marot (pointing to the door). The sheep seeks refuge in the lion's den !

Pardaillan (overjoyed). Oh, ho ! poor Triboulet !

De Pienne (entering). Hush ! hush ! he comes !

Be all forewarned ; assume a careless air.

Marot. To none but me he spoke, nor can he guess At any here.

Pardaillan. Yet might a look betray.

[*Enter TRIBOULET. His appearance is unaltered. He has the usual dress and thoughtless deportment of the Jester, only he is very pale.*

[*DE PIENNE appears to be engaged in conversation, but is privately making signs and gestures to some of the young nobles, who can scarcely repress their laughter.*

Triboulet (advancing slowly to the front of the stage).

They all have done this ! guilt is in their looks :—

Yet where concealed her ?—It were vain to ask—

But to be scoffed at !

[*He goes up to MAROT with a gay and smiling air.*

Ah, I'm so rejoiced

To see you took no cold last night, Marot.

Marot. Last night !

Triboulet (affecting to treat it as a jest).

The trick, I own, was neatly played.

Marot. The trick !

Triboulet. Aye ! well-contrived !

Marot. Why, man, last night,

When curfew tolled, ensconced between the sheets

I slept so soundly, that the sun was high

This morn when I awoke.

Triboulet (affecting to believe). I must have dreamed.

[*TRIBOULET sees a white handkerchief upon the table, and darts upon it ; he examines the initials.*

Pardaillan (to DE PIENNE). See, Duke, how he devours my handkerchief !

Triboulet (with a sigh). Not hers !

De Pienne (to the young COURTIERs, who cannot control their laughter). Nay, gentlemen, what stirs your mirth ?

De Gordes (pointing to MAROT). 'Tis he, by Jupiter !

Triboulet. They're strangely moved.

Sleeps the King yet, my lord ? (*advancing to DE PIENNE.*)

De Pienne. He doth, good Fool.

Triboulet. Methinks I hear some stir within his room.

[*He attempts to approach the door.*]

De Pienne (*preventing him*). You'll wake his Majesty !

De Gordes (to PARDAILLAN). Viscount, hear this :—

Marot (the rascal) tells a pleasant tale,

How the three Guys, returning Heaven knows whence,

Found each, last night,—what sayest thou, Buffoon ?—

His loving wife with a gallant !

Marot. Concealed !

Triboulet. Ah, 'tis a wicked world in which we live !

De Cossé. Woman's so treacherous !

Triboulet. My Lord, take heed !

De Cossé. Of what ?

Triboulet. Beware ! the case may be your own ;

Just such a pleasant tale of you they tell ;

E'en now there's something peeps above your ears.

[*Makes a sign of horns.*]

De Cossé (*in a fury*). Hah !

Triboulet (*speaking to the COURTIERs, and pointing to DE COSSÉ*).

'Tis indeed an animal most rare ;

When 'tis provoked, how strangely wild its cry !

Hah ! (*mimicking DE COSSÉ*).

[*The COURTIERs laugh at DE COSSÉ.*]

Enter a GENTLEMAN bearing the Queen's livery.

De Pienne. Vandragon ! what now ?

Gentleman. Her Majesty

Would see the King on matters of import.

[*DE PIENNE makes signs that it is impossible.*]

Gentleman. Madame de Brezé is not with him now !

De Pienne (angrily). The King still sleeps !

Gentleman. How, Duke !—a moment past
You were together !

De Pienne (makes signs to the GENTLEMAN, who will not understand him, and which TRIBOULET observes with breathless attention).

He has joined the chase.

Gentleman. Indeed ! without a horse or huntsman then,
For all his equipages wait him here.

De Pienne. Confusion ! (*Then in a rage to the messenger.*)

Now, Sir, will you understand ?

The King sees nobody to-day.

Triboulet (in a voice of thunder). She's here !

She's with the King ! (*The COURTIERs are alarmed.*)

De Gordes. What she ?—I'faith he raves.

Triboulet. Ah, gentlemen, well know you what I mean ;
Nor shall you fright me from my purpose now.
She, whom last night you ravished from my home—
Base cowards all !—Montmoreney, Brion,
De Pienne, and Satan (for with fiends you're leagued),
She's here,—She's mine !

De Pienne. What then, my Triboulet ?

You've lost a mistress ! Such a form as thine

Will soon find others.

Triboulet (in a loud voice). Give me back my child !

Courtiers (appalled). His child !

Triboulet. My daughter ! Do you taunt me now ?

Why, wolves and courtiers have their offspring too,

And why not I ? Enough of this, my lords ;

If 'twere a jest, 'tis ended now ! You laugh,—

You whisper ! Villains ! 'twas a heartless deed.

I'll tear her from you. Give me back my child !

She's there !

[*He rushes to the door of the KING's room. All the COURTIERs interpose and prevent him.*]

Marot. His folly has to madness turned.

Triboulet. Base courtiers ! demons ! fawning race accurst !

A maiden's honour is to you as naught—
Your wives and daughters (if they chance to please)
Belong to him. The virgin's sacred name
Is deemed a treasure, burdensome to bear :
A woman's but a field—a yielding farm,
Let out to royalty. The rent it brings,
A government, a title, ribbon, star !
Not one amongst ye give me back the lie.
'Tis true, base robbers ! you would sell him all !

(to DE GORDES)—Your sister, sir !

(to PARDAILLAN)—Your mother !

(to DE BRION)—You !—Your wife !

Who shall believe it ?—Nobles, dukes, and peers ;
A Vermandois from Charlemagne who springs :
A Brion from Milan's illustrious duke ;
A Gordes Simiane ; a Pienne ; a Pardaillan ;
And you, Montmorency ! What names are these
Who basely steal away a poor man's child ?
O never from such a high and ancient race,
Such blazons proud, sprung dastards such as ye,
But from some favoured lacquey's stolen embrace :
You're bastards all !

De Gordes. Bravo, Buffoon !

Triboulet. How much

Has the King given for this honoured service ?

You're paid,—I know it.

[*Tears his hair.*]

I, who had but her,—

What can the King for me ! He cannot give
A name like yours, to hide me from mine own :
Nor shape my limbs, nor make my looks more smooth.
Hell !—he has taken all ! I'll ne'er go hence
Till she's restored ! Look at this trembling hand,—
'Tis but a serf's ; no blood illustrious there ;—
Unarmed you think, because no sword it bears,—
But with my nails I'll tear her from ye all !

[He rushes again at the door—all the COURTIERs close upon him ; he struggles desperately for some time, but at length, exhausted, he falls on his knees at the front of the stage.]

All ! all combined against me ! ten to one !

(Turning to MAROT.)

Behold these tears, Marot !—Be merciful ;
Thine is a soul inspired. Oh, have a heart !
Tell me she's here ! Ours is a common cause,
For thou alone, amidst this lordly throng,
Hast wit and sense. Marot !—Oh, good Marot !

(Turns to the COURTIERs.)

Even at your feet, my Lords, I sue for grace :
I'm sick at heart ; alas, be merciful !
Some other day I'll bear your humours better ;
For many a year, your poor mis-shaped Buffoon
Has made you sport—aye, when his heart would break.
Forgive your Triboulet, nor vent your spleen
On one so helpless ; give me back my child—
My only treasure—all that I possess !
Without her, nothing in this world is mine.
Be kind to me ! another night like this
Would sear my brain, and whiten o'er my hair.

[The door of the KING's room opens, and BLANCHE, agitated and disordered, rushes out, and, with a cry of terror, throws herself into her father's arms.]

Blanche. My father, ah ! *(She buries her head in her father's bosom.)*

Triboulet. My Blanche ! my darling child !
Look ye, good Sirs, the last of all my race.
Dear angel !—Gentlemen, you'll bear with me—
You'll pardon, I am sure, these tears of joy.
A child like this, whose gentle innocence
Even to look on makes the heart more pure,
Could not be lost, you'll own, without a pang.
Fear nothing now ; 'twas but a thoughtless jest,
Something to laugh at.—How they frightened thee !
Confess it, Blanche.

[to BLANCHE.]

[Embraces her fondly.]

But I'm so happy now,
 My heart's so full, I never knew before
 How much I loved. I laugh, that once did weep
 To lose thee ; yet to hold thee thus again,
 Is surely bliss.—But thou dost weep, my child ?

Blanche (covering her face with her hand). Oh, hide me from
 my shame !

Triboulet (starting). What mean'st thou, Blanche ?

Blanche (pointing to the COURTIERs). Not before these ; I'd
 blush and speak, alone.

Triboulet (turns in an agony to the KING's door). Monster !—
 She too !

Blanche (sobbing and falling at his feet). Alone with thee, my
 father !

Triboulet (striding towards the COURTIERs). Go, get thee hence !

And if the King pretend
 To turn his steps this way,

(to VERMANDOIS) You're of his guard !

Tell him he dare not !—Triboulet is here !

De Piemme. Of all the fools, no fool e'er equalled this.

De Gordes. To fools and children sometimes must we yield,
 Yet will we watch without.

[*Exeunt all the COURTIERs but DE COSSÉ.*

Triboulet. Speak freely to me, Blanche. (*He turns and sees DE
 COSSÉ. In a voice of thunder.*) You heard me, Sir ?

De Cossé (retiring precipitately). These fools permit themselves
 strange liberties.

SCENE 4.—TRIBOULET—BLANCHE.

Triboulet (gravely and sternly). Now, speak !

Blanche (with downcast eyes, interrupted by sobs). Dear father,
 'twas but yesternight

He stole within the gate—— (*She hides her face.*)

I cannot speak.

[*TRIBOULET presses her in his arms, and kisses her forehead
 tenderly.*

But long ago (I should have told you then),
He followed me, yet spoke not, and at church,
As sure as Sunday came, this gentleman——

Triboulet (fiercely). The King !

Blanche. ——Passed close to me, and as I think,
Disturbed my chair, that I might look on him.
Last night he gained admittance.

Triboulet. Stop, my child ;
I'll spare thy shame the pang of telling it ;
I guess the rest. (*He stands erect.*)

Oh, sorrow most complete !
His loathsome touch has withered on thy brow
The virgin wreath of purity it wore,
And in its stead has left the brand of shame !
The once pure air that did environ thee
His breath has sullied. Oh, my Blanche ! my child !
Once the sole refuge of my misery,
The day that woke me from a night of woe,
The soul through which mine own had hopes of Heaven,
A veil of radiance, covering my disgrace,
The haven still for one by all accurst,
An angel left by God to bless my tears,
The only sainted thing I e'er did trust !
What am I now ? Amidst this hollow court,
Where vice, and infamy, and foul debauch,
With riot wild, and bold effrontery, reign ;
These eyes, aweary with the sight of crime,
Turned to thy guileless soul to find repose ;
Then could I bear my fate, my abject fate,
My tears, the pride that swelled my bursting heart,
The witty sneers that sharpened on my woes—
Yes, all the pangs of sorrow and of shame
I could endure, but not thy wrongs, my child !
Aye, hide thy face and weep ; at thy young age
Some part of anguish may escape in tears ;
Pour what thou can'st into a father's heart. (*Abstractedly.*)
But now, enough. The matter once despatched,

We leave this city,—aye, if I escape !

[*Turning with redoubled rage to the KING's chamber.*

Francis the First ! May God, who hears my prayer,

Dig in thy path a bloody sepulchre,

And hurl thee down, unshrived, and gorged with sin !

Blanche (aside). Grant it not, Heaven ! for I love him still.

De Pienne (speaking outside). De Montchenû, guard hence to the Bastile

Monsieur St. Vallier, now your prisoner.

Enter ST. VALLIER, MONTCHENÛ, and Soldiers.

St. Vallier. Since neither Heaven doth strike, nor pitying man Hath answered to my curse on this proud King,

Steeped to the lip in crime,—why, then 'tis sure

The monarch prospers, and my curse is vain.

Triboulet (turning round, and confronting him). Old man, 'tis false ! There's one shall strike for thee !

ACT IV.—BLANCHE.

SCENE 1.—*The scene represents the Place de la Grève, near la Tournelle, an ancient gate of the city of Paris. On the right is a miserable hove which purports, by a rude sign, to be a house of entertainment, or auberge of the lowest description. The front of the house is towards the spectators, and is so arranged that the inside is easily seen. The lower room is wretchedly furnished. There is a table, a large chimney, and a narrow staircase leading to a sort of loft or garret above, containing a truckle bed, easily seen through the window. The side of the building to the left of the actor has a door which opens inwards. The wall is dilapidated, and so full of chinks and apertures, that what is passing in the house may be witnessed by an observer outside. The remainder of the stage represents the Grève. On the left is an old ruined wall and parapet, at the foot of which runs the river Seine. In the distance beyond the river is seen the old City of Paris.*

TRIBOULET—BLANCHE outside—SALTABADIL inside the house.

[*During the whole of this scene TRIBOULET has the appearance of one anxious and fearful of surprise. SALTABADIL sits in the auberge, near the table, engaged in cleaning his belt, and not hearing what is passing without.*

Triboulet. Thou lov'st him still?

Blanche. For ever!

Triboulet. Yet I gave

Full time to cure thee of this senseless dream.

Blanche. Indeed, I love him.

Triboulet. Ah, 'tis woman's heart!

But, *Blanche*, explain thy reasons—why dost love?

Blanche. I know not.

Triboulet. 'Tis most strange!—incredible!

Blanche. Not so!—It may be 'tis for that I love—

Say that a man doth risk his life for ours,

Or husband bring us riches, rank, and fame,

Do women *therefore* love?—In truth, I know,

All he hath brought me are but wrongs and shame,

And yet I love him, tho' I know not why.

Whate'er is linked with him ne'er quits my mind.

'Tis madness, father! Can'st thou pardon still?

Though he hath wronged, and thou art ever kind,

For him I'd die as surely as for thee.

Triboulet. I do forgive thee.

Blanche. Then he loves me too.

Triboulet. Insensate!—No!

Blanche. He pledged his faith to me,

And with a solemn oath confirmed his vows,

Such loving things!—with such resistless grace

He speaks, no woman's heart his truth can doubt.

His words, his looks, so eloquent, so kind,

'Tis a true King, a handsome, and a brave!

Triboulet. 'Tis a cold, perjured, and relentless fiend!

Yet 'scapes he not my vengeance.

Blanche. Dearest father,

You once forgave him.

Triboulet. Till the snare was spread

For his dark villainy, I dare not strike.

Blanche. 'Tis now a month—(I tremble as I speak)—

You seemed to love the King.

Triboulet. 'Twas but pretence;

Thou shalt have vengeance !

Blanche. Father, spare your child.

Triboulet. Thy senseless passion might be turned to hate,
If he deceived thee.

Blanche. He ! I'll ne'er believe it !

Triboulet. What if those eyes, that plead his cause with tears,
Beheld his perfidy—would'st love him still ?

Blanche. I cannot tell. He loves me ! nay, adores.

'Twas but last night——

Triboulet (interrupting her, sneeringly). What time ?

Blanche. About this hour.

Triboulet. Then witness here, and, if thou can'st, forgive !

[*He draws her to the house, and directs her gaze through one of the apertures in the wall, where all that passes within may be seen.*]

Blanche. Nought but a man I see.

Triboulet. Look now !

[*The KING, dressed as an officer, appears from a door which communicates with an apartment within.*]

Blanche (starting). Oh, father !

[*During the following scene, BLANCHE remains, fixed as a statue, against the fissure in the wall, observing what is passing within, inattentive to all else, and only agitated from time to time with a convulsive shudder.*]

SCENE 2.—TRIBOULET *outside*—SALTABADIL—THE KING—

MAGUELONNE *inside*.

The King (striking SALTABADIL familiarly on the shoulder).

Two things at once—your sister and a glass !

Triboulet (aside). The morals of a king by grace divine,
Who risks his life in low debaucheries,
And doth prefer the wine that damns his sense,
If proffered by some tavern Hebe's hand !

The King (sings).

“Changeful woman, constant never,
He's a fool who trusts her ever ;

For her love the wind doth blow,
Like a feather, to and fro." ¹

[SALTABADIL goes sullenly to the next room, returning with a bottle and glass, which he places on the table. He then strikes twice upon the floor with the handle of his long sword, and at this signal a young girl, dressed in the Gipsy dress, bounds quickly down the stair. As she enters, the KING tries to seize her in his arms, but she slips away. SALTABADIL recommences cleaning his belt.

The King (to SALTABADIL).

My friend, thy buckle would be brighter far
Cleaned in the open air.

Saltabadil (sullenly). I understand.

[He rises, salutes the KING awkwardly, opens the door and comes out. He sees TRIBOULET, and comes cautiously towards him. BLANCHE sees nothing but the young Gipsy girl, who is dancing round the KING.

Saltabadil (in a low voice to TRIBOULET). Shall he die now?
Triboulet. Not yet!—return anon.

[TRIBOULET makes signs to him to retire. SALTABADIL disappears behind the parapet wall. Meantime the KING endeavours to caress the young Gipsy.

Maguelonne (slipping away). No, no!

The King. Thou offerest too much defence.
A truce! Come hither! *(The girl draws nearer.)*
'Tis a week ago,

At Triancourt's Hotel (Ah, let me see,
Who took me there?—I think 'twas Triboulet),
There first I gazed upon that beauteous face.
'Tis just a week, my goddess, that I loved thee,
And thee alone.

Maguelonne. And twenty more besides;
To me a most accomplished rake you seem.

The King. Well, well! I own some hearts have ached for me.
True, I'm a monster!

¹ The reader's attention is requested to these verses. They are made the means of producing, in the Fifth Act, a most startling dramatic effect.

Maguelonne. Coxeomb !

The King. 'Tis most true !

But, tempter, 'twas your beauty lured me here,
With most adventurous patience to endure
A dinner of the vilest ; and such wine !
Your brother's hang-dog looks have soured it :
An ugly wretch ! How dares he show his face
So near those witching eyes and lips of bliss !
It matters not. I stir not hence to-night.

Maguelonne (aside). He courts the snare ! (*To the KING, who tries to embrace her.*)

Excuse me !

The King. Why resist ?

Maguelonne. Be wise !

The King. Why this is wisdom, *Maguelonne*,
Eat, drink, and love ; I hold exactly there
With old King Solomon.

Maguelonne (laughing). Ha ! ha ! I think
Thou lov'st the tavern better than the church.

The King (stretching out his arms to catch her). Dear *Maguelonne* !

Maguelonne (runs round behind the table). To-morrow !

The King (seizing the table with both hands). Say again
That odious word, thy fence I'll overthrow ;
The lip of beauty ne'er should say to-morrow.

Maguelonne (comes suddenly round and sits by the KING).
Well, let's be friends !

The King (taking her hand). Ah, what a hand is thine !
So soft, so taper !—'twere a Christian's part,
Without pretence to over sanctity,
To court thy blow, and turn his cheek for more.

Maguelonne (pleased). You mock me.

The King. Never !

Maguelonne. But I am not fair.

The King. Unkind to me, and to thyself unjust !
Queen of inexorables, know'st thou not
How tyrant love doth rule the soldier's heart ?
"And if bright beauty doth our suit approve,

Though 'twere 'midst Russia's snows, we blaze with love."

Maguelonne (bursting into a fit of laughter). I'm sure you've read that somewhere in a book.

The King (aside). Quite possible ! (*Aloud.*) Come, kiss me !

Maguelonne. Sir, you're drunk !

The King. With love !

Maguelonne. I know you do but jest with me,
And couch your wit against a silly girl.

[*The KING succeeds in giving her a kiss, and tries a second time, which she refuses.*

Enough !

The King. I'll marry thee.

Maguelonne (laughing). You pledge your word.

[*The KING clasps her round the waist, and whispers in her ear.*
BLANCHE, unable to bear the scene any longer, turns round, and totters towards her father.

Triboulet (after contemplating her for some time in silence).

What think'st thou now of vengeance, my poor child ?

Blanche. Betrayed ! ungrateful !—Oh, my heart will break !
He hath no soul, no pity, kindness—none !
Even to that girl, who loves him not, he says
The same fond words that once he said to me.

[*Hides her head in her father's bosom.*

And oh, that shameless creature !

Triboulet. Hush ! no more !

Enough of tears, leave now revenge to me !

Blanche. Do as thou wilt.

Triboulet. I thank thee.

Blanche. Yet, alas !

Father, I tremble when I read thy looks.

What would'st thou do ?

Triboulet. I pray thee, ask me not !

All is prepared !—Now to our house, my child ;

There quick disguise thee as a cavalier,

Mount a swift steed, and store thy purse with gold ;—

Hie thee to Evreux, stop not on the road,

And by to-morrow's eve I'll join thee there.
 Beneath thy mother's portrait stands a chest—
 Thou know'st it well—the dress lies ready there.
 The horse stands saddled. Do as I have said,
 But come not here again ; for here shall pass
 A deed most terrible. Go now, dear Blanche !

Blanche. You'll surely come with me ?

Triboulet. Impossible !

Blanche (aside). My heart feels sick and faint.

Triboulet. Now, fare thee well !

Remember, Blanche, do all as I have said !

[*Exit* BLANCHE.]

[*During this scene, the KING and MAGUELONNE continue laughing, and talking in a low voice. As soon as BLANCHE is gone, TRIBOULET goes to the parapet and makes a sign for SALTABADIL, who appears from behind the wall. Night draws on ; the stage becomes darker.*]

SCENE 3.—TRIBOULET—SALTABADIL *outside* :—THE KING—
 MAGUELONNE (*inside the house*).

Triboulet (counting out the gold to SALTABADIL). You ask for
 twenty,—here are ten in hand.
 Art sure he stays the night ?

[*He stops in the act of giving him the money.*]

Saltabadil (goes to examine the appearance of the night). The
 storm comes on.

In one short hour the tempest and the rain
 Shall aid my sister to detain him here.

Triboulet. At midnight I return.

Saltabadil. No need of that.

Thank Heaven, I've strength enough, unhelped, to throw
 A corpse into the Seine.

Triboulet. That triumph's mine.

These hands alone shall do it.

Saltabadil.

As for that,

Even as you please ; 'tis no affair of mine.

I baulk no faneics. In a sack concealed,
Your man shall be delivered you to-night.

Triboulet (gives him the gold). 'Tis well !—At midnight, and the
rest are thine.

Saltabadil. It shall be done ! How call you this gallant ?

Triboulet. Wouldst know his name ?—Then hear mine own as
well,

For mine is *chastisement*, and his is *crime* ! [*Exit Triboulet.*]

SCENE 4.—SALTABADIL—THE KING—MAGUELONNE.

[*SALTABADIL, alone outside, examines the appearance of the sky, which is becoming gradually more overcast. It is almost night. The lightning flashes, and thunder is heard in the distance.*]

Saltabadil. The storm o'erhangs the city,—aye, that's well.

This place will soon be lonely as the grave.

'Tis a strange business this, and, by my head !

I cannot fathom it. These people seem

Possessed with something that I can't divine.

[*He examines the sky again. During this time the KING is laughing with MAGUELONNE. He endeavours to embrace her.*]

Maguelonne (repulsing him). My brother's coming.

The King. Sweetest one, what then ?

[*SALTABADIL enters, closing the door after him. A loud peal of thunder.*]

Maguelonne. Hark, how it thunders !

Saltabadil. Listen to the rain.

The King. Well, let it rain ! 'tis our good pleasure here

To stop this night. [*Slapping SALTABADIL on the shoulder.*]

Maguelonne (laughing at him). 'Tis your good pleasure ! Well !

This is a king indeed ! Your family

May be alarmed.

[*SALTABADIL makes signs to her not to prevent him.*]

The King. Nor wife nor child have I.

I care for none.

Saltabadil (aside). There's providence in that.

[*The rain falls heavily. The night becomes quite dark.*]

The King. Thou, fellow, may'st go sleep, e'en where thou wilt.
Saltabadil (bowing). Most happy.

Maguelonne (in an earnest whisper, while lighting the lamp).

Get thee hence !

The King (laughs and speaks aloud). In such a night !
 I'd scarcely turn a poet out of doors.

Saltabadil (aside to Maguelonne, showing the gold).

Let him remain. I've ten good crowns of gold—
 As much more when 'tis done !

(*To the King.*) Most proud am I
 To offer my poor chamber for the night.

The King. Beshrew me now, 'tis some infernal den,
 Where summer bakes one, and December's snows
 Freeze every vein.

Saltabadil. I'll show it with your leave.

The King. Lead on !

[*SALTABADIL takes the lamp; the KING goes to MAGUELONNE, and whispers something in her ear. Then both mount the narrow staircase, SALTABADIL preceding the KING.*]

Maguelonne (she looks out at the window). Ah, poor young man !
 How dark without.

[*The KING and SALTABADIL are seen through the window of the room above.*]

Saltabadil (to the King). Here is a bed, a table, and a chair !

The King (measuring them). Three, six, nine feet in all. Thy
 furniture

Hath surely fought at Marignan, my friend,
 'Tis chopped, and cut, and hacked so wondrous small.

[*He examines the window, in which there is no glass.*]

How healthy 'tis to sleep i' the open air :
 No glass—no curtains ! sure the gentle breeze
 Was ne'er more courteously received than here.
 Good night, old fellow !

Saltabadil (descending the stairs). Heaven preserve you, sir !

The King. In truth, I'm weary, and would sleep awhile.—

[*He places his hat and sword on the chair, takes off his boots, and throws himself on the bed.*]

'Tis a sweet girl!—that Maguelonne, so gay,
So fresh, so young. I trust the door's unbarred.

[He gets up and tries the lock.]

Ah, 'tis all right!

[Throws himself again upon the bed, and is soon fast asleep.]

(MAGUELONNE and SALTABADIL are sitting down below. The tempest rages. Thunder, lightning, and rain incessant. MAGUELONNE sits with some needlework. SALTABADIL, with a nonchalant air, is emptying the bottle of wine the KING has left. Both seem lost in thought.)

Maguelonne (after a pause of some duration). Methinks this
Cavalier

Most prepossessing!

Saltabadil. Faith, I think so too—

He fills my purse with twenty crowns of gold!

Maguelonne. How many?

Saltabadil. Twenty.

Maguelonne. Oh, he's worth much more!

Saltabadil. Go up, pert doll! and if his sleep be sound,
Bring down his sword!

[MAGUELONNE obeys. The storm rages violently. At this moment BLANCHE enters from the back of the stage, dressed as a man, in a black riding habit, boots and spurs.—She advances slowly to the crevice in the wall. Meanwhile SALTABADIL continues to drink; and MAGUELONNE, with a lamp in her hand, bends over the sleeping KING.]

Maguelonne. He sleeps. Alas! poor youth.

[She brings down his sword to SALTABADIL.]

SCENE 5.—THE KING asleep in the upper room. SALTABADIL and
MAGUELONNE in the room below. BLANCHE outside.

*Blanche (walking slowly in the dark, guided by the flashes of lightning.
Thunder incessant).*

A deed most terrible! Is reason fled?

There's something more than nature buoys me up:—

Even in this dreadful house he stops to-night!

Oh, pardon, Father, pardon my return—
 My disobedience ! I could bear no more
 The agony of doubt that racked my soul—
 I, who have lived, till now, unknowing all
 The tears and sorrows of this cruel world,
 Midst peace and flowers !—now am hurled at once
 From happy innocence to guilt and shame !
 Love tramples on the ruined edifice
 Of virtue's temple, that his torch has seared !
 His fire's extinct—the ashes but remain :—
 He loves me not ! Was that the thunder's voice ?
 It wakes me from my thoughts ! Oh, fearful night !
 Despair has nerved my heart—my woman's heart
 That once feared shadows !

(Sees the light in the upper window.)

Ah, what is't they do ?

How my heart throbs ! They would not slay him, sure ?

(Noise of thunder and rain.)

Saltabadil (within). Heaven growls above as though 'twere
 married strife—

One curses,—t' other drowns the earth with tears.

Blanche. Oh, if my father knew his child were here !

Maguelonne (within). Brother !

Blanche (startled).

Who spoke ?

Maguelonne (louder).

Why, brother ?

Saltabadil.

Well, what now ?

Maguelonne. Thou canst not read my thoughts ?

Saltabadil.

Not I !

Maguelonne.

But guess !

Saltabadil. The fiend confound thee !

Maguelonne. Come ! this fine young man—

So tall ! so handsome !—who lies wrapped in sleep

As thoughtless and as trusting as a child !—

We'll spare his life !

Blanche.

Oh, heaven !

Saltabadil.

Take thou this sack,

And sew these broken seams.

Maguelonne.

What would you do ?

Saltabadil. E'en place therein thy handsome, tall gallant,
When my keen blade hath dealt with him above,
And sink his carcase, garnished with yon stone,
Deep in the river's bed.

Maguelonne.

But—

Saltabadil.

Silence, girl !

Urge me no more.

Maguelonne.

Yet—

Saltabadil.

Wilt thou hold thy peace ?

Wert thou consulted, no one would be slain.

On with thy work.

Blanche.

What dreadful pair are these ?

Is it on hell I gaze ?

Maguelonne.

Well, I obey :

But you must hear me.

Saltabadil.

Umph !

Maguelonne.

You do not hate

This gentleman.

Saltabadil.

Not I. I love the man

That bears a sword. 'Tis by the sword I live.

Maguelonne. Why stab a handsome youth, to please, forsooth,
An ugly hunchback, crooked as an S !

Saltabadil. Hark ye awhile, the simple ease I'll state.

A hunchback gives, to slay a handsome man—

I care not whom,—ten golden crowns in hand,

And ten besides, whene'er the deed is done.

Of course—he dies !

Maguelonne.

Why not the old man slay

When he returns to pay thee o'er the gold ?

'Twere all the same.

Blanche.

My father !

Saltabadil (with indignation).

Hark ye now :—

I'll hear no more of this. Am I a thief,—

A bandit, cut-throat, cheat ? Would'st have me rob

The client who employs and pays my sword ?

Maguelonne. Couldst thou not place this log within the sack ?

The night's so dark, the cheat he could not tell.

Saltabadil. Ha! ha! Thy trick would scarce deceive the blind.
There's something in the clammy touch of death
That baffles imitation.

Maguelonne. Spare his life!

Saltabadil. I say—he dies!

Maguelonne. I'll scare him from his sleep:
Save and protect him hence.

Blanche. Good, generous girl!

Saltabadil. My twenty crowns!

Maguelonne. 'Tis true!

Saltabadil. Hear reason, then.

He must not live.

Maguelonne. I say he shall not die!

*[She places herself in a determined attitude at the foot of the stairs;
SALTABADIL, fearing to wake the KING, stops in his purpose,
apparently thinking how to compromise the affair.]*

Saltabadil. Hear me:—At midnight comes my patron back;
If any stranger chance to pass this way,
And claim our shelter, ere the bell shall toll,
I'll strike him dead,—and offer, in exchange,
His mangled body for thy puppet yonder.
So that the corse he throws into the Seine,
He cannot guess the change. But this is all
That I can do for thee.

Maguelonne. Gramercy, brother,—
In the fiend's name, who'er can pass this way?

Saltabadil. Nought else can save his life!

Maguelonne. At such an hour!

Blanche. Oh God! thou temptest me! Thou bid'st me die
To save a perjured life! Oh, spare me yet!
I am too young. Urge me not thus, my heart!

[Thunder rolls]

Oh, agony! Should I go call the guard?
No, all is silence! darkness reigns around:—
Besides, these demons would denounce my father;
Dear father, I should live to thank thy love,—

To cherish and support thy failing years.
 Only sixteen !—'tis hard to die so young ;—
 To feel the keen, sharp dagger at my heart !
 Ah me ! how cold the plashing rain comes down !
 My brain seems fire—but my limbs are ice !

[*A clock in the distance strikes one quarter.*

Saltabadil. 'Tis time ! [The clock strikes two more quarters.

Three-quarters past eleven now !

Hear'st thou no footsteps ? Ere the midnight hour,
 It must be done.

[*He puts his foot on the first stair.*

Maguelonne (bursts into tears). Oh, brother, wait awhile !

Blanche. This woman weeps, yet *I* refuse to save.

He loves me not ! Have I not prayed for death ?

That death would save him, but my heart recoils.

Saltabadil (attempting to pass MAGUELONNE).

I'll wait no longer.

Blanche. If he'd strike me dead

With one sharp sudden blow ! not gash my face,

Or mangle me. How chilling falls the rain !

Oh, it is horrible to die so cold.

[*SALTABADIL again attempts to pass MAGUELONNE. BLANCHE gradually drags herself round to the door, and gives a feeble knock.*

Maguelonne. A knock.

Saltabadil. 'Tis but the wind.

Maguelonne (BLANCHE knocks again).

Again !—a knock !

[*She runs to the window, opens it, and looks out.*

Saltabadil (aside). 'Tis passing strange !

Maguelonne. Who's there ?

(*Aside to SALTABADIL.*) A traveller !

Blanche (faintly). A night's repose !

Saltabadil (aside). A sound eternal sleep !

Maguelonne (aside). Aye, a long night indeed !

Blanche. Haste ! haste !—I faint !

Saltabadil. Give me the knife !

Maguelonne. Poor wretch ! his hand hath struck

Upon the portal of his tomb !

(*Aside to SALTABADIL.*) Be quiek !

Saltabadil. Behind the door, I'll strike him as he comes.

Maguelonne (*opening the door to BLANCHE.*) Come in !

Blanche (*shuddering.*) I dare not !

Maguelonne (*half dragging her in.*) 'Tis too late for that !

[*As she passes the threshold, SALTABADIL strikes.*

[*The Curtain falls.*

ACT V.—TRIBOULET.

SCENE 1.—*The stage represents the same scene as the Fourth Act; but the house of SALTABADIL is completely closed. There is no light within. All is darkness.*

[*TRIBOULET comes slowly from the back of the stage, enveloped in his mantle. The storm has somewhat diminished in violence. The rain has ceased; but there are occasional flashes of lightning, and distant thunder is heard.*

Triboulet. Now is the triumph mine ! The blow is struck
That pays a lingering month of agony.
'Midst sneers and ribald jests, the poor Buffoon
Shed tears of blood beneath his mask of smiles.

[*Examines the door of the house.*

This is the door—oh, vengeance exquisite !—
Thro' which the corse of him I hate shall pass.
The hour has not yet tolled ; yet am I here
To gaze upon thy tomb ! Mysterious night ! [Thunder.
In heaven a tempest ; murder upon earth !
Now am I great indeed. My just revenge
Joins with the wrath of God. I've slain the King !
And such a king !—upon whose breath depends
The thrones of twenty monarehs ; and whose voice
Declares to trembling millions, peace or war !
He wields the destinies of half mankind,
And falling thus, the world shall sink with him.

'Tis I that strike this mighty Atlas down !
 Through me, all Europe shall his loss bewail.
 Affrighted earth, e'en from its utmost bounds,
 Shall shriek ! Thy arm hath done this, Triboulet.
 Triumph, Buffoon !—exult thee in thy pride ;
 A fool's revenge the globe itself doth shake !

[The storm continues. A distant clock strikes twelve.

The hour !

[He runs to the door, and knocks loudly.

Voice (from within).

Who knocks ?

Triboulet.

'Tis I ! admit me ! haste !

Voice (within).

All's well ; but enter not !

[The lower half of the door is opened, and SALTABADIL crawls out, dragging after him an oblong-shaped mass, scarcely distinguishable in the darkness of the night.

SCENE 2.—TRIBOULET—SALTABADIL.

Saltabadil.

How dull a load.

Lend me your aid awhile ; within this sack

Your man lies dead !

Triboulet.

I'll look upon his face.

Bring me a torch !

Saltabadil.

By all the saints, not I.

Triboulet. What, canst thou stab, yet fear to look on death ?

Saltabadil. The guard I fear !—the archers of the night ;

You'll have no light from me. My task is done.

The gold !

[TRIBOULET gives it to him, then turns to gaze on the dead body.

Triboulet.

'Tis there ! *(Aside)*—so hatred hath its joys !

Saltabadil. Shall not I help you to the river's side ?

Triboulet. Alone I'll do it.

Saltabadil.

Lighter 'twere for both.

Triboulet. 'Tis a sweet load ; to me 'tis light indeed !

Saltabadil. Well, as you will ; but cast it not from hence.

[Pointing to another part of the wall.

The stream runs deepest there. Be quick. Good-night.

[He re-enters the house, closing the door after him.

SCENE 3.—TRIBOULET *alone, his eyes fixed on the body.*

Triboulet. There lies he ! dead ! Would I could see him now.
[*He examines the sack.*]

It matters not, 'tis he !—his spurs peep forth.

Yes ! yes ! 'tis he !

[*He rises up and places his foot on the body.*]

Now, giddy world, look on !

Here, see the Jester ! There, the King of Kings,
Monarch o'er all, unrivalled, Lord supreme !
Beneath my feet I spurn him as he lies,
The Seine his sepulchre, this sack his shroud.
Who hath done this ? 'Tis I—and I alone,
Stupendous victory ! When morning dawns
The slavish throng will scarce believe the tale,
But future ages, nations yet unborn,
Shall own, and shudder at, the mighty deed.
What, Francis of Valois, thou soul of fire,
Great Charles's greater rival, King of France,
And God of battles ! at whose conquering step
The very battlements have quaked for fear
Hero of Marignan, whose arm o'erthrew
Legions of soldiers, scattered like the dust
Before the impetuous wind ! whose actions beamed
Like stars o'ershining all the universe,
Art thou no more ?—unshrived, unwept, unknown,
Struck down at once ! In all thy power and pride,
From all thy pomps, thy vanities, thy lusts,
Dragged off and hidden like a babe malformed ;
Dissolved, extinguished, melted into air ;
Appeared and vanished like the lightning's flash.
Perhaps to-morrow,—haggard ! trembling ! pale !
And prodigal of gold—thro' every street
Criers shall shout, to wond'ring passers by,
Francis the First—Francis the First is lost !
'Tis strange !

(*After a short silence.*)

But thou, my poor long-suffering child,
Thou hast thy vengeance. What a thirst was mine
That craved for blood ! Gold gave the draught ! 'Tis quench'd !

[He bends over the body in a fit of ungovernable rage.]

Perfidious monster ! Oh, that thou couldst hear !
My child, more precious than a monarch's crown,
My child, who never injured aught that breathed,
You foully robbed me of, and gave her back
Disgraced and shamed ; but now the triumph's mine.
With well dissembled art I lured thee on,
And bade thy caution sleep, as if the woe
That breaks a father's heart could e'er forgive !
'Twas a hard strife, the weak against the strong :
The weak hath conquered ! He who kissed thy foot
Hath gnawed thy heartstrings. Dost thou hear me now,
Thou King of Gentlemen ? The wretched slave,
The Fool, Buffoon, scarce worth the name of man—
He whom thou calledst dog—now gives the blow !

[He strikes the dead body.]

'Tis vengeance speaks, and at its voice the soul,
How base soe'er, bursts from its thralling sleep.
The vilest are ennobled, changed, transformed :
Then from its scabbard, like a glittering sword,
The poor oppressed one draws his hatred forth.
The stealthy cat's a tiger, and the Fool
Becomes the executioner of kings.
Would he could feel how bitterly I hate !
But 'tis enough. Go seek thou in the Seine
Some loyal current that against the stream
May bear thy mangled corse to *Saint Denis*.
Accursed Francis !

[He takes the sack by one end, and drags it to the edge of the wall : as he is about to place it on the parapet, MAGUELONNE comes out, looks round anxiously, and returns with the KING, to whom she makes signs that he may now escape unseen.]

[*At the moment that TRIBOULET is about to throw the body into the Seine, the KING leaves the stage in the opposite direction, singing carelessly.*

The King. “*Changeful woman!—constant never!
He’s a fool that trusts her ever!*”

Triboulet (dropping the body on the stage). Hah! what voice was that?

Some spectre of the night is mocking me!

[*He turns round, and listens in a state of great agitation. The voice of the KING is again heard in the distance.*

The King. “*For her love the wind doth blow
Like a feather to and fro.*”

Triboulet. Now, by the curse of Hell! This is not he!
Some one hath saved him!—robbed me of my prey!—
Betrayed! betrayed!

[*Runs to the house, but only the upper window is open.*

Assassins!—’Tis too high!

What hapless victim has supplied his place—

What guiltless life?—I shudder! (*Feels the body.*)

’Tis a corpse!

But, who hath perished? ’Tis in vain to seek,

From this abode of hell—a torch to break

The pitchy darkness of this fearful night!

I’ll wait the lightning’s glare!

[*He waits some moments, his eyes fixed on the half-opened sack, from which he has partly drawn forth the body of*
BLANCHE.

SCENE 4.—TRIBOULET—BLANCHE.

A flash of lightning! TRIBOULET starts up with a frenzied scream.

Triboulet. Oh, God! My child!
Hah, what is this? My hands are wet with blood—
My daughter! Oh, my brain!—Some hideous dream
Hath seized my senses! ’Tis impossible!

But now she left me ! Heaven be kind to me !
 'Tis but a maddening vision—'tis not she !

[*Another flash of lightning.*

It is my child—my daughter ! Dearest Blanche !
 These fiends have murdered thee ! Oh, speak, my child !
 Speak to thy father ! Is there none to help ?
 Speak to me, Blanche ! My child ! My child ! Oh, God !

[*He sinks down exhausted.*

Blanche (Half-dying, but rallying at the cries of her father—In a faint voice)—

Who calls on me ?

Triboulet (in an ecstasy of joy). She speaks ! She grasps my hand !

Her heart beats yet ! All-gracious Heaven, she lives !

Blanche.

[*She raises herself to a sitting position. Her coat has been taken off, her shirt is covered with blood, her hair hangs loose; the rest of her body is concealed.*

Where am I ?

Triboulet.

Dearest, sole delight on earth,

Hear'st thou my voice ? Thou knowest me now ?

Blanche.

My father !

Triboulet. Who hath done this ? What dreadful mystery !

I dare not touch, lest I should pain thee, Blanche.

I cannot see, but gently guide my hand.

Where art thou hurt ?

Blanche (gasping for breath). The knife— has reached—my heart.

I felt—it pierce me.

Triboulet.

Who has struck the blow ?

Blanche. The fault's mine own, for I deceived thee, father !

I loved too well ! And 'tis for him—I die.

Triboulet. Oh, retribution dire !—the dark revenge

I plotted for another falls on me !

But how ?—what hand ?—Blanche, if thou can'st, explain !

Blanche. Oh, ask me not to speak !

Triboulet (covering her with kisses).

Forgive me,

Blanche !

And yet to lose thee thus !

Blanche.

I cannot breathe !

Turn me this way !—Some air !

Triboulet.

Blanche, Blanche ! my child !

Oh, do not die !

(Turns round in despair.)

Help, help ! Will no one come ?

Will no one help my child ? The ferry bell

Hangs close against the wall. An instant now

I'll leave thee, but to call assistance here,

And bring thee water.

[Blanche makes signs that it is useless.

Yet I must have aid.

(Shouts for help.)

What, ho !—Oh, live to bless your father's heart !

My child, my treasure, all that I possess

Is thee, my Blanche !—I cannot part with thee !

Oh, do not die !

Blanche (in the agony of death).

Help, father !—

Raise me up !

Give me some air !

Triboulet.

My arm hath pressed on thee.

I am too rough. I think 'tis better now.

Thou hast more ease, dear Blanche !—For mercy's sake,

Try but to breathe till some one pass this way

To bring thee succour.—Help ! Oh, help my child !

Blanche (with difficulty). Forgive him, father !

[She dies. Her head falls back on his shoulder.

Triboulet (in an agony). Blanche !—She's dying ! Help !

[He runs to the ferry-bell, and rings it furiously.

Watch ! murder ! help !

[He returns to BLANCHE.

Oh, speak to me again.

One word—one, only one. In mercy speak !

[Essaying to lift her up.

Why wilt thou lie so heavily, my child ?

Only sixteen!—so young! Thou art not dead.
 Thou would'st not leave me thus. Shall thy sweet voice
 Ne'er bless thy father more? Oh, God of Heaven!
 Why should this be? How cruel 'twas to give
 So sweet a blessing. Yet forbear to take
 Her soul away ere all its worth I knew.
 Why didst thou let me count my treasure o'er?
 Would'st thou had died an infant! aye, before
 Thy mother's arms had clasped thee! or that day
 (When quite a child) thy playmates wounded thee,
 I could have borne the loss. But, oh, not now,
 My child! my child!

[*A number of people, alarmed by the ringing of the bell, now come in, being present during the latter part of the foregoing speech.*]

A Woman. His sorrow rings my heart!

Triboulet. So ye are come at last!—indeed, 'twas time!

[*Turning to a Waggoner, and seizing him by the arm.*]

Hast thou a horse, my friend?—a loaded wain?

Waggoner. I have—(*aside*) How fierce his grasp!

Triboulet. Then take my head,

And crush it 'neath thy wheels!—my Blanche! my child!

Another man. This is some murder! Grief has turned his brain:
 Better to part them.

[*They drag Triboulet away.*]

Triboulet. Never!—here I'll stay.

I love to look upon her, though she's dead.

I never wronged ye—why then treat me thus?

I know ye not. Good people, pity me! (*To the WOMAN.*)

Madam, you weep—you're kind. In mercy beg

They drag me not from hence.

[*The woman intercedes: they let him come back to the body of*
BLANCHE. He runs wildly to it, and falls on his knees.]

Upon thy knees—

Upon thy knees, thou wretch, and die with her!

The Woman. Be calm—be comforted. If thus you rave
 You must be parted!

Triboulet (wild with grief).

No! no! no!

[Seizes her in his arms, and suddenly stops in his grief—his senses are evidently wandering.]

I think

She breathes again. She wants a father's care !
Go some one to the town, and seek for aid :
I'll hold her in my arms.—I'm quiet now.

[He takes her in his arms, and holds her as a mother would an infant.]

No ! she's not dead, God will not have it so,
He knows that she is all I lov'd on earth.
The poor deformed one was despised by all,
Avoided, hated. None were kind to him.
But she ! she loved me, my delight, my joy :
When others spurned, she loved and wept with me.
So beautiful, yet dead ! Your kerchief, pray,
To smoothe her forehead. See, her lip's still red.
Oh, had you seen her, as I see her still,
But two years old : her pretty hair was then
As fair as gold !

[Presses her to his heart.]

Alas ! most foully wronged,

My Blanche, my happiness, my darling child !
When but an infant, oft I've held her thus :
She slept upon my bosom just as now—
And when she woke, her laughing eyes met mine,
And smiled upon me with an angel's smile.
She never thought me hideous, vile, deformed.
Poor girl ! she loved her father. Now she sleeps !
Indeed, I know not what I feared before—
She'll soon awaken ! Wait awhile, I pray,
You'll see her eyes will open ! Friends ! you hear
I reason calmly. I'm quite tranquil now ;
I'll do whate'er you will, and injure none,
So that you let me look upon my child.

[He gazes upon her face.]

How smooth her brow, no early sorrows there
Have marked the fair entablature of youth.

(*Starting.*) Ha ! I have warmed her little hand in mine.
(*To the people.*) Feel how the pulse returns !

(*Enter a Surgeon.*)

The Woman (to Triboulet). The Surgeon's here.

Triboulet. Look, Sir, examine, I'll oppose in nought.

She has but fainted, is't not so ?

Surgeon (after feeling her pulse, says coldly). She's dead !

[*Triboulet starts up convulsively; the Surgeon goes on examining the wound.*]

The wound's in her left side. 'Tis very deep.

Blood must have flowed upon the lungs. She died

By suffocation.

Triboulet (with a scream of agony). I have slain my child !

[*He falls senseless on the ground.*]

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